WEEK ENDING MARCH 17, 1928

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

File Copy.

On the Dotted Line

In this Issue KIPLING, DUGANNE, WOLFF, ROHMER, GREEN

It Clears the Track for Thinking!

Pressureless Touch, a new Parker Achievement, now adds still another value to the NEW 1928 *Non-Breakable* DUOFOLD at *no increase in price!* SEVEN and FIVE dollars is all anyone need pay for lifelong use. Learn what it means to write with such a pen.

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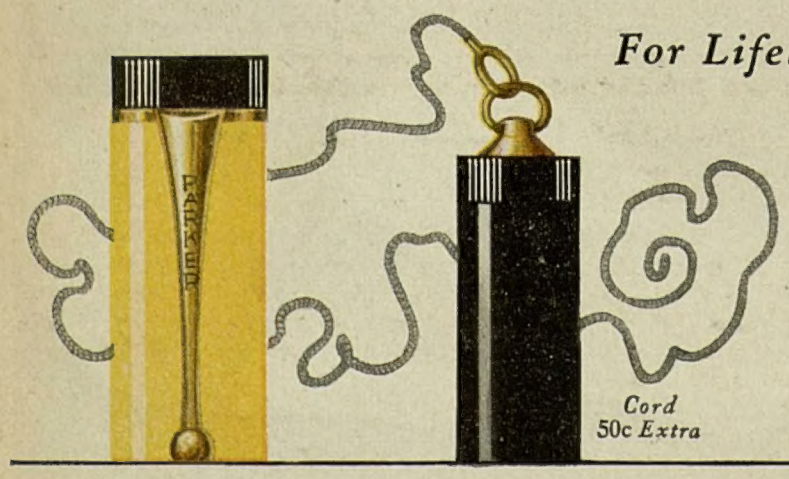

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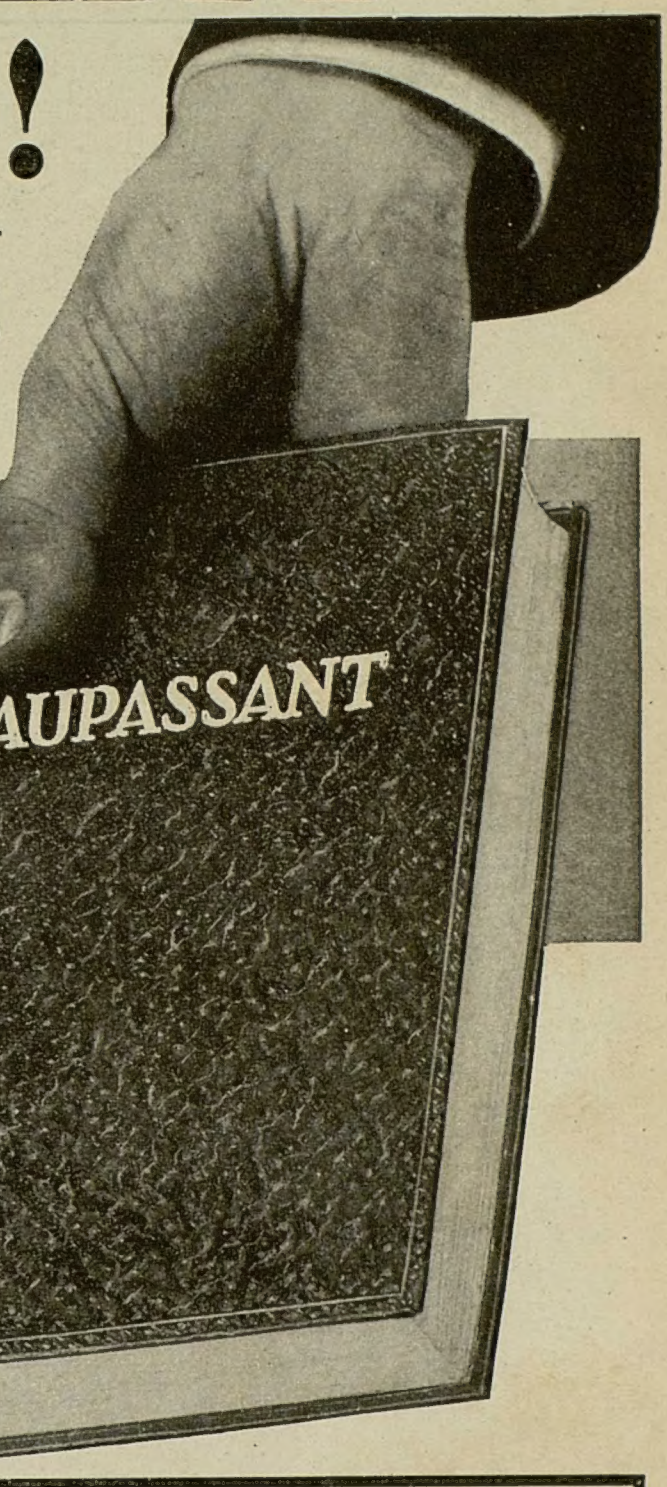

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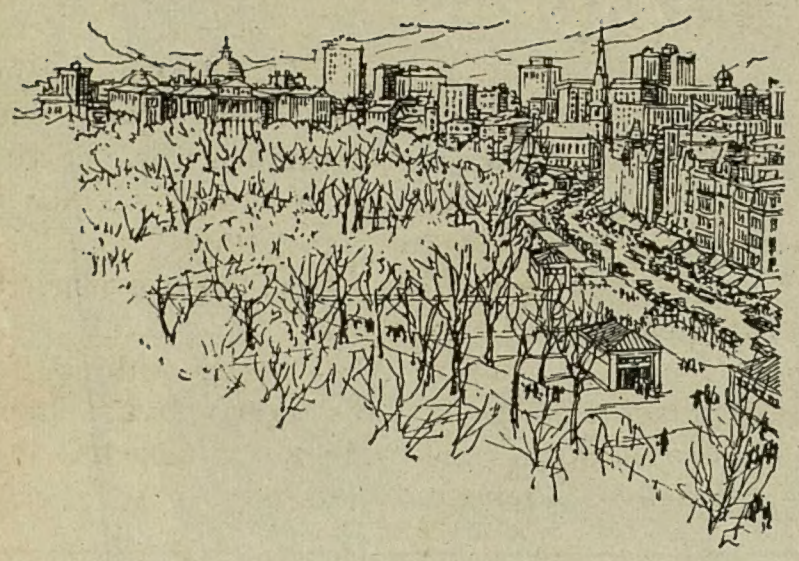

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MARCH 17, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5
No. 11

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THAT RESERVOIR OF LABOR

We have written before on this page advocating what might be termed a reservoir of labor.

The idea was that when private enterprise slows up and men are thrown out of work, public improvements can, and should, be speeded along to maintain the balance of employment.

Now the time has come when such a proposal seems to have passed beyond the realm of theory.

At this writing there is more than the usual amount of unemployment for this time of the year. A survey of the State of New York, conducted by James A. Hamilton, Industrial Commissioner, indicates that things are worse than they have been at any time since 1921.

This is patent in New York City, as well as in various up-State communities.

Commissioner Hamilton's report was made to Governor Alfred E. Smith. Governor Smith, being a man of action, did something about it.

He wrote to all mayors and chairmen of county boards of supervisors in his State, requesting that public works locally planned be hastened as much as possible to provide jobs for the jobless.

At the same time it was announced that the State government would do likewise with its own projects. Appropriation bills for labor on bridges, highways, and parkways were moved forward on the calendar. Arrangements were made to have men on the roads as soon as the snows were gone. A special committee, consisting of the Secretary of State, the Superintendent of Public Works, and the State Architect, was charged with the task of hurrying things along.

"If this is just the program of the State authorities," said the Governor, "how much more there must be if the work of cities, towns, and counties is included.

"Their work has to be done sometime. Let them begin right now. If there is a plumbing job to be done in the courthouse of Chemung County during the coming year, let them have it done now."

That sounds like sense to us. It is an example which, we think, might profitably be followed by other States, and by the Federal government, too.

Unfortunately, what so often happens is that when big private works are under way the government goes in for big public works at the same time.

Then the demand for wages increases. Wages go up, and construction becomes too expensive. In time this, of course, has its paralyzing effect, and the pendulum swings back.

It is no great problem to provide public employment when private work is light.

Better roads are always needed and can always be built.

The government needs to harness the Mississippi. There is work for many thousands up and down the river. Other great enterprises having to do with our internal waterways demand consideration at this time.

Cities that have been hesitating about their transportation systems and traffic problems would do well to accelerate their efforts to meet them. New subways and surface lines, cutting through new streets, building bridges, straightening kinks in rivers, all make life easier for crowded populations.

The time to do these things is now. Then, when prosperity has returned in full measure, we can let up.

Perhaps sometime there can be laws on the subject for automatic interrelationship between public and private labor. Meanwhile it seems to be up to public officials to do what they can now to relieve the unemployment situation.

IN THIS ISSUE

Lips that Touch Liquor.....By PHYLLIS DUGANNE 11
The love story of a "gentleman's" daughter

Situation Wanted—Female.....By GRACE ROBINSON 16
A newspaper woman tells of her experiences

Presidential Possibilities—Curtis.By JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT 22
The colorful career of the Senate majority leader

Red Tragedy.....By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 32
Emil Jannings proves his worth as a screen actor

She Who Sleeps.....By SAX ROHMER 37
The modern romance of a princess out of the past (Part III)

The Manassa Mauler—Daddy of 'Em All. By CHARLES J. McGUIRK 49
Dempsey loses his title to Tunney (Part V)

The Broken Circle.....By WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF 61
A story of two who were afraid of love

The Balloon Buster of Arizona.....By NORMAN S. HALL 69
Frank Luke, refusing to surrender, dies fighting (Part X)

I Cure a Cold.....By RICHARD CARROLL 79
Everybody told me how—and why

A City and a Silence.....By RUDYARD KIPLING 89
Exploring the heart of old Brazil

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator.....By BERT GREEN 99
"The wiser they are, the harder they fall"

This Old Mother Hubbard Stuff.....By TONI, JR. 102

News of the World (p. 35); Twenty Questions (48); Fashions (83 and 84); Food (87); For the Love o' Lil (88); Bright Sayings of Children (88); Cross-Word Puzzle (93); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Secrets (94); Vox Pop (97); Word Golf (98).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

INDEX TO ADVERTISEMENTS ON PAGE 101

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

DON'T miss THE SEA-ROGUE'S MOON, by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. It is the first of a series of the greatest pirate stories ever written. Action, thrills, horrors, and love are all combined to hold the reader enthralled. Each story is complete in itself.

TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK—What happened? The first unit of the A. E. F. began fighting. Frederick Palmer, noted war correspondent, was there, and in this article he gives a vivid description of the bloody scene.

Governor Ritchie of Maryland will be the subject of JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT'S next article on PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES.

Will Jack Dempsey make another attempt to come back? Or is he definitely through? For an answer, read the concluding installment of THE MANASSA MAULER—DADDY OF 'EM ALL, by CHARLES J. McGUIRK.

March 17, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 11
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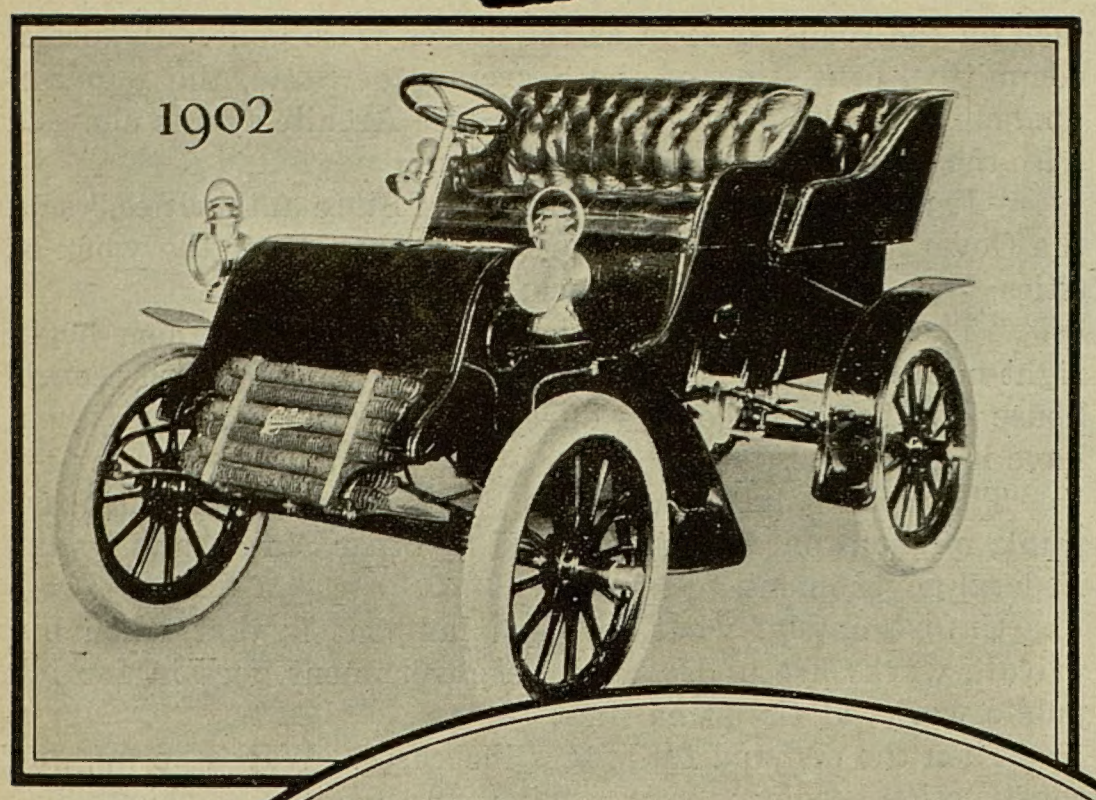
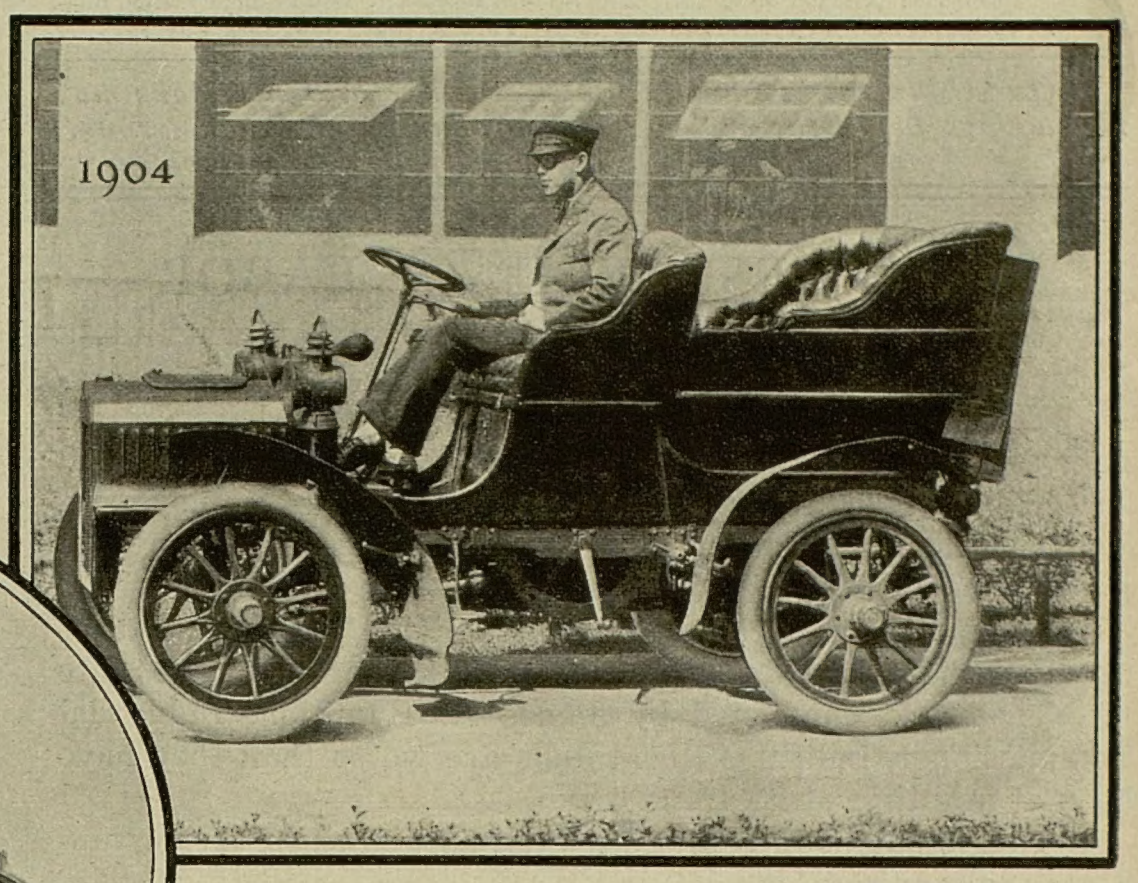
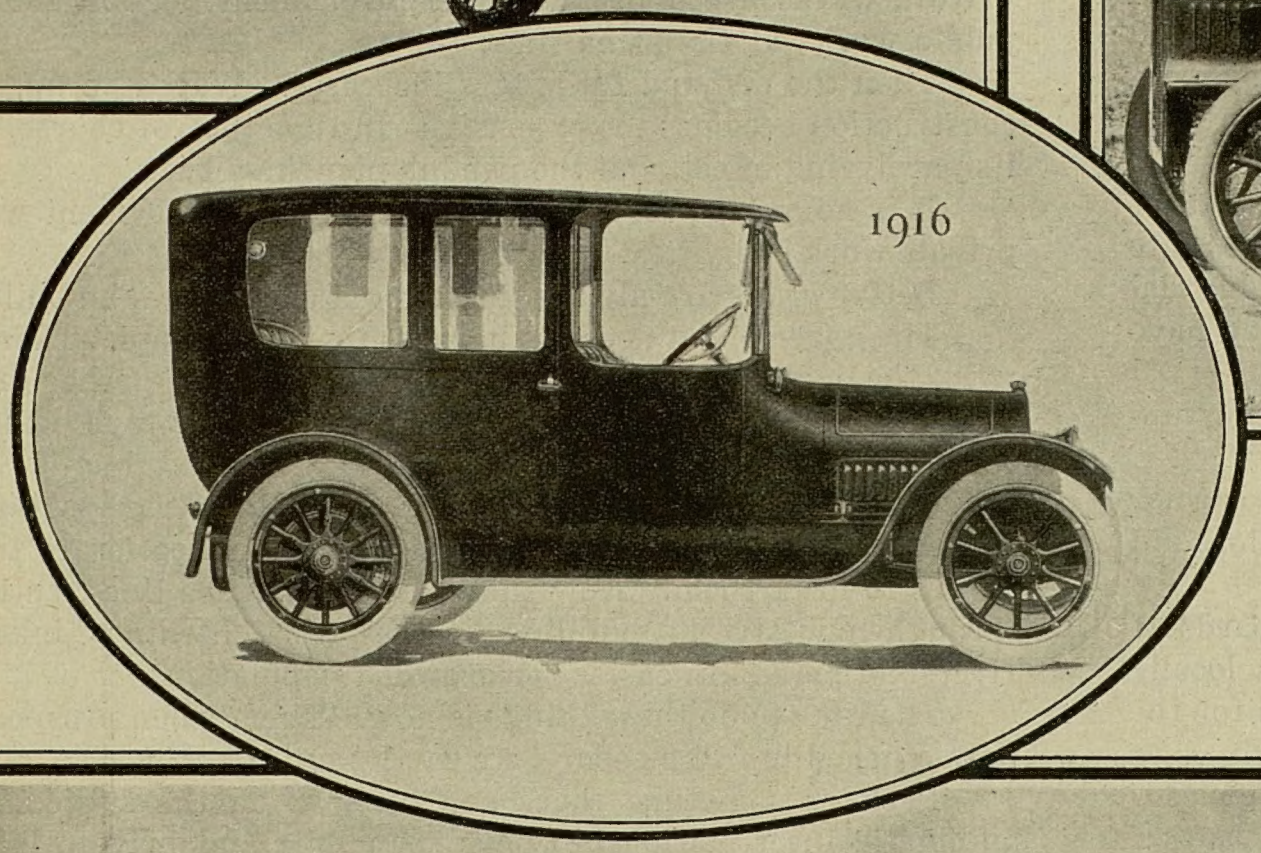


Left. One of the first Cadillacs. In those days the all-important question was whether an automobile would *go*.

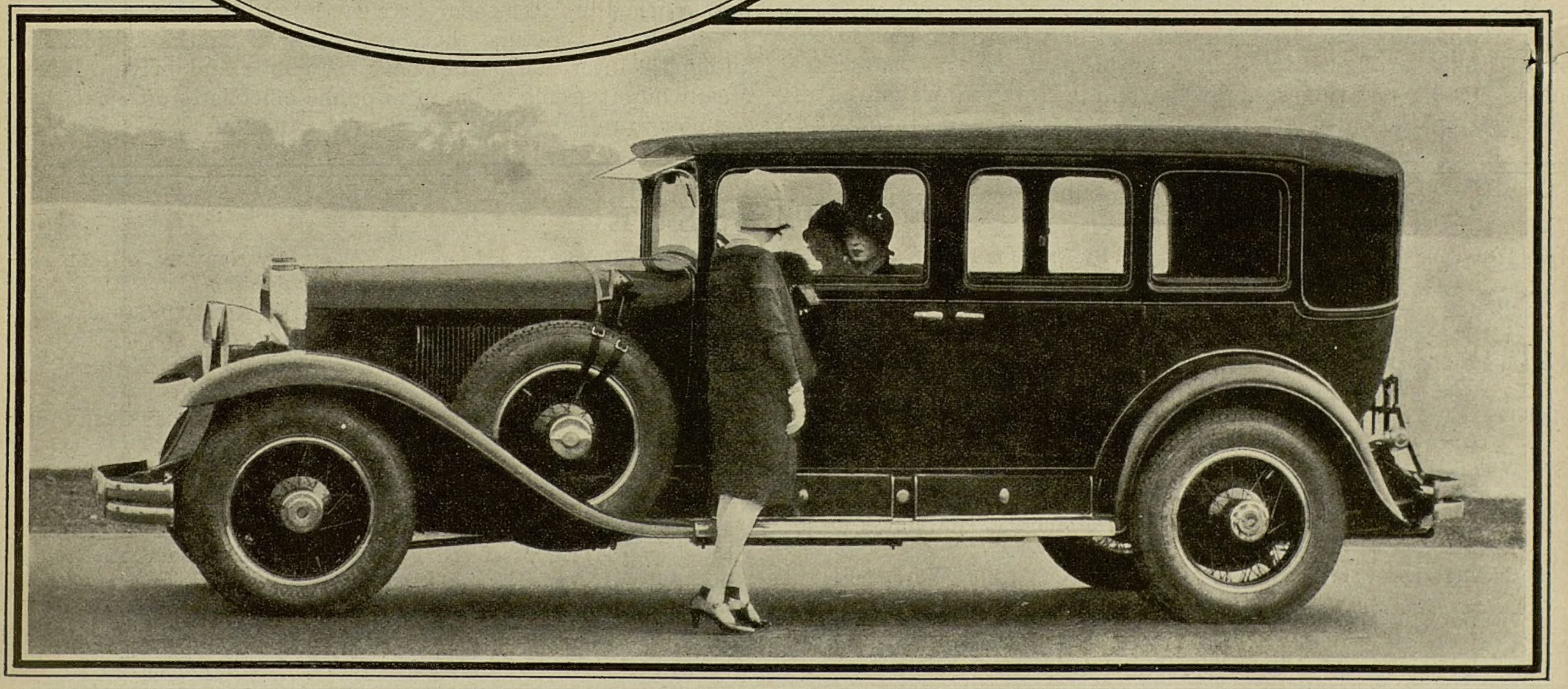
Below. Two years later the Cadillac body had developed into a "tonneau" with room for four passengers.





Left. The Cadillac of 1916—with one of the early closed bodies by Fisher.

Below The Cadillac of 1928, with a closed body which represents all the skill and the resources of Fisher Body and General Motors.



GENERAL

CLOSED BODIES *and* THE OPEN MIND

IN 1908 the Fisher Body Corporation was organized. Its first large order was for fifteen closed bodies for Cadillac.

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On the opposite page are photographs which tell the Fisher story more powerfully than any words. Unceasing improvement!

Ten years ago the bodies seemed luxurious. Five years ago the remark was common: "Surely no further improvement can be made."

But Fisher has never stopped. It has created and maintained a notably distinctive body for each of the General Motors cars; but, by its experience with so many bodies, in such widely varying types and classes, it has been able every year to achieve more comfort and more luxury of appointment throughout the entire line.

Working with all the members of the General Motors family, Fisher has helped each one, and been helped by each in turn. Its record is a striking testimony to the value of mutual cooperation—and an open mind.

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MOTORS

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BEGINNING with the February 18th issue, LIBERTY increased its print order 100,000 copies weekly.

We are now selling more than 1,500,000 copies of LIBERTY each week *through news-dealers*. And still we are not printing enough copies to meet demand. We could sell 2,000,000 copies a week. Let us explain why we do not.

FOR 1928, LIBERTY guaranteed its advertisers a net paid circulation of 1,350,000 copies from January 1st to March 17th, and 1,450,000 copies from March 24th to the end of the year. LIBERTY's advertising rates are based on this circulation. But since February 18th, LIBERTY has been delivering more than 1,500,000 *net paid* sales each week. This added circulation comes out of LIBERTY's pocket.

INCLUDING overhead, it costs 13½ cents to produce an average copy of LIBERTY. The dealer pays us 3½ cents; you pay him 5 cents.

Advertising enables you to get a 13½-cent magazine for 5 cents. But advertising pays the difference between this 13½ cents and 3½ cents only on a stated quantity of circulation. We can not ask the advertiser at once to pay for 500,000 more circulation to meet public demand.

HOWEVER, LIBERTY will not stop with this increase of 100,000 copies but will continue to grow from one six-months period to another in jumps of 50,000 to 100,000. Meanwhile, we intend to keep our advertising rates at a conservative figure—and at the same time keep in advance of advertisers' actual buy in net paid circulation.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

A tribute to BUICK *owners...*

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Fandangos require no sewing—do not mar the car. With our exclusive patented Snap-On Fasteners, the 10 pieces to the set are easily, quickly attached—seats, backs, side panels, arm rests and door covers with large pockets.

Fandango Slip Covers are the only covers equipped with our patented Snap-On Fasteners that can in no way harm or mar the interior or upholstery of your car. Note the little Fastener shown in the velour. To this is buttoned the Snap on the Fandango cover. You can take off the cover and snap it back on quicker than you can say "Jack Robinson." Be sure to get Fandangos.

Fandango Covers cost only $14.50 complete. They must satisfy you, or money refunded. That is our blanket guarantee.

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But, currently with the development of this finer car, have been built important supporting values in the great and permanent organization which distributes and services your Essex car.

Back of this Essex you buy, stands one of the oldest and strongest automobile manufacturers, whose 19 years of constant growth reflect its alert leadership; and a dealer organization whose pride it is to make Essex service as outstanding as the value of the car itself.

ESSEX SUPER SIX

LIPS *That Touch* LIQUOR

Pictures by
EDWARD RYAN

The Love Story of a "Gentleman's" Daughter

By

PHYLLIS DUGANNE

(Reading time: 26 minutes 20 seconds.)

ANNE POOLE lay still on the hard guest-chamber bed, listening. The patch of light, that warmer rectangle cast through the drawing-room doors over the moonlit lawn, had gone out nearly an hour before. Through the open window came the sound of the wind in the garden hedges; the fainter sound of the lake water; a shutter banging, a creak . . .

Why didn't he come?

Three times already she had got up and tiptoed through the unfamiliar hallway—shivering as her slippered feet set off creaking boards—to his door. On the last pilgrimage she had left it open. Perhaps—perhaps she had dozed for a minute; perhaps he had come upstairs quietly, while she slept.

Her bare feet swung to the hooked rug by her bed. Cautiously she opened her door and stood, clutching her pale nightgown to her breast, peering down the hall. Through his doorway at the end of the corridor she could see an open window and the moon shrouded in clouds.

What would Mrs. Ware think if she came upon her prowling about this unfamiliar house at 3 o'clock in the morning, among so many sleeping strangers? But what would she think if— Resolutely Anne shuffled to the threshold,

ANNE lifted the goldfish bowl from her father's head. His eyelids flickered. "Good morning, dear," he said.

looked in at the untouched bed. Beyond, the broad staircase descended into a pit of darkness. There was no sound of life in the great house.

Perhaps he and Howard Ware had gone for a late stroll; they had been talking together all evening. Talking and drinking . . .

Debenham Poole's daughter sighed and crept back to her own room. Why had she consented to come here, with him, to this house party among comparative strangers? Yet she had had to come.

Debenham Poole might be a drunkard, yet his daughter cherished a fierce, burning pride in him still; she wanted to protect him, to shield him from his own weakness.

She closed her door and sank to the edge of her bed, sitting, bent like a youthful Niobe, in the moonlight. She listened to the rhythm

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LIPS THAT TOUCH LIQUOR]
Continued from Page Eleven

of the rising wind, swaying faintly, as one sways to a symphony. Then her head dropped to the pillow. Her bare legs dangling over the edge of the bed, she slept, unstirring.

The sound of rain waked her, falling softly from yellow clouds, a gentle September shower, and through the trees beyond the tennis court she could see the lake, like melted opal.

She slipped into her bathrobe. Experienced in stealth, she turned her doorknob without a sound and moved down the hall. As she reached the threshold of that deserted room, a door beyond opened, and a man in a bathing suit regarded her in surprise.

Anne averted her eyes guiltily from the so empty chamber and bit her lip.

"Can I—is there anything—?" His voice was low, somehow sympathetic.

She looked squarely up into his blue eyes. This was the guest who had arrived late the evening before; the guest whom the women had been discussing all afternoon. Anne Poole didn't like young men; they sat and talked with her father, affording unneeded excuse for the consumption of highballs.

Yet this one had a nice face, a balanced, steady face.

"I was looking for my father," she answered in the same low tone. About them Jessica Ware's house party slumbered. "He—hasn't come upstairs."

She moved toward the stairway, girding her blue bathrobe about her slenderness. Noiselessly they descended together into the living room.

The servants were not yet up. There was the familiar disarray of glasses and empty ginger-ale bottles. A flat silver bowl that, the evening before, had been heaped with symmetrical cubes of glistening ice was overflowing with water muddied with cigarette ashes.

Anne's eyes were traveling from one item of disorder to the next; they rested on something by the window—paused.

"What?" asked her companion, watching her.

She shook her head. "Perhaps he's outside." Her eyes released their hold. That empty standard of wrought iron, by the terrace window, had held an opalescent bowl of restless goldfish when she went to bed!

Like people in a dream, they advanced along the garden path toward the central pool, Anne leading.

SHE stopped so abruptly that her companion nearly bumped into her. His eyes followed hers. And Larry Vickery, tennis star, had merited none of his silver cups so much as he merited a reward, now, for the repression of his laughter.

Debenham Poole, lithe, amazingly distinguished in his evening dress, was sleeping against a stone bench, an open unbrella, quivering in the breeze like something alive, caught on a bush beside him.

But his fine features, the thick brown hair only partially grayed above the temples, were blurred, distorted, by the curved mask of the goldfish bowl neatly ensconced over his head.

Anne knelt beside him, her golden hair falling over her loose blue robe and her bare arms outstretched, her hands curved over the glass. Beauty and the Beast, thought Larry Vickery, the Prince Enchanted.

As she lifted the heavy bowl, the features of Debenham Poole regained their aristocratic normality.

"Father," said Anne gently, unemotionally.

Lids quivered over the sleeping eyes, a charming smile flickered across the reposed lips, and Debenham Poole looked up at his daughter, faintly reproachful.

"Good morning, my dear." He straightened, and a flash of pain crossed his face. Beyond Anne, Larry Vickery stood, hesitant.

"Ah, good morning, Vickery!" A king, receiving in his four-poster, could have done no better. His eyes fell on the goldfish bowl, and again a smile, tender, wholly engaging, curved his mouth. "The little goldfish!" he remarked happily. "I brought them to the pool to swim."

Ignoring Anne's outstretched arms, he steadied himself on the bench as he rose to his graceful six feet of height. "My dear, I am afraid that your father is still a trifle intoxicated!"

He beamed at her, at Vickery, at the morning, his good humor magnificently surmounting the pains which shot through his head.

Still like a king, a drunken king leaning upon the shoulders of his devoted subjects, Debenham Poole advanced between them to the house and up the stairs to his chamber.

Larry Vickery blocked Anne's entrance into the room. "I'll tuck him in. You run along and put on a bathing suit and meet me in the garden in five minutes."

TYING the ribbons of her bath slipper, she paused, amazed at her obedience. Why was she going swimming with this stranger? She hated men; especially, she was shy, afraid, of strange young ones. She tied the other shoe, yawning, and, heavy with sleepiness, crept through the still house to the garden.

"He's sleeping like a lamb," Larry Vickery greeted her, eying approvingly her slender body in the sea-green suit. "Come on and race me to the lake."

He outdistanced her in long strides, waited at the shore for her to catch up with him. The sun had swept away the last traces of rain; the morning world glistened beautifully.

"Good kid!" he said, and slipped his arm about her bare shoulders, half patted, half hugged her. "Let's swim over to the island. You can— Oh, honestly, kid, don't do that!"

Tears were rolling steadily down Anne's cheeks, and the harder she cried, the more deeply her gray eyes sought his, for comfort, for understanding, for strength.

"Why, you poor little duck!" His voice was warm with compassion. He took her hands in his very tenderly.

"You're—you're awf'ly decent!" she blurted, her fingers twining fiercely about his.

It was the first compliment that Anne Poole had paid a man in her life.

She dropped to the sand and sat staring at the bright water.

"I'm so *tired* of it!" she said finally. "I know he's a darling! I know he's what they call a charming drunk. 'A charming drunk!' The times I've heard people say that!"

Larry Vickery looked around into her face swiftly, arrested by a sudden surprising suspicion. "Look here," he demanded, "how old are you, anyway?"

"Twenty-two." She went on without pause, bitterly: "He was drunk when I was born. *Charmingly* drunk! He rode horseback thirty miles to borrow a gold spoon from the Barclays to put in my mouth. And my mother died before he got back with it."

She put out her arms, rolled suddenly to her side, and buried her face in the sand. Her hair streamed, glinting, over the curve of her shoulders.

Larry Vickery was silent. Debenham Poole's daughter. He'd heard of Debenham Poole—who, for that matter, in New York hadn't?

A drunkard of the old school, a gentleman drunk! The policemen of the quiet neighborhood where, for a century, the Pooles had inhabited that gracious town house facing New York's most charming square, knew him and adored him.

Larry recalled, as he looked down at the golden coverlet of Anne's hair, how screamingly funny Clare Burchard had been in recounting the story of Deb Poole solemnly driving a

The pungent odor of absinthe colored the air. "Cocktail

iss Poole? Larry?" Their host was beside them, laughing helplessly at their absorption.

golf ball down a busy New York street in a pouring rain. *Funny!* And he was a brilliant man, a cultured man.

His reputation had always been that he could easily have earned the millions he was trying so industriously to drink up, if he had not chanced to inherit them. A financial genius, in his way, rumor insisted.

The girl was speaking without lifting her head, in a choked, breathless voice: "I didn't want to come down here. If you knew how I dread—going anywhere—meeting anyone! Howard Ware wants him to do something, go into some company or other. He's the first person in years who's been able to think of him as anything but—an amusing drunk. He won't do it, of course; he won't even attempt it. He never has. But—"

Larry Vickery sat, sympathetic and silent, while she talked herself out. She turned finally, like a young child, and burrowed her head on his shoulder. His arm held her close against his chest, and he could feel her slight body tremble and shake with her sobs.

"There, youngster!" His fingers stroked the fine silk of her hair monotonously. "Let's swim." He lifted her to her feet, deposited her at the lake's edge, and they struck out, side by side, cleaving the water like twin porpoises.

When they turned back, finally, toward the house, she murmured:

"You know—I've never talked to anyone about my father before. I mean—"

"Please!" said Larry Vickery earnestly, and she smiled at him, knowing instantly how absurd her momentary doubt had been. She could trust this man; he was her friend.

THE house party was awake and moving sleepily about. Clare Burchard, yawning at the breakfast-room window, stared at them as they came laughing along the garden path. In his room, Debenham Poole was sleeping peacefully.

Anne dressed and joined her hostess. Larry was to play singles with Roy Weatherbie, who had played in national tournaments. She took her place on the bench beside the court, watching but one player. She liked the way he laughed as he played, laughed when he missed a ball or returned a difficult one, laughed appreciation of his opponent. He knew that it was a game.

At luncheon he was placed between Clare Burchard and that luscious, olive-skinned Diana Dupré. Anne, at the farther end of the table, twisted her napkin back and forth in her fingers.

"You're nervous, dear child!" Howard Ware reproached her.

She flushed, shaking her head. Nervous? Of course she wasn't! But what, then, was the matter with her? She looked across the white cloth at Larry Vickery, and then, with that candor which twenty-two difficult years had given her, she knew that she was jealous. Jealous!

Then she must be in love—in love with Larry Vickery. She looked at him again, shyly, and knew that it was so. Oh, she was terribly, wonderfully in love with him!

As though he knew how much she wanted him to, he came to her side as they rose from the table.

"Let's you and me duck out and row across to the island. I saw a boat down on the beach."

The rest of the house party, those women who had discussed so animatedly Larry Vickery's arrival, gave up without a struggle.

Larry, waiting while Anne was dressing for dinner, stared dreamily into space, as indifferent to the two pretty creatures sitting near by as though they had been part of the room's furnishings. Howard Ware was shaking cocktails; the pungent odor of absinthe colored the air. Debenham Poole, beside the lovely Miss Dupré, sniffed delicate appreciation.

Then Anne appeared in the doorway, and Larry, almost ludicrous in his haste, stumbled to his feet and plunged across to her. Slender, exquisite in a soft dress of pallid chiffon, with her yellow hair wrapped about her erect little head, she smiled at him vaguely, while her eyes moved beyond him.

"Cocktails? Miss Poole? Larry? *Larry! Cocktails!*" Their host was beside them, laughing helplessly at their absorption. Anne shook her head. Larry dismissed the tray and its bearer with an impatient gesture, and she turned back to him, color deepening in her cheeks, her eyes wide.

"Don't you drink?" she demanded incredulously.

"I play tennis." He pulled out a chair for her, there by the doorway, apart from the others, and placed his own so that he blocked any interference. "I was wondering—"

Her eyes remained on his tanned face almost worshipfully. About them the house party drank and talked.

After dinner began the usual preparations for bridge, the usual arguments.

"I want to talk business with Deb for a bit,"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LIPS THAT TOUCH LIQUOR]
Continued from Page Thirteen

Howard Ware objected. His wife looked at him impatiently. "Oh, you men and your business! Talk afterward!"

Anne saw the expression in her host's eye as he shook his head. Afterward, Debenham Poole would be far too drunk to talk.

No one seemed surprised when she and Larry Vickery slipped out, together, into the garden.

"Anne—you're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen! You're like—like a fairy! You're not real! You—" Larry Vickery, tennis star and all-round athlete, talking so!

She leaned back against the cold marble of the bench and smiled as though she listened to such speeches daily.

"Anne—beautiful—may I kiss you?" Larry Vickery, New York sophisticate, asking a woman that!

She put up her lips.

"Lovely—beautiful—" For the first time he knew why men sometimes get on their knees to women.

When he regained his voice, he took her hands in his own. "We must be married," he said seriously. "I love you so much. Oh, I love you—"

She laughed incredulously. "It doesn't seem possible that yesterday we didn't know each other!"

"It isn't possible. We've known each other forever!" Hackneyed phrase after hackneyed phrase flowed from Larry's lips, and he was unashamed.

When they did return to the house, everyone, even Debenham Poole, had gone to bed. In the living room they clung to each other.

"Anne, I can't leave you!" Larry repeated. "Not for a minute! Sweetheart, beloved—let's run away! Now. Tonight. I have my car here. We'll be married—"

"Darling!" She shook her head, her eyes shining at him. "Good night, my lover!" She flew up the stairs, slammed her door. She could hear his footsteps, could picture him standing at the head of the staircase, looking at her closed door.

Alone, forlorn . . . She couldn't bear it! She opened her door a crack, and he was upon the threshold.

"Anne! Pack your things, sweetheart—now—this minute! Anne!" Her mouth clung to his. "You will? *You will!*"

Dazedly she nodded. She would. Her father. Her hostess. Larry—Larry Vickery!

She didn't know him, didn't know anything about him, she tried to tell herself. Didn't know him!

He was the only person in the world she did know, the only person she wanted to know!

She flung clothes into her suitcases madly.

In the dim hall he took her bags and, laden as he was, leaned forward to kiss her.

"You'll never regret this—as long as you live, my Anne!" he told her in a solemn whisper.

Her eyes shone like stars. "Never!" she whispered back confidently, and they descended the stairs together once again, and went out through the moonlight to the garage.

HE held the car northward until long after the sun had come up, and they were properly married by a Connecticut minister who was most satisfyingly and disproportionately grateful for this contact with romance.

Northward steadily, along smooth New England roads, between woods that flamed with the fire of swamp maples.

Anne didn't know, until they stopped for the night in a small village, that Larry actually had a destination in mind. A cabin high in the hills of New Hampshire—it belonged to a friend who was in Europe, but they could easily get the keys. The sending of telegrams seemed an aside, a meaningless parenthesis.

The cabin was perfect. Indian summer, that intenser second blooming, fell upon the hills and valleys, warmed the clear water of the lake. Larry's watch ran down and they lost count of the hours, even of the days. They did not know, either of them, that the wind which suddenly set Anne to shivering, as she fried bacon over the inadequate little cabin stove, while Larry heaped the fireplace with pine boughs, was now an October wind.

"Well, Mrs. Vickery," said Larry, pulling down the collar of her sweater to kiss the back of her neck and rolling it up again snugly, "one more sneeze like that, and back we go to civilization!"

The wind whistled theatrically against the windows; a log crackled in the fire—and Anne sneezed. They looked at each other and laughed. Then Anne's face sobered.

"Oh, Larry! Don't you hate to go back?"

He smiled at her. "We'll come here again next year. Every year! But now—I rather do want to show you off, my Anne!"

She didn't smile. Soberly she turned back to the bacon.

WHEN Anne Vickery saw the edge of New York City before her, she felt that something precious, something exquisite and fragile, was ended.

They climbed the brownstone steps of her father's house, and she trembled as the door was opened to them. Within the living room, Debenham Poole set down his book and his glass and came forward to kiss her. Pine needles, sweet fern, bayberry. She had almost forgotten what whisky smelled like. She had to make an effort not to recoil from him.

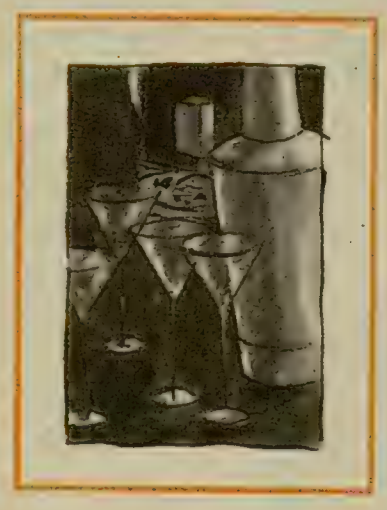
"This *is* a surprise!" As always, her father seemed half mocking. He held out his hand to Larry. "Well, young man, as a good father, I suppose I should demand at once to see my daughter's marriage lines—or at least her ring!"

Anne looked down at her fingers, tanned, calloused a little, with the scars of burns from the cabin stove upon them, bare of jewelry.

Larry kissed her hand. "We'll have to get that ring tomorrow morning, Anne!"

She looked at him soberly.

The Wares were coming for dinner, Debenham Poole told them. Anne and Larry must plan to remain in the house with him as long as they liked.



It seemed strange, almost improper, for Larry to be moving about her own room. She dressed mechanically, and was unprepared for his delight, almost displeased by it.

"Anne—beautiful! Gee, I'd almost forgotten what a knockout you are in evening clothes! We'll have to step out." He held her at arm's length. "Knows how to dress, that young Mrs. Lawrence Vickery!"

Her smile was absent. The evening lay before them. What did her father want with Howard and Jessica Ware? They weren't his sort of people! What . . . Tomorrow she would find an apartment for herself and Larry alone. Her heart ached with homesickness for the cabin and the woods. Howard Ware teased her unmercifully, laughing at her confusion, but Larry returned impudence for impudence, warming to the occasion. A strange Larry, a Larry whom Anne did not know. . . .

"Cocktails, people!"

Larry was bearing a slim-stemmed glass toward her. Before she saw him, Anne saw her father's gaze focused, half humorously, upon him. She looked up in astonishment.

"Why, Larry! You know that I never drink!"

He held the glass toward her. "You're a married woman now, my gal! And, anyway, you must drink to us!"

His blue eyes were shining; he seemed pleased, happy—happy to be back! The Wares were silent. Everyone seemed to be waiting.

"Why—Larry!" She felt suddenly aghast, horribly alone. "I've never tasted liquor in my whole life!" Unexpectedly her eyes filled with tears.

"Anne! Beloved little goose!" His voice was tender. He turned about, screening her from the others, and lifted the glass high in his hand. "We'll all drink—to Anne!" he said.

Larry leaned over, laughing, and kissed her, and his lips tasted of the cocktail. Her own lips were cold.

"And here's to you both!" Howard Ware toasted.

When Anne, swiftly, without a word, fled from the room, Larry followed her.

"She's tired out," he told the others when they filed into the dining room without her. "I'll send her up some soup. She—" He paused; absently he sipped the white wine from the glass before him, but his eyes were troubled.

Jessica Ware leaned forward to ask him about their trip. Her husband and Debenham Poole were deep in conversation.

Anne was still crying when Larry went again up the stairs. He sat down on the edge of the bed and took her hands in his.

"Honey, you've got to stop this! Can't you tell me, now, what's the matter?"

She pressed her face into the pillow, burying her nose deep, away from that familiar, hated smell of liquor.

Insistently, not knowing, he lifted her up in his arms, his face close to hers. She had to meet his eyes.

"Anne, you must know that I'd do anything to make you happy! But you must tell me! I really don't understand, honey!"

She caught his hand in hers. "You said—you told me you didn't drink!" Her voice was a whisper, tense, agonized.

He stared at her. "I said I didn't drink? Why, I don't, Anne, baby. Not the way you mean." She was abjectly silent.

"I suppose I've been drunk as many times as the average young man—college stuff and all that. But I *don't* drink. It spoils my game, and I happen to care more for tennis than I do for liquor."

SHE clutched him fiercely; fiercely, loathing that taste on his lips, she kissed him. "Larry! Lover! Promise me that you'll never take another drink as long as you live!"

"Why, Anne!" He laughed at her indulgently. "Honey, don't you think you're being a little absurd?"

Her eyes held his passionately. "You said you'd do anything to make me happy!"

"But, honey—"

"And you don't care about drinking! You just said so! Promise me, Larry!"

He smoothed her hair. "That's ridiculous, Anne," he told her gently. "I wouldn't make such a silly promise to anyone. It's not—it's not right of you to ask it, Anne."

"*Not right!*" Her voice rose hysterically. She flung herself away from him, buried her face again in the pillow.

"Anne!" His voice was stern. "Anne Vickery!" He picked her up as though she were a child and set her on her feet before him. "Anne, we can't quarrel like this!"

"Larry, it's killing me!" Her voice was tragic. "But you must promise!"

His fingers pressed deeply into her arms. "I won't promise that, Anne."

"You don't love me, then! It's all over!"

His eyes narrowed. "This is perfectly ridiculous," he said coldly, and turned and went out of the room.

"Play a rubber of bridge?" his father-in-law greeted him.

Larry Vickery nodded. "Wait until I fix myself a drink."

In the morning, when he waked, Anne was sleeping quietly. He hurried through his breakfast and left the house. When he returned to the room it was to find her still sleeping. He kissed her gently.

"Beloved!" Gently he lifted her hand, and as her eyes opened and regarded him sleepily, he drew a ring over her finger. The morning sunlight shone on the facets of the diamond, flashed gayly. "There! We're engaged, Miss Poole!" He kissed her, producing a second ring triumphantly. "And now we're married! Good morning, Mrs. Vickery!" She was unsmiling, and he felt a chill of apprehension. "I'll bring you up your breakfast myself!"

"Larry, we've got to understand each other!"

"Let's wait till after breakfast, sweet. Do you like your rings, Mrs. Vickery?" His fingers were on the doorknob.

"It isn't a light thing with me, Larry. I can't help feeling as I do. You know what I've been through with my father!"

HE sighed and closed the door, moved reluctantly across the room to her side.

"Anne dear, I am not a drunkard," he told her patiently. "I can safely promise you that I will never become one. I think I could even promise you that I will never get drunk. But I am not going to make a silly, arbitrary promise just because you are hysterical!"

She covered her face with her hands, the morning light gleaming on her new rings. "Then it's all over, Larry. I thought you didn't drink—ever!—or I wouldn't have married you. You can make your choice."

"There is no question of choice," said her husband flatly.

For an instant she was silent. "Then go away!" she said.

He caught her in his arms, and she lay there limp and unmoving.

His voice trembled. "Can't you see, my dear, that I'd lose respect for myself—and for you—if I made a promise like that?"

"No," she answered. "Please go away, Larry."

He shook her. She was crazy, he told her.

"There's nothing you can say, Larry. Nothing except your promise."

He went, and she lay like a dead girl upon the bed.

"I won't see you, Larry," she repeated, over the telephone, "until you promise."

The wires hummed inanely against her ear. He was gone.

Jessica Ware came and talked with her. "Anne, you're mad! You wouldn't love him if he were weak enough to promise that! He knows that you don't like drinking—I'll wager any amount of money that he never *will* drink again. It's just that he won't promise. Try him out, Anne!"

Anne shook her head stubbornly, and Mrs. Ware's strongest inclination was to slap her.

"Larry's well rid of that girl!" she told her husband angrily. "She's pretty, but she's a fool! Selfish, stubborn little thing—"

"Larry's damned unhappy," Howard Ware retorted. He started, as a thought struck him.

"See here, young woman," he told Anne that evening. "Do you want to turn a perfectly sober young man into a drunkard? What do you think is going to become of him now, anyway? You took on a responsibility when you married him, and now you're shirking it!"

Anne's eyes widened with fear. Then, "Please, I'd rather not discuss it, Mr. Ware," she cut him short.

Debenham Poole alone made no comments. The routine of his life and of Anne's went on. Nightly Anne sobbed herself to sleep.

She knew quite well what Jessica Ware thought of her; what Larry himself must think. Yet she was bound by something that seemed outside herself—bound, as the days continued to go by, against her will.

She burned with curiosity about Larry; with jealousy. Her father saw him; he had no hesitation in mentioning his name. But she couldn't bring herself to ask Debenham Poole any of the things which she wanted to know. Days became miserable weeks.

Finally her father spoke.

"Anne, are you in love with Lawrence Vickery?" he inquired in a pleasantly conversational voice.

"YOU know—I've never talked to anyone about my father before. I mean—"

They were sitting, as they had sat so many times together, in the living room, playing chess, a whisky and soda set conveniently at Debenham Poole's elbow.

Anne's fingers clattered down among the chessmen. "Yes," she said.

Her father sipped his drink. "I've asked him to come around this evening. I wanted"—his voice went on smoothly, above the incoherent sounds of her protests—"to talk with you both together." He drained his glass, set it down, coughing slightly. "I imagine"—he glanced up at the clock as the doorbell sounded—"that that is he now."

A HUNDRED emotions clamored in Anne's breast.

"Ah—good evening, Larry!" Her father was stretching out his hand.

"Good evening, sir." His voice seemed to shiver through her being. "Hello—Anne."

"Hello." She looked up, looked away quickly, fighting to hold back her tears. How thin he was! How pale! She turned desperately to her father. "Oh, why—" she began, and he interrupted her smoothly:

"I'd like to do the talking, if you please, Anne. Sit down, Larry."

Larry sat down stiffly.

"I think," said Debenham Poole, "that this has gone on long enough." The cool voice was amused. "Apparently you two love each other, and apparently the—er—situation that has arisen between you goes back—shall I say to my doorstep?" Delicately he mixed himself another highball. "Have a drink, Larry?"

Anne sobbed.

"For God's sake—" said Larry.

Debenham Poole surveyed the two before him. Then he turned to Anne. "My dear, you have said that you will not accept Larry unless he signs a pledge of—er—eternal temperance. Since he won't, nothing can be done about that. I can understand the roots of your feeling, and perhaps—those roots—" He smiled amiably. "I have been a drunkard all my life. It has amused me to be a drunkard. Sometimes I have felt that I might be amused, too, at being something else, but I have never felt strongly enough about anything to change my—er—career."

He looked, almost affectionately, at his glass. "It doesn't seem quite fair," he mused, "that one who approves so highly of alcohol should have created such an aversion toward it in another."

"Mr. Poole!" Larry was on his feet, and even his lips were white. "If this—"

"Anne!" said her father, ignoring him, "I know—and Larry knows—and everyone but you knows that your request is absurd. If you could be made to see—" He drained his glass dramatically, flung it into the fireplace, and stood up. "Alcohol is not stronger than man—than a strong man. Do you think I am a strong man, Anne?"

Her eyes upon his face shattered, for an instant, even Debenham Poole's suavity. The love, the pity, the agony of them . . .

"Oh, my dear—my dear!" he said, and his face seemed ten years older as he took her hands. "Howard Ware wants me to go into business with him. It's a fascinating idea that he has, a thrilling idea. Alone, it isn't quite enough. But I'm not really a brute, my child. Anne—if I give up—completely—this drinking that has been my career, would it help you to adjust your own sense of proportion?"

Anne Poole, too, was on her feet. Larry steadied her as she swayed.

"If I did that, would it prove anything to you, my dear?"

She had never before thought of him as old. Pity, compassion, choked her. "You—you *couldn't* do that!" she said.

His eyes held hers, unwavering. "I give you my promise, my dear."

SHE stumbled forward into his arms, sobbing. "I didn't mean—you couldn't—that way! Oh, I feel so little—and mean! It's all mixed up. Oh, father—Larry—"

He smiled; his hand and Larry's found each other, clasped firmly. "That's settled, then." His old, half-mocking smile returned to his lips. Gently he released his daughter's hold upon him. "I think I'll drop on over to Howard's. You children stay here as long as you like. If you cared to—consider this house your home—" His voice was wistful.

Anne looked up at her father radiantly. "As if there could be any other! As if—"

Debenham Poole pushed her, almost roughly, into her husband's arms.

"Get back where you belong, woman! I've no time for sentiment—I'm a business man!"

His laugh drifted back from the hall and fell pleasantly over the two who still stood before the fireplace, caught close, inseparable, in their embrace.

THE END

Situation Wanted

A Newspaper Woman's Experience in the Business of Earning One's Living

An Article by

GRACE ROBINSON

(Reading time: 19 minutes 32 seconds.)

IF you want to associate with corpses, make buddies of policemen, embrace unwed mothers, console murderesses, and be high-hatted by Fifth Avenue butlers—by all means go into newspaper work.

You will see more of life, lose a greater number of illusions, acquire a larger bump of tolerance—and do it all in a shorter time than any women of your acquaintance in other professions.

At times you will wonder why you ever bothered about an education at all. I have never met a detective who cared to discuss the literary quality of Cicero's Orations, but I have met a number who fancied the tilt of my nose and wanted to date me up.

Since, on a crime story, the friendship of a "cop" means more to a reporter than a social acquaintance with the President of the United States, I have occasionally accepted these invitations tentatively. And thereafter for several days refused to answer my telephone, having reneged on the date, my ardor dying with the demise of the story.

A conversational command of Yiddish and Italian will be of more practical use than acquaintance with the classics—especially in New York, where virtually the whole East Side speaks the former.

Speed on the typewriter will stand you in better stead than the more refined art of performing expertly on a concert grand.

The ability to be at ease with tenement mothers and sweaty fathers of kidnaped children will get you farther than the grand manner you may have cultivated in a young ladies' boarding school.

Yet—and here is the fascinating paradox in newspaper work—every history you ever read, every novel you ever devoured, every poem you ever memorized, every language in which you dabbled, every philosophy through which you ever plowed in the name of formal education will help you at some time or other in a journalistic career.

A reporter ought to be and nearly always is a writer as well as a news gatherer. The newspaper woman who, through native perception or the quickening effect of education, is keenly alive to the beauty and pathos and tragedy she sees, is more likely to pound out a vivid story than is the automaton who merely records essential facts.

The technic of newspaper reporting is simple. I have never seen any great value in schools of journalism, except in so far as they compel a student to gain practice in writing. The manner of composing a newspaper yarn can be seen readily by reference to half a dozen stories in any metropolitan daily. And yet—another paradox—after ten years largely devoted to newspaper work, I am still trying to learn how to write a lead, as the opening of a news story is termed. My present city editor is patiently coaching me!

You see how foolish it is to try to lay down a lot of rules.

Since LIBERTY has asked for my real story, I shall relate it, although I protest it is not typical, any more than any experience is typical in this fascinatingly diversified field. I shall tell how I happened to go into this work.

When I was a little girl, in Omaha, Nebraska, I read a book called Beautiful Joe. It was the history of a dog, written in the first person, in the manner of the famous Black Beauty.

The people in Beautiful Joe loved animals and had an organization called a Band of Mercy. I had a well beloved dog of my own—Gyp—and I was frantic to belong to a Band of Mercy. I organized one among the children of my neighborhood, and at the first meeting I was elected president by a weird form of verbal balloting which virtually robbed the voters of any other choice.

This astonishing political maneuver, I remember, occurred in my mother's kitchen, she having refused to admit the muddy young hoydens to her immaculate sitting room.

The Band of Mercy soon felt a broadening altruistic urge, and decided its scope should be extended to include humans as well as dumb beasts. We burst forth as Sunbeams, and held a charity bazaar, clearing twenty-seven dollars for poor children. The Omaha *Daily News* wrote us up with a flourish and printed my picture as founder!

I remember my father showing me the paper and saying, "Now read this carefully and see how a newspaper reporter writes." I read the article and licked my lips in triumph. I hadn't realized what interesting persons we Sunbeams were. The idea of newspaper work stuck with me, paling at times in the glare of later influences that came into my life.

Years after, at the University of Nebraska, I studied under a young professor named Gass. I was preparing to become a teacher of English, and in the semicloistered confines of campus life felt I would be content to pass my whole existence in the uni's musty old Department of Rhetoric.

"You should go into newspaper work," Professor Gass said one day. "You are always late with your themes, but on a newspaper you would be forced to turn in your work on time."

So determined was he to see me start that he persuaded a friend of his, the editor of a Lincoln paper, to give me some assignments. They were small stuff—mostly society notes—and in writing my copy I was so fearful of making a blunder that I adhered slavishly to the exact wording I saw in similar paragraphs in the paper. I already typed well, having studied stenography briefly with a half-formed intention of pursuing a newspaper future.

WHEN university was out I hastened home and found my father broken in health. There had been business reverses. Finances had slumped.

I had seven dollars and fifty cents left from money earned in Lincoln. I bought a rose-colored fiber-silk sweater—they were the rage then—and a rose-colored straw hat, and started in search of a newspaper job.

The first two editors I saw were wholly unmoved by the pink hat and the green girl under it. The third—he happened to be a managing editor—appeared amused and gave me a job at ten dollars a week. He told me to report to the city editor and promptly forgot all about me.

Picture by JOSEPH A. MATURO

FEMALE

For weeks I came down night after night expecting to be canned.

The acting city editor proved to be a former high-school classmate whom I disliked. He sent me to cover a women's golf tournament, although I did not, and still do not, know a bunker from a hazard. At first it was easy. I simply telephoned the day's results on the bulletin board to the city desk in time for the sports final.

But at the end of the week came the finals! There was a big society gallery. And—ye gods!—the other papers sent their regular sports writers, and they were reporting the game hole by hole!

I was desperate. At the end of the first nine holes I rushed to the telephone and sent a summary of the first half. The city desk appeared satisfied. But I knew there would be a riot when they saw the other papers with a detailed account of the game—and we had only a summary!

Back on the green I tried to follow the strokes, but was soon lost in the jargon of the golf addicts. I was embarrassed and near to tears when I finally found a Scotch professional. He took pity on me, and seizing my paper and pencil wrote out the last nine holes, stroke by stroke.

When I returned to the office the night editor, a fat, kindly man, was on duty. (The paper, the Omaha *Bee*, was a twenty-four-hour sheet.) Although a child could have talked to this editor with ease, I was so scared of him that I made no explanations. I simply turned in the copy for the last nine holes, marked "Add Woman's Golf," and fled.

THIS was a bright idea, because the desk was now in comforting possession of the last nine holes written in detailed stroke-by-stroke form, and the first nine holes, in the afternoon edition, told only the summary. I had heard of the come-through-or-be-fired attitude of newspapers, and felt I was done for in the world of printer's ink.

It never occurred to me to "steal" the detailed account of the first half of the match from the afternoon papers! I presume that is what the editor did.

About that time a story of mine—an interview about officers' training camps—appeared on page one. It was said in the office that the managing editor had liked it.

But my gloomy premonitions were justified. In a few days the acting city editor, who disliked me and whom I disliked, told me the paper henceforth would have to stagger along without me.

I was horrified. I protested. "Well, see the managing editor," said my superior.

The managing editor had not come in yet.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Pictures by GARRETT PRICE

The first editor I saw was wholly unmoved by the pink hat and the green girl under it.

[SITUATION WANTED—FEMALE]
Continued from Page Seventeen

I rushed out of the building—downtown—to the women's rest room of a small department store. For two hours I sat there and wept hysterically. When this tempest was over I bathed my eyes and a great wrath rose up in me. Here I was, fired! And it was only a few days since a story of mine had appeared on *Page One*. I wouldn't go near the detestable sheet. I would show them whether they could can a young woman who was bursting with genius, and crush her forever! So I went to an opposition daily—one of those that had had "no opening" a few days before. Here I talked myself into a job.

But I still thirsted to visit my wrath on the paper that had insulted me! I returned to the *Bee* and demanded an interview with the managing editor. I shudder now to recall the incredible effrontery with which I addressed this dignitary. I called him to account. What did he mean, anyhow, throwing me off the paper when *I had had a story on page one and he had praised it?*

Today I could never muster such temerity, I'm sure. Luckily for me he was experienced enough in this strange racket called life to have acquired tolerance and charity. He professed to be shocked. One of the women reporters was quitting. He would fix me up nicely with a little job covering Red Cross and women's war activities.

I informed him grandly that I had already obtained employment on the Omaha *Daily News*. He was not as stunned as I had expected, but counseled me not to take the new job.

In the end I telephoned the other paper, resigning before I had actually started, and stayed where I was.

MY father was in the hospital now, suffering intensely. But every day he sent out for a newspaper, which he scanned eagerly for little articles he thought I might have written. My first signed story appeared on the day he died.

I watched his life ebb away in the heat of the scorching July weather. For days he had been unable to enunciate, owing to an operation near his throat.

He saw my mother and small brother and sister weeping and kneeling near the bed.

He realized he was dying without financial provision for them. He turned his eyes toward me. Then, using my family nickname, and with his features twisted in agony from the effort of speaking, he cried: "Da-da, take care of them."

That, for years, was the reason I stayed in newspaper work.

Friends, seeing our predicament, tried to dissuade me from continuing on a newspaper at my low salary, offering me office work, which I detested, at much more money. But I was certain I would ultimately command far more in a field I liked than I could ever earn at odious employment.

I remembered *Sentimental Tommy* in Barrie's delightful book of that name. *Tommy* said to his sister, "But, Elspeth, if I was to hear some day of work I could put my heart into as if it were a game! I wouldna be lang in finding the treasure syne. Oh, the blatter I would make!"

It was wartime. Men were scarce in Omaha. I was offered a chance to learn editorial work—or the inside of a newspaper shop—and if I showed aptitude perhaps I might become telegraph editor.

For a time I reported by day, and at night returned to the office to learn to read copy and to write heads on small, unimportant stories. Finally I started to handle the whole Associated Press report, with two wires feeding mountains of copy on to my desk. My hours were from six at night to three in the morning, and frequently I had no time for lunch at midnight.

I was slow and awkward. I knew little about German politics, which was a big topic of the day. The war news was changing every minute. It was a day of frequent extras. Loads of "bulletins" and "extraordinary service bulletins" poured into the office from the telegraphers' machines.

I thought I should go mad with the hurry and the various editions going to press all night long, each with its different banner line, and the telegraph instruments screeching behind me and the presses roaring underneath my feet.

To add to my discomfort the old *Bee* office was infested with cockroaches which darted out of recesses in my desk and ran Marathons across the Associated Press reports, figuratively thumbing their noses at me. I was mortally afraid of them, but suffered in silence.

For weeks I came down night after night expecting to be canned, and wondering desperately what I should do for money if the old ax fell. I realize now that I must have seemed a strange spectacle to those hard-boiled newspaper men as I sat there all night, wielding shears about two feet long, clipping and pasting, and struggling to write heads that would fit.

The regular day city editor—a big, fat fellow who wore a velvet vest and gambled with the farmers visiting town—came down nights for the sole purpose, I thought, of worrying me. He would sit opposite and stare at me fixedly for hours, while I worked feverishly. Then he would grunt and go away.

When I went home at 3 A. M. I took copies of the New York *World* and the *Times*, to study their make-up when I woke up the next afternoon. I also took home bunches of dead type—lead that was thrown out of the forms after the last edition had gone to press. I learned to read type—which is all backwards, you know—because this ability often came in handy when I was nervously scanning page one in the form an instant before the page went to the stereotypers.

IT was a terrible mill, and I don't recommend it to any girl who weeps easily or is afraid of work. I don't say it is necessary for newspaper success. In my own case it was tremendously good experience, because a reporter who writes copy that can be edited quickly is more desirable than one whose stories have to be worked over.

When I left the *Bee* to take a job in the East, I was getting twenty-five dollars a week—the same as my male predecessor. And the young man who had assigned me to the golf tournament was my best friend!

The ability to be at ease with tenement mothers will get you farther than a cultivated boarding-school manner.

When you are on a big story—like the Hall-Mills investigation and trial—you may work for months without a day off, particularly if you are on a morning newspaper.

On a big trial you must be in the courtroom at 10 A. M., and on a morning sheet you may be pounding out the last paragraph of your story at ten or eleven or midnight. I have stayed up till dawn waiting for juries to come in with murder verdicts. It was nearly six in the morning before Marshall, who murdered his sweetheart in Philadelphia, confessed his crime. We were up all night.

On an important story, particularly if it be staged out of town, you have no personal life at all. You are responsible for all that happens every hour in the twenty-four, and you are continually worried and harassed for fear another sheet may be putting over a beat.

You grab the first editions of your rivals with fear and trembling. When I die it will be from shock caused by seeing the banner line over an "exclusive" yarn that an opposition paper has put across on me.

All this is hard on the health, but it is as hard on a man as on a woman.

Fortunately, however, life is not all big stories, and there are loafing spells when you

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

Why soup is called "Nature's tonic"

A great Lenten favorite

BECAUSE soup blends wholesome, invigorating foods in hot, liquid form, it acts as a natural tonic to the appetite and the digestion. It causes the digestive juices to flow more freely and thus conditions the bodily system for the better assimilation of food. All you eat does you more good after soup has paved the way. It is the natural, healthful method of arousing and strengthening the appetite and giving new life to the digestive processes.

The regular, daily eating of soup is one of the most delightful and dependable rules for a proper diet—a diet which shall be both steadily attractive and most beneficial.

Experts recommend vegetables

Science is emphasizing now as never before the necessity of an abundance of vegetable foods in our daily meals. And soup is an ideal form for the eating of vegetables because so little of the valuable mineral salts is lost in the preparation of soup.

Campbell's Celery Soup is a food that offers to the whole family—and to the children especially—the nutrients which dietitians are advising us to eat. Celery is rich in tonic, wholesome goodness—one of Nature's gifts for a healthful diet.

Care in selection

Campbell's select their celery with all of their famous strictness for quality. Crisp, snow-white, the pride of the finest celery banks. This is blended in a smooth puree with golden butter fresh from the country. Campbell's skilled French chefs see that the seasoning is delicate and "just so". A soup that is as charming to the taste as it is nutritious and upbuilding.

By all means include Celery Soup among the Campbell's Soups that appear regularly on the family table. You simply add an equal quantity of water, and boil for three minutes. Often you will wish to serve it in the extra-nourishing form that Cream of Celery Soup offers.

This is easily and quickly prepared. Heat contents of a can of Campbell's Celery Soup in a saucepan and stir until smooth. Heat an equal quantity of milk or cream to the boiling point separately and add it to the soup, a little at a time, stirring constantly to keep soup smooth. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra-rich Cream of Celery Soup.

Variety

Are you taking full advantage of Campbell's daily household service in soups? Every day you can serve a Campbell's Soup that seems new and different to the family because there are so many Campbell's kinds to choose from.

You can read them all listed on every Campbell's Soup label. Your grocer has, or will get for you, any soups you select. Visit him today and order a variety—some of the less usual, "different" soups as well as the more familiar favorites you so often serve. 12 cents a can.

A different soup for every day. See list of 21 kinds on label.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

The Business Girl Knows

The Dollars-and-Cents Value of "That Schoolgirl Complexion"

THE universal rule for daily skin cleansing with soap and water is founded on one important factor: *A true complexion soap is meant.*

Thus millions use Palmolive, a soap made for ONE purpose ONLY; to safeguard and protect the skin. Remember this when purchasing soap for facial use.

Retail Price 10c

3625

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

AS beauty is rated a dollars-and-cents asset by women of the stage and screen, so too it is rated today by women in the business world. Note there the lovely complexions that you see.

The rule for *gaining* a good complexion is the same as for *keeping* one — soap and water, as advised by virtually every leading authority on skin care. This to keep the skin and pores clean and free of beauty-impairing accumulations.

The one secret is in the *kind of soap* one uses. Only a true complexion soap can be wisely employed on the skin. Other soaps may be too harsh.

The rule for "That Schoolgirl Complexion"

Thus millions use Palmolive in this way– a soap made for ONE purpose only, to safeguard the skin. A good complexion is worth too much for experiment.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

It costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake, then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Illinois.

Palmolive Radio Hour—Broadcast every Friday night from 10 to 11 p. m., eastern time; 9 to 10 p. m., central time, over station WEAF and 28 stations associated with National Broadcasting Company.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

are not so hard pressed. The pay is better, I think, than that accorded most occupations for women.

In New York, women reporters range from forty dollars a week to a rare $125—there may be a few who get more. Salaries are lower outside New York. And in New York cubs may start at eighteen or twenty dollars.

It is probably the most uncertain work in the world—except the stage. Newspapers cut and slash their pay rolls ruthlessly, without regard for brilliant work done in the past, for length of service, or for verbal agreements.

In this respect the profession is a hectic one compared with that of the established teacher, for instance, who in New York cannot be discharged from her job except for a grave offense. So accustomed are newspaper workers to the "swinging of the iron ball" that it is not considered a disgrace to be fired.

The city editor and the managing editor generally get the big salaries, and in New York—but not in other cities—these jobs are denied women. As a rule, the best the female reporter can hope for on a paper is to become a high-salaried writer, either of straight news or of features. Unless, of course, she has fiction ability and, writing at home in her spare time, develops into a Fannie Hurst or an Edna Ferber. The magazine field, too, beckons her.

NEWSPAPER work offers plenty of temptations—as many perhaps as the stage. The weird hours, the camaraderie existing among reporters, the violent manner in which newspaper people plunge into an orgy of pleasure as an antidote for nerve-torturing work—these do not make for a prayer-meeting atmosphere.

Recently a young and pretty girl writer was sent out to cover one angle of a well known murder trial. The general man on the assignment was cautioned to "keep an eye on her."

At midnight he found her in the hotel room of one of the reporters, surrounded by an admiring group of males and quite giddy from flattery and highballs. He telephoned his city editor—"For heaven's sake, call this youngster in. I won't be responsible for her virtue." She returned to New York next day.

It is not easy for a woman to get newspaper work in New York. Personally, I have never landed a job through the heartbreaking procedure of making the routine rounds of the newspaper offices and battling to see the city editor. Positions in New York have generally come to me through a friend—not necessarily an influential friend—perhaps merely another reporter who saw a vacancy and tipped me off.

A trace of prejudice still exists against women in this field. There is a feeling among editors that women are fitted only for certain kinds of assignments, that they can use only a certain number of "skirts" on their staffs. On the tabloids and the Hearst papers this difficulty is diminished but not obliterated.

Among the reporters themselves I found almost no prejudice at all if a girl plays the game fairly. They become angry if they see her vamping a district attorney or a policeman for news, because they feel she has a weapon they do not possess. On the other hand, they do not hesitate to take the district attorney's girl secretary out to lunch, and otherwise exert their male wiles.

They have great respect for the woman who digs for her news—that is, sets about getting her information first hand. Occasionally one encounters a lazy girl who wants only to graft on the men. She is not likely to get far.

In this work, as on the stage, there are the usual idiotic rumors connected with a woman's advancement. The city editor is keen about her —look at the good assignments she gets. Or the managing editor is madly in love with her —she has had a raise.

Although beauty, I think, is an asset to either man or woman, the truth is that a newspaper executive who knows his business is far more appreciative professionally of an exclusive picture or a big news beat that will give prestige to his paper than he is of the loveliest of trimly turned ankles.

AND what about marriage? I have never married, although I have toyed with the idea occasionally. If I ever take that rash step I hope my husband will be in newspaper work or some kindred occupation, because only such a man would swallow the stories of the amazing exigencies that may keep a newspaper woman from home!

Many newspaper women are married to newspaper men. A notable example in New York is the delightful case of Ishbel Ross of the *Herald-Tribune* and Bruce Rae of the *Times*. They frequently battle each other on assignments.

On the Hall-Mills murder investigation, the *Times* put over scoop after scoop on the *Tribune*. It was clear that these exclusive stories emanated from the office of the Prosecutor, Alexander Simpson, in Jersey City, New Jersey. The *Tribune* sent Ishbel to that point to find the leak.

She fretted and worried over the situation for days, but never found it. Her husband knew—but wouldn't tell her, and she knew he wouldn't. Obviously their jobs wouldn't be worth anything if they didn't keep faith with their respective papers.

A newspaper woman can't hope for a conventional marriage. There may be weeks when she is out of town and can't see her husband.

The result is likely to be passionate interludes of domesticity and a greater delight in each other's brief society than falls to the average couple.

As for children—I wouldn't attempt that pleasant responsibility. How could I give a baby proper attention after a twelve-hour day on a Snyder trial? A young life is too lovely and fragile a thing to be intrusted to any such haphazard upbringing.

A reporter probably sees more horrors than women in any other occupation, except the trained nurse. The inside of a morgue, the piteous plight of the unwed mother who abandons or murders her infant, the lamentations of the parent whose child has been stolen, the desperate ordeal of the murderer, the crime of perversion—all these are her daily fare. She sees much that is not printable. It would be too shocking for your sensibilities, editors believe. I have stopped looking at dead bodies, unless necessary for my story.

THERE are, of course, pleasanter assignments. My present employer, the New York *Daily News*, sent me on several extended winter trips to Florida to write society features.

And one meets interesting people, often by dint of exercising incredible courage and nerve. When the Prince of Wales played his first American polo on Long Island, three years ago, he was surprised to find himself unceremoniously addressed by a reporter. The greatest precautions had been taken to keep the press out.

I had worn an orange-colored sports suit, and had gone to the field in a Ritzy-looking car. Bystanders thought I was "sassiety."

I conversed with His Royal Highness for five or ten minutes, while secretaries, aides, and lackeys, registering horror, waited uneasily for him to go to luncheon. The result was an informal story, dignified with the appellation of "interview."

And when, for the first and probably the only time in my life, the future King of England asked me for my card, I had none with me!

Is it necessary to comment on the irony of life after that?

Occasionally one is sent to cover the first night of a play for the dramatic department, or the return of a celebrity like Lindbergh. Such assignments are often extremely pleasant.

But, for the most part, hard work—almost complete sacrifice of social life outside newspaper acquaintances—and lots of excitement constitute the vocation of reporting.

Another article by Miss Robinson will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

Next week's LIBERTY will contain the first of a series of remarkable

PIRATE STORIES

EACH COMPLETE IN ITSELF

By Robert W. Chambers

With vivid pictures by Norman Price

Real deeds of real pirates, clothed in exciting fiction

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Robert W. Chambers

Fights at sea and duels on land—thrills, adventure, romance

Watch for the First Story—"The Sea-Rogue's Moon"

Presidential Possibilities—CURTIS

The Career of the Former Jockey Who Became Majority Leader of the Senate

By

JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT

(Reading time: 20 minutes 20 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article is the seventh of a series by Mr. Bennett. Another article next week will deal with the career of Governor Ritchie of Maryland.]

THE great-great-great-grandson of Pawhuskie, Osage Indian chief who was all the oranges two centuries ago in the vast and fecund region lying between the Missouri and Arkansas rivers, wants to be President of the United States.

Some men, including himself, take his ambition seriously.

The eminent Mayor Thompson of Chicago has, for example, expressed a practical interest in the Presidential aspirations of one of the least talkative of men.

"What sort of a guy," Big Bill mused recently, "is this Senator Curtis? I want to get a line on him. He looks pretty good to me."

So Frank Butzow, proficient line-getter for Thompson, glided forth on his inquiring mission, soon returning with data which made Curtis of Kansas look even prettier to the patriot-Mayor.

Talkative Thompson's expression of interest in the laconic Curtis is no trivial incident in current politics, for 'tis coupled with the ability—probably—to deliver *en bloc* to the candidate in whom he may take the most interest the sixty-one Illinois delegates to the next Republican Presidential convention.

The candidate to whom Bill emphatically will not deliver those delegates is Colonel Lowden, the master of Sinnissippi Farm. There is a Lowden-Thompson feud of long and vigorous growth. So that makes two outstanding Bills against Frank Lowden—Bill Thompson and Bill Borah. In politics common dislike makes strange bedfellows.

Meanwhile Charley Curtis, majority leader of the United States Senate, continues to rise from three to five times daily and make in a grieving monotone to General Dawes his favorite speech. The full text of it is:

"Mr. President, I suggest the absence of a quorum."

"The clerk," snarls Dawes, "will call the roll."

Int. photo

Senator Charles Curtis, one of the first dark horses in the running.

Int. photo

Curtis' only exercise is walking—thirty or forty blocks daily.

And so the money goes—and the Senators drift in from the cloakrooms, the Northerners to answer "He-err" and the Southerners "He-ah" to their names.

The full text of Curtis' next favorite speech—usually made as the evening shadows are closing in—is:

"Mr. President, I move the Senate proceed to executive session."

Dawes, who would much rather be home reading Marcus Aurelius, nevertheless lets them so proceed.

Such being Charley Curtis' principal contributions to Senate forensics, observers in the strangers' gallery are inclined to estimate him as the least important man on the floor below. His seat is probably the draftiest in the chamber.

It is back row, center aisle, on the right-hand side as you enter, and under the star-faced clock on the diplomats' gallery. It has, however, this strategic value: from it the majority leader can swiftly overhaul every member of the slender Republican majority who, finding the proceedings tedious—which they can direly be—may seek to escape them.

For part of Curtis' many-faced task is to see that the slender majority does not fail him by any one of its component parts gliding out unpaired.

Other facets of Curtis' task are:

1. To know the temper of every Senator on every subject.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

Wanted—Your Services

As a Real Estate Specialist

Make big Money—I made $100,000 in less than 5 years. Learn how I did it. Use my successful system. Begin at home—in your spare time. Make money my way. Start now. Free book tells how.

Are you in the same hole I was in?

Are you stuck in the rut of *hard work* and *poor pay?*

Are you dissatisfied with your job, your *income* or your *prospects?*

Are you having a struggle to make both ends meet?

Are you putting up with the *crumbs* of life while others are getting all the cake?

Then you are the man I want to talk to.

Listen!

When I made up my mind to get started in the real estate business, in my spare time, I was receiving a salary of $100 a month.

I was doing work I was not fitted for and which I thoroughly disliked.

I was living in a gloomy boarding house, wearing cheap clothes, striving to keep out of debt, and getting mighty few of the good things of life.

In less than two years after I started to specialize in real estate, I was making nearly *one thousand dollars a month*. And in less than five years I cleaned up a net profit of *over one hundred thousand dollars*.

To get the whole story of my success in real estate, and how you, too, can succeed, write at once for my free book "How To Become a Real Estate Specialist." It contains *my history* and *your opportunity*.

Follow in My Footsteps

If you want to learn the secret of my success—if you want to use my money-making methods—if you want to follow in my footsteps—this is your chance. And *now* is the time to get started.

I have studied real estate conditions in this country very carefully, and my investigations convince me that the next ten years are going to be banner years for real estate.

Furthermore, my experience satisfies me that there is no better business to get into. It is more healthful than most indoor jobs—you can start in spare time—you can begin with little or no capital—it does not require years of study like medicine, pharmacy, dentistry, law, engineering, electricity, architecture, etc.—the beginner is paid the same rate of commission as old-timers—the business is practically unlimited—it is estimated that there are thirty million properties in the country and that ten million of them are always on the market—it is a permanent business, not affected by fads or fashion—it is constantly growing as population increases—it puts you in touch with the best people—it is a dignified, pleasant and worthy occupation with great possibilities for big profits.

If you want to make big money as a Real Estate Specialist—if you want to use my amazingly efficient system—let me hear from you at once. I will send you—*without cost or obligation*—my free book, which fully explains how you can get started—in your spare time—just as I did—in a new kind of real estate business that is as far ahead of the old, moss-covered methods of the average real estate agent as the automobile is ahead of the ox cart of our forefathers.

Put Your Name Before the World

What Others Are Doing

As positive proof of the success of my modern methods, read the following brief extracts from some of the letters that come to me from those who are using my scientific system—following in my footsteps—making money my way:

"It may astound some to know that I have made between $8,000 and $10,000 over a three-month period, which may be directly attributed to your splendid Real Estate System."—A. W. Fosgreen, New York.

"One year ago my husband died, leaving me as the breadwinner for a daughter and mother. Have paid all my bills and have supported my family, thanks to your wonderful instructions which showed me the way."—Mrs. C. L. Reeves, Ohio.

"I was a Ford salesman earning $300 a month. Your Real Estate System increased my earning power 200%. I now own a Chrysler Sedan, up-to-date office equipment and have increased my bank account."—Alfred J. Bennett, Mich.

"Your system is wonderful. Without giving up my job as stationary engineer I made $900 in three months in my spare time."—Matthew J. Stokes, Penna.

"I have sold many thousand dollars' worth of Real Estate and have deals pending that will go beyond the $300,000 mark. Owe all my success to your comprehensive System."—Carrie Marshall, Miss.

There isn't room here for any more such letters, but send for my free book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist." It is filled with stories of success. And it makes plain how you—too—can use my money-making methods to build a profitable independent business of your own—just as others are doing.

Act Promptly

Investigate this splendid business opportunity at once. Learn how easy it is to follow my methods and get big money for your services as a Real Estate Specialist.

The business needs you. It offers rich rewards for trained men.

So, mail the coupon *now*—before you lay this magazine aside—and receive, without cost or obligation, a copy of my new book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist." From it you will learn how you can use my successful system to make money my way—how you can get started right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience—and establish yourself as a Real Estate Specialist, in a high grade, money-making business of your own.

Be prompt! Your opportunity is here and now. "Wise men act while sluggards sleep." Write your name and address on the coupon and mail it at once to American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 66-3, 18 East 18 Street, New York. You will then have the satisfaction of knowing that you have opened the way to a profitable business career for yourself as a Real Estate Specialist.

American Business Builders, Inc.

(Authorized Capital $500,000.00)

Dept. 66-3, 18 East 18 Street, New York

Send me—without cost or obligation—your free illustrated book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist."

Name.....

Please print or write plainly

Address.....

City.....State.....

That *daily* grind

paying toll to cachexia
(run-down condition)

When life becomes a deadly grind; when physical and nervous exhaustion make every day a supreme effort, just try eating yeast. This magic food has brought new strength, energy and robust health to millions; it may well do as much for you!

The best yeast to take is Yeast Foam Tablets. They're pure yeast, palatable, non-fermenting and they keep. Swallow this yeast whole or chew like candy. You'll like it and there's health in every pellet. 5c for the handy packet or 50c for the large 10-day bottle.

Eat Yeast Foam Tablets for cachexia (run-down condition). Loss of appetite. Indigestion. Constipation. Boils—Pimples.

At drug stores everywhere

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 No. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES] Continued from Page Twenty-two

2. To know where their hideaways are and which golf links they play over.

3. To deal with the minority as man to man on a rational, companionable, unrancorous basis—even with fiery Joe Robinson of Arkansas, who is minority leader of the Senate and who once knocked down a player for interference on the links.

4. To know what this man wants and that man wants, and whether it is within reason.

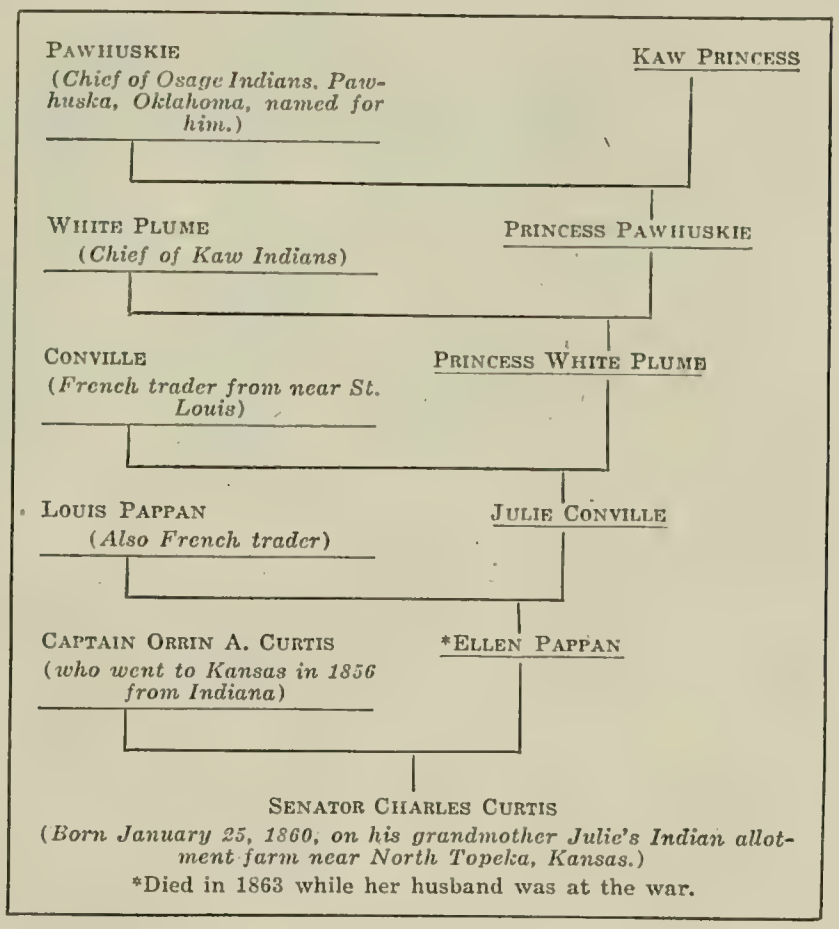
5. To hold the boys—both of his own party and of the opposition—to agreements they have made, but would like to break. He does that partly by appealing in private to their better natures and by gravely saying to them from the floor: "It was an agreement, and we must abide by it. It was agreed to—and there were no 'ifs' or 'buts' about it."

Curtis is never eloquent, but he can be forcible. He never spills over. He uses as few words as possible, but you always know what he means. Once I asked him for exact details of the story of his Indian forebears—a story which often has been inexactly and slipshodly told in print. The Senator did not leave me in doubt about my chances of hearing that story from his lips.

"Oh, hell, Bennett," he replied, "that's been told so many times!"

So it has, and very badly told. The fact remains that if Curtis could write—if he had imagination and a relish for character and color—he could make that story, with its abundant and exciting incident, its stage full of reigning chiefs, adventurous French traders, and sagacious princesses, its slow trek of a vanquished people toward the sunset, and its culminating irony that today oil has made the remnants of one of the tribes whose blood flows in his veins, the Osages, the wealthiest Indians in North America — that story, I insist, he could make one of the great autobiographical fragments of English literature, worthy to rank with Gibbon's and Hume's and Franklin's fragments.

Glance at the accompanying genealogical tree of Curtis' Indian ancestry which I have roughed out, and consider what a family story there is for Charley Curtis to unfold from the mid-eighteenth-century days of his great-great-great-grandfather, Chief Pawhuskie, to the days of the Charley Curtis whom Calvin Coolidge sends for when he wants exact information on the state of mind of the United States Senate.



AS I cipher it out, the Senator is one-eighth American Indian. On his father's side he traces back to the old New England Puritan stock; for Captain Curtis' mother was Permelia Hubbard of the Massachusetts Hubbards, who settled in the colony in 1621, the year after the Pilgrim Fathers landed.

Thence they moved to New Hampshire, then to New York State, then to Indiana, and then, in the persons of Permelia and her family, to Kansas. It was well that she came, for in 1876, when Charley was sixteen years old and a successful jockey, she told him he had better quit the tracks and the easy money and go to school. He did.

And here is a curious point:

It was his grandmother on the other side—the half-French and half-Indian Julie Conville Pappan—who told him there would be no future but wandering and hunting in following her from the Curtis home in Topeka back to the Kaw reservation in Morris County, Kansas, which he loved.

Like practical New England Permelia, Julie, with the blood of nomad chieftains in her veins, whispered that word "school," and again Charley had the sense to heed.

So Curtis got schooling—but, like Al Smith, no college training—and grew up to be one of Speaker Cannon's docile but tireless scouts in the House of Representatives, and finally, in succession to the *grand seigneur*, Henry Cabot Lodge, medicine man to the United States Senate. That was in December, 1924.

If the administration is dubious about the Senate—and all administrations often are in doubt as to the Senate—Curtis is sent for.

"Can we count on a majority for this measure?" the administration's spokesman asks in effect.

"Not a chance," says Curtis, "if you try to do it that way"—and then he sketches the perilous path. . . . "But if you do it this way . . . it can be done—probably."

Curtis' gift is for mapping the ways which are practical but not severe. Most of his ways are leeways. Give human nature, human vanities, prejudices, rancors, and dislikes time and room to r'ar in, and sooner than you think, he believes, they will quiet down and the orderly flow of legislative business will resume.

He can keep an even keel and an even temper amid a torrent of talk. He can do that when Heflin of Alabama and Copeland of New York and Ashurst of Arizona and Reed of Pennsylvania start their indeterminate spells of vocalization. A floor manager who can keep his temper then is qualified to teach the higher branches of patience to Job.

The day Curtis succeeded Lodge as Senate majority leader, I watched him closely. He must have been a proud and happy man, for the position implies the bestowal of much confidence by men whom the vicissitudes of politics have not made trustful, and it carries with it large influence and prestige.

Int. photo

Curtis announcing his candidacy to newspaper men, for whom, incidentally, he has not much use, scoffing at their dependence on "statements" and their failure to get facts for themselves.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

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[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES Continued from Page Twenty-four]

But on that Monday Curtis showed no elation. He kept one eye on his colleagues and the other on the clock. The prayer said and the roll called, he was on his feet, expediting business. He did it in two sentences which conveyed five facts. Then he sat.

The rest of that day, and the next day, important persons crowded around him, or telephoned him, or sat waiting on the leather settees in his anteroom. One hour the all-powerful Appropriations Committee needed him; the next hour the White House was summoning him. The dealing and dickering among and for the majority was in his hands. Yes, he must have been proud and happy.

After more than a quarter of a century in Congress he had come into the highest honor which the majority in the most powerful legislative body in the world can bestow upon a colleague —the honor of having that majority say, when it has disorganized itself with talk and chicane, "Now you find out how we can get somewhere, somehow."

Somebody has to do it. Somebody must be trusted. Somebody must be able to maintain an attitude at once detached and intent, at once flexible and firm.

Borah is grand. Borah inspires. Reed of Missouri holds you spellbound. But just, shrewd, faithful, practical, tenacious Charley Curtis keeps the wheels turning. The grist is specific legislation—much of it wise and fruitful because it has proceeded from minds brought together by quiet, busy maneuvers to some order and unity of purpose.

No spectacular attributes, no dazzling qualities of either mind or personality, put Curtis where he is. One attribute that put him where he is was his faculty for grasping a situation quickly. The leonine Borah does not fluster him. Reed's vituperation does not put him in a panic. Sallow, watchful, quiet in that back row, he seems saying, "This, too, will pass."

IT was not ever thus. Curtis told me about that.

"When I first came to Congress"—he was thirty-three then and he is sixty-eight now—"I thought a young member ought to speak often. I did speak often, and was thinking pretty well of myself.

"One day Holman of Indiana—old Holman, 'the watchdog of the watchdog of the Treasury,' they called him, and he was—pulled me aside and said: 'Young man, I want to give you some advice. If you'll quit talking so much, I'll give you the subcommittee having charge of Indian appropriations for the Committee on Indian Affairs.'"

Curtis, you see, was not only of distinguished Indian origin on the distaff side, but as a youth he had accumulated first-hand knowledge of the old Osage and Kaw reservation country that now is included in the State of Oklahoma.

"Well," continued Curtis of Kansas, "I told Holman I would think it over, and then I went to Uncle Joe Cannon and told him what Holman had said.

"'My boy,' said Uncle Joe, 'that's the best advice any man ever gave you. I don't mean that you should not talk at all. But you study appropriations; then get up and say what you know—and quit.'

"I took both men's advice.

"I never forgot that lesson. Carry conviction, not by just talking, but by knowing. In arranging a debate I'd rather have a five- or ten-minute speech any time than an hour's. On the veterans' bill I was on my feet two hours and a half. But the speech I prepared was only seven minutes long. The rest of the time I was answering questions."

How to Get On in Congress

By Charles Curtis

Who has been there nearly thirty-five years, as Representative and as Senator, and who now announces that he would enjoy four years of the Presidency of the United States.

1—Work.
2—Look after the matters—and the men—that are put in your hands.
3—Answer your letters within twenty-four hours.
4—Remember names and faces.
5—Don't speak. But if you must speak, carry conviction by knowing.
6—Don't go gadding to the lecture platform.
7—Work.

ONCE I asked the late Angus McSween, in his time one of the shrewdest, kindliest observers among the veterans on the Washington scene, "What's the outstanding attribute that has carried Curtis from driving a hack in Topeka to the majority leadership?"

"Silence," said Angus; then he added, "and he's knowing."

And yet, Curtis is not surly-silent; nor glum, as Uncle Calvin sometimes seems. He does detest foolish questions, and he has little patience with persons who vapor.

He volunteers little information, but he will tell you everything you ask if he can make his answer specific. His favorite answer is "yes" or "no." To a vapid question his answer is not unlikely to be, "For God's sake, what's the use of asking such a silly question as that?"

For most of the current batch of Washington correspondents he has little respect, laughing at their dependence on "statements" and their slavish interchange of "blacksheets." These latter are a medium of exchange by which a correspondent who has neither seen a given episode nor heard a given speech is enabled to write—after a pale, undistinguished, unoriginal, and unarresting fashion — of that speech or episode, meanwhile having traded to the correspondent whose dispatch he is using his own dispatch on another episode he may have seen or speech he may have heard.

[CONT'D ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

Have you taken advantage of this offer?

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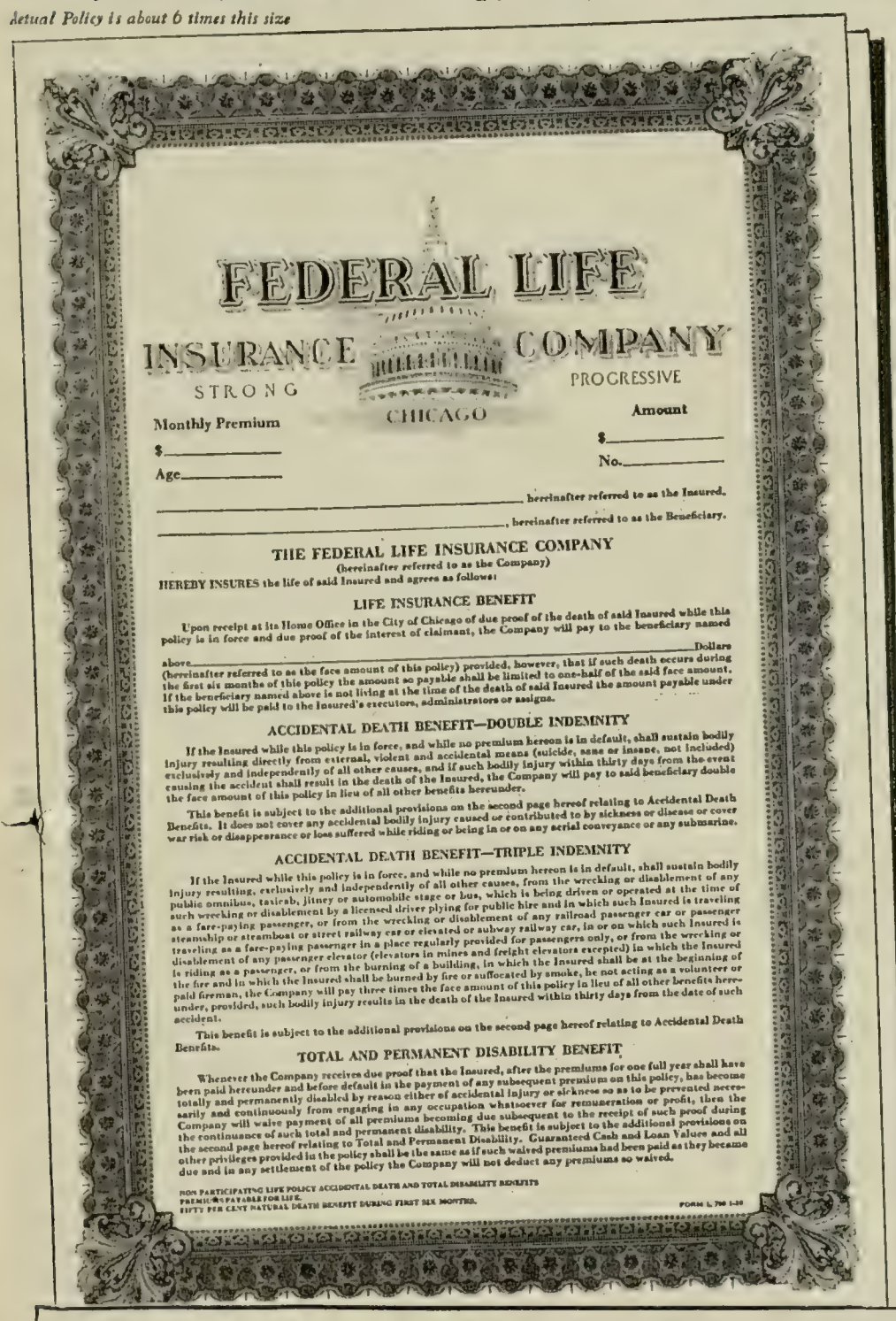

FEDERAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

STRONG — CHICAGO — PROGRESSIVE

Monthly Premium $_____ Age_____

Amount $_____ No._____

_____ hereinafter referred to as the Insured.

_____, hereinafter referred to as the Beneficiary.

THE FEDERAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
(hereinafter referred to as the Company)
HEREBY INSURES the life of said Insured and agrees as follows:

LIFE INSURANCE BENEFIT

Upon receipt at its Home Office in the City of Chicago of due proof of the death of said Insured while this policy is in force and due proof of the interest of claimant, the Company will pay to the beneficiary named above_____ Dollars (hereinafter referred to as the face amount of this policy) provided, however, that if such death occurs during the first six months of this policy the amount so payable shall be limited to one-half of the said face amount. If the beneficiary named above is not living at the time of the death of said Insured the amount payable under this policy will be paid to the Insured's executors, administrators or assigns.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH BENEFIT—DOUBLE INDEMNITY

If the Insured while this policy is in force, and while no premium hereon is in default, shall sustain bodily injury resulting directly from external, violent and accidental means (suicide, sane or insane, not included) exclusively and independently of all other causes, and if such bodily injury within thirty days from the event causing the accident shall result in the death of the Insured, the Company will pay to said beneficiary double the face amount of this policy in lieu of all other benefits hereunder.

This benefit is subject to the additional provisions on the second page hereof relating to Accidental Death Benefits. It does not cover any accidental bodily injury caused or contributed to by sickness or disease or cover war risk or disappearance or loss suffered while riding or being in or on any aerial conveyance or any submarine.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH BENEFIT—TRIPLE INDEMNITY

If the Insured while this policy is in force, and while no premium hereon is in default, shall sustain bodily injury resulting, exclusively and independently of all other causes, from the wrecking or disablement of any public omnibus, taxicab, jitney or automobile stage or bus, which is being driven or operated at the time of such wrecking or disablement by a licensed driver plying for public hire and in which such Insured is traveling as a fare-paying passenger, or from the wrecking or disablement of any railroad passenger car or passenger steamship or steamboat or street railway car or elevated or subway railway car, in or on which such Insured is traveling as a fare-paying passenger in a place regularly provided for passengers only, or from the wrecking or disablement of any passenger elevator (elevators in mines and freight elevators excepted) in which the Insured is riding as a passenger, or from the burning of a building, in which the Insured shall be at the beginning of the fire and in which the Insured shall be burned by fire or suffocated by smoke, he not acting as a volunteer or paid fireman, the Company will pay three times the face amount of this policy in lieu of all other benefits hereunder, provided, such bodily injury results in the death of the Insured within thirty days from the date of such accident.

This benefit is subject to the additional provisions on the second page hereof relating to Accidental Death Benefits.

TOTAL AND PERMANENT DISABILITY BENEFIT

Whenever the Company receives due proof that the Insured, after the premiums for one full year shall have been paid hereunder and before default in the payment of any subsequent premium on this policy, has become totally and permanently disabled by reason either of accidental injury or sickness so as to be prevented necessarily and continuously from engaging in any occupation whatsoever for remuneration or profit, then the Company will waive payment of all premiums becoming due subsequent to the receipt of such proof during the continuance of such total and permanent disability. This benefit is subject to the additional provisions on the second page hereof relating to Total and Permanent Disability. Guaranteed Cash and Loan Values and all other privileges provided in the policy shall be the same as if such waived premiums had been paid as they became due and in any settlement of the policy the Company will not deduct any premiums so waived.

NON PARTICIPATING LIFE POLICY ACCIDENTAL DEATH AND TOTAL DISABILITY BENEFITS
PREMIUMS PAYABLE FOR LIFE.
FIFTY PER CENT NATURAL DEATH BENEFIT DURING FIRST SIX MONTHS. FORM L 700 1-28

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION!

IN response to our recent announcement thousands of Liberty readers have taken advantage of this unusual opportunity to obtain a Standard Life Insurance Policy for only $1.00 a month with the coupon in Liberty.

Probably never before has an offer like this been presented to the American public. By taking advantage of it you may obtain—WITHOUT ANY MEDICAL EXAMINATION—a Life Insurance Policy in the Federal Life Insurance Company of Chicago, which provides Insurance against death from any cause whatsoever, and IN ADDITION provides DOUBLE and TRIPLE the amount of Insurance for accidental death as stated.

This offer is limited! Only One Million of these Policies will be issued. To obtain one, send the Coupon below with $1.00 as directed.

Standard Life Insurance Read the Policy at left

Note that this is STANDARD LIFE INSURANCE. It provides Guaranteed Cash, Loan, Paid-up Life Insurance Values, Total and Permanent Disability benefits and other standard privileges. It is *not limited Term Insurance*. This policy does not have to be exchanged for any other policy at any time. The premium of $1.00 a month remains the same throughout the life of the policy. It never increases.

The Federal Life Insurance Company is a standard Legal Reserve Company. It has been established 28 years—continuously under the same efficient management, Isaac Miller Hamilton, President. It has *assets of over $10,000,000*, and more than $100,000,000 of paid-for Life Insurance in force. It has paid to policyholders and beneficiaries over $16,000,000.

This offer is open to persons in normal health between the ages of 10 to 50, living in the United States or Canada. (Note: If you are not in normal health or are not a standard, insurable risk, please do not apply.)

The cost of $1.00 a month is the same to everyone regardless of age. The amount of insurance which $1.00 a month will secure is shown in the Table below. To determine the amount take your present age at nearest birthday. This amount is payable whenever you die.

For those who wish larger amounts of insurance under this offer, arrangements have been made to issue these Policies in multiple sums. For example: for $2.00 a month you may obtain TWICE the amount of insurance; for $3.00 a month THREE times the amount, etc. Limit for males, FIVE UNITS, or five times the amount; limit for females, THREE UNITS, or three times the amount.

LIMITED OFFER
Send Coupon at Once!

This offer is limited. When 1,000,000 policies have been issued it will be withdrawn without further notice. Don't be disappointed. Obtain one of these policies for yourself and every eligible member of your family. Remember it is the greatest life insurance bargain of its kind ever offered.

The Federal Life Insurance Company reserves the right to reject any application by refunding the full amount of the premium paid.

This astonishing offer has met with a tremendous response. Thousands upon thousands of applications have already been received from Liberty readers throughout America. Don't miss this opportunity. Send the coupon at once, before the supply of policies is exhausted.

Address Coupons To:

LIBERTY READERS INSURANCE DEPARTMENT
FEDERAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
168 North Michigan Ave., *Chicago, Ill.*

What This $1.00 Life Insurance Policy Pays:

NOTE: This special Policy costs you only $1.00 a month regardless of your age. Only persons between ages of 10 and 50 are eligible to apply. To determine the amount of insurance offered for $1.00 a month take your present age at nearest birthday in Table below. The amount of Insurance is shown opposite the age. This amount is payable whenever you die, regardless of how old you may be at time of death.

AGE	Amount of Insurance Payable Under Triple Indemnity Provision for Accidental Death	Amount of Insurance Payable Under Double Indemnity Provision for Accidental Death	Amount of Insurance Payable for Death From Any Cause Other Than Accident
10	$2,565.00	$1,710.00	$855.00
11	2,520.00	1,680.00	840.00
12	2,478.00	1,652.00	826.00
13	2,439.00	1,626.00	813.00
14	2,400.00	1,600.00	800.00
15	2,361.00	1,574.00	787.00
16	2,325.00	1,550.00	775.00
17	2,274.00	1,516.00	758.00
18	2,238.00	1,492.00	746.00
19	2,190.00	1,460.00	730.00
20	2,157.00	1,438.00	719.00
21	2,112.00	1,408.00	704.00
22	2,070.00	1,380.00	690.00
23	2,028.00	1,352.00	676.00
24	1,986.00	1,324.00	662.00
25	1,935.00	1,290.00	645.00
26	1,899.00	1,266.00	633.00
27	1,851.00	1,234.00	617.00
28	1,806.00	1,204.00	602.00
29	1,764.00	1,176.00	588.00
30	1,713.00	1,142.00	571.00
31	1,677.00	1,118.00	559.00
32	1,629.00	1,086.00	543.00
33	1,578.00	1,052.00	526.00
34	1,530.00	1,020.00	510.00
35	1,485.00	990.00	495.00
36	1,443.00	962.00	481.00
37	1.395.00	930.00	465.00
38	1 350.00	900.00	450.00
39	1,305.00	870.00	435.00
40	1,260.00	840.00	420.00
41	1,221.00	814.00	407.00
42	1,173.00	782.00	391.00
43	1,131.00	754.00	377.00
44	1,086.00	724.00	362.00
45	1,044.00	696.00	348.00
46	1,002.00	668.00	334.00
47	963.00	642.00	321.00
48	921.00	614.00	307.00
49	882.00	588.00	294.00
50	843.00	562.00	281.00

NOTE: *Fifty Per Cent Natural Death Benefit During First Six Months. See Policy.*

COUPON

FEDERAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
LIBERTY READERS INSURANCE DEPT.
168 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

I certify that I am a reader of Liberty Magazine and hereby request the Special Life Insurance Policy checked below in accordance with your offer.

NOTE: For a dollar a month Policy check here ☐ $1.00

If you wish a larger multiple amount of this Insurance as offered, indicate your desire by checking here the amount of the monthly premium you wish to pay. (Limit for males, five units; for females, three units.)

☐ $2.00 ☐ $3.00 ☐ $4.00 ☐ $5.00

Check or Money Order for the amount of the first month's premium must be sent with this coupon

My Name Is.....
Write Your Name In Full. Do Not Use Initials.

My Home Address Is.....

Date of Birth..... *My Age Is*.....
Day Month Year

Beneficiary.....
Write Here the Full Name of Person to Whom You Want Insurance Paid At Your Death

NOTE: This Insurance will become effective if and when issued by the Federal Life Insurance Company at its Home Office in Chicago. The Federal Life Insurance Company reserves the right to reject any application for this insurance for any cause whatsoever, and in such cases will return to the Applicant the full amount of the payment sent with this coupon

The OILY NINETIES

Here's the "Administration Committee." Father to hold Willie . . . Grandma to hold his nose . . . and Mother to hold the dose of old-fashioned castor oil . . . that Willie probably won't hold in its entirety.

Because your grandad rode in a stage-coach . . . wrote with a quill pen by candle light and took old-fashioned castor oil . . . should not influence you to continue giving your child this noxious dose. Be modern . . . give

KELLOGG'S
The Original
TASTELESS
Castor Oil

☞ THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

Kellogg's is tasteless because it is the *only* castor oil super-refined by the Kellogg exclusive patented process. Untouched from refinery to you . . . it is never sold in bulk nor in any form other than the original 3 oz. and 7 oz. bottles. We want to prove to you that Kellogg's is really tasteless. A convincing trial bottle will be sent you for 10c in stamps. Write for it today. Walter Janvier, Inc., 417 Canal St., New York, N. Y.

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Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which please send me Trial Size Bottle of
KELLOGG'S TASTELESS CASTOR OIL
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Bilious? Kellogg's will work wonders.

[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES] Continued from Page Twenty-six

As a result of this system—which leads to haste and irresponsibility—the dispatch of neither man will amount to much of a dam.

Shrewd Curtis knows all this, and a colleague of mine says he once heard him say: "The old school of Washington correspondents got, each man of them, his facts for himself and figured out their significance for himself, with the result that they were important men and could sometimes enlighten more important men."

Curtis is no vivid throwback—as to his Indian origin, I mean. In him, at sixty-eight, I discover no atavistic traces except his swarthiness and his silence.

One reminder of the days when Curtis, an excellent jockey, rode race horses at Kansas fairs from the time he was ten until he was sixteen, does remain: When there is a let-up at the Capitol, you can be sure that he is at the races, if any are being run in the near-by counties of Virginia or Maryland.

Other than that, he walks the Main Street of politics, rising methodically to say, "Mr. President, I suggest the absence of a quorum."

In short, the man among all the Senators, and among all the probable Presidential contenders, who had the most adventurous youth, who did what every American boy wants to do—played Indian with Indians—is today the most routine performer of them all.

If he becomes President he will be a routine President, just as for nearly thirty-five years he has been a routine Representative and Senator. Well, we have had a routine President for five years—and not done so badly.

But as a public official Charley Curtis was not always routine. In the first office he ever held—the prosecuting attorneyship of Shawnee County, Kansas, he amazed all beholders. For it was vigorous enforcement of the prohibition law that sent Curtis to Congress.

Forty-four years ago the Kansas prohibition law was not functioning in Topeka, Curtis' home town. It had been on the statute books for four years, and its sole product had been abundant hypocrisy and eighty-eight thriving saloons. Curtis had just been elected county attorney. He was no teetotaler, but he was a pitiless legalist—said the law meant what it said. He was then twenty-four years old.

Selecting the rich lawbreakers first, he sent seventeen of them to jail within a few days and had seventeen more waiting to be sentenced. In thirty days the last saloon closed. The news excited and delighted Kansas. From their pulpits preachers thanked God for the young man.

He had been admitted to the bar only three years before. He was elected to the county attorneyship by the wets.

"The wets," William Allen White, who loves to trace atavisms, once dryly remarked, "had forgotten about Permelia Hubbard and her New England conscience."

Also, they seem to have overlooked the tenacity in the boy. For he, in order to earn the money that would enable him to read law in A. H. Chase's office by day, by night had driven a hack.

AS prosecuting attorney there was naught tremulous about Charley. He held the office four years. He prosecuted 108 criminal indictments. He lost only four cases in his first year; he lost one in his second; he lost none in his third and fourth years.

The people began to talk of him for Congress. In 1893 they began to vote victoriously for him for Congress. With the exception of two years, they have been doing it ever since. His first Congress was the fifty-third. We are now in the seventieth.

Having, in 1893, rescued the old Fourth Kansas District (it is now part of the First) from the Populists, Curtis determined to keep it rescued.

Picture by John T. McCutcheon

The Senator is a firm believer in "the passing of the political domination of Congress from the East to the West."

The manner in which he sustained the Fourth's salvation was intensely characteristic of him.

He did not talk salvation. Populists, as such, were the least of his anxieties.

But constituents, whichever way they voted—and in Kansas they then voted in three directions—he made his own peculiar care.

He went to Washington. He bought two open-faced baskets.

In one he put all the letters from constituents which "could," as he put it to me, "be conclusively answered" on the day of their arrival.

In the other basket he put all the letters from constituents which required the looking up of facts to insure an adequate reply. But *all* letters were at least acknowledged on the day of their arrival.

The Senator still calls that "my two-basket proposition." It involved an enormous amount of work and almost incessant running about; but it also caused the gratified electors of the old Fourth District to stick to their responsive Charley—with acres of postage stamps. Nor was this all.

Curtis also devised five form letters for the answering of more or less routine questions. And—best stroke of all—he brought his sister (now the wife of Edward E. Gann, a Washington lawyer) with him from Topeka.

She was a treasure to him.

In the evening they would go to the theater; then home and into their working clothes to tackle the day's letters. At one period those letters amounted to 1,400 daily. There are eight Congressmen from Kansas now, all but one of them Republicans. In the days of Curtis' beginnings in Washington—thirty-five years ago—only two of the Kansas delegation were Republicans, and Curtis was one of them.

When Kansas Republicans living outside Curtis' district, and even in Oklahoma, learned that "Charley Curtis answers his letters," they turned to him for help and advice on a multitude of troubles—and Kansas then had a majority of the nation's troubles.

Amid the Senator's matter-of-fact recital of all this, I found beautiful the way he spoke of his sister—it was so simple and earnest. "My sister," he said—and gazed musingly back over the years—"I don't know how I could have got along without her! She stood by until 1912. Seventeen faithful years!"

Then he told me how a man can get on in Congress. 'Tis simple enough. WORK.

"If a man here," he said, "works, he gets up, irrespective of the part of the country he comes from. Let him tend to his duty and stay on his job."

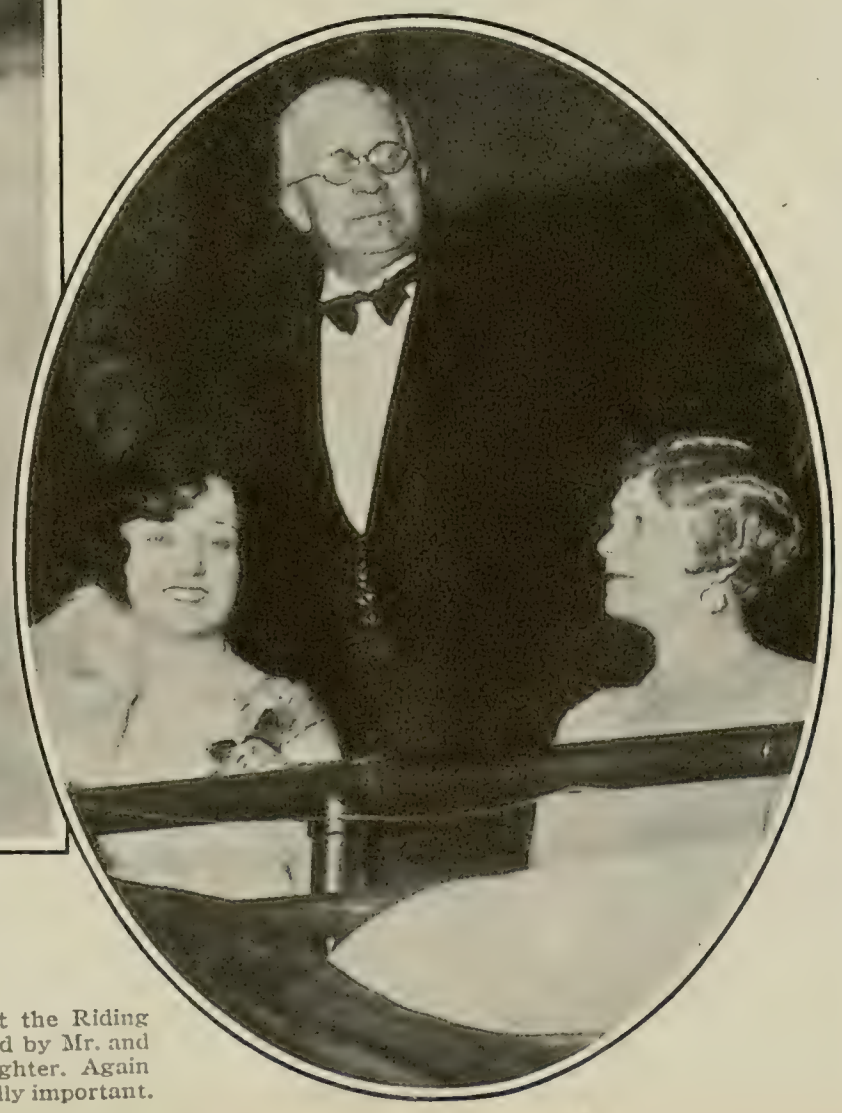
[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

When Smiles Lose Their Gleam

(*Above*) IVY SAWYER, star, and JOSEPH SANTLEY, producer, of "Just Fancy," graciously respond to a prolonged curtain call. Their smiles, Pepsodent keeps gleaming white.

(*Above*) TODAY DENTISTS URGE patients to keep teeth white and sparkling, for gleaming teeth are the best assurance science knows of healthy teeth and gums. Miss Lelette Herbert is advised to use the new-day dentifrice, Pepsodent.

(*Above*) A NEW ICE STAR is Mary Percola, who is appearing before society in several cities at private exhibitions. Pepsodent keeps her smile charmingly bright.



(*Right*) A RECENT EVENT at the Riding Academy of Chicago was attended by Mr. and Mrs. E. Root, Jr., and their daughter. Again Pepsodent-bright smiles are socially important.

Here's How to Find It—

It's FILM that turns teeth dull, "off color," and fosters serious tooth and gum disorders. Here's the scientific way to lovely smiles.

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

YOU will never know how gleaming white teeth can be, nor how healthy, until you have removed the film that clouds them. Ordinary brushing fails to do this successfully. You must remove it scientifically according to modern dental opinion.

For this purpose specially a new and different dentifrice is being advised by dentists, called Pepsodent. What it does to make teeth beautiful and keep them healthy by removing film is truly surprising.

Film is that slippery, viscous coating that forms on teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs the stains from food and smoking and gives that dull, "off-color" look.

Germs by the millions breed in film and it spreads over the teeth and lays them open to bacterial attack.

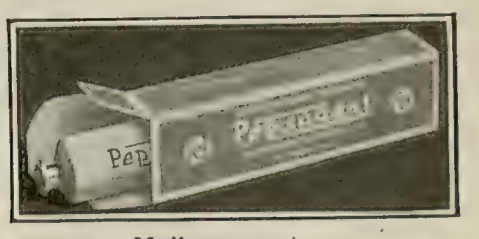
Film is the basis of tartar. And tartar plus germs is a proved cause of pyorrhea.

Pepsodent, through the most recent findings of dental chemistry and dental practice, acts in a new and different manner. It first curdles the film and then in gentle safety to enamel removes it.

It acts further to firm the gums. The alkalinity of saliva is multiplied and thus combats the acids of decay. It cleanses the mouth hygienically in a way nothing else does.

Millions have discovered it on dentists' advice. Millions use it twice a day because they know it keeps teeth whiter, brighter and healthier than they thought was possible. Get it at your druggist's. Or send coupon for 10-day tube and note the difference in your smile.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE



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City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
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(Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St. **Sydney, N. S. W.**

Only one tube to a family 2752

PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

THROUGH MARCH STORMS ON TIRES BY

LEE of Conshohocken

LEE *Shoulderbilt*

Compared to other makes of heavy duty balloons, you will find the Shoulderbilt bigger, taller and oftentimes heavier. They are over over-size. The greater service to you must be obvious.

In some places Jupiter Pluvius makes the going pretty tough in March.

Not so many years ago you faced the unfavorable elements with a prayer that your tires would remain faithful. Today, on Tires by Lee of Conshohocken, you give them little thought.

Lee together with some others in the industry are reducing your worries and eliminating your troubles by making better tires.

Tire making is like making bread or cake; the same ingredients in the hands of efficient cooks often produce varying results. Here at Conshohocken we practice the art of making dependable tires; for forty-four years Lee workmen have been proficient rubber craftsmen.

The master rubber craftsman of his time, J. Elwood Lee, taught them how. This was his greatest legacy.

Modern methods and equipment have served to enhance, not to displace, the original "knowing how". We intend that every tire with the Lee name on it shall be a credit to that name.

Lee Tire & Rubber Company, *Conshohocken, Pa.*

COST NO MORE TO BUY ~ MUCH LESS TO RUN

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

The Senator has little use for the lecturing legislator.

"Very nice," said he, "to trot up to New York and get two hundred dollars for an address before some society. A man can run that up to five or six hundred dollars a month. A very nice thing to pick up! But it isn't staying on the job. I always turn down those invitations."

One of the traditions of Congress is Curtis' memory for names and faces — the right name with the right face.

A MAN from Elk County, Kansas, breezed up to the Senator and said, "Charley, you don't remember me, but I'm—"

"Yes, I do. You're George Harlan of Elk County; but you used to live in Chase County."

Curtis was right—and he had not seen George Harlan in eighteen years.

Like every other phase of the Senator's success, this is the result of a system carefully worked out and persistently worked at. He pays attention. He links a man's name and face with an incident, and then intently mulls over the incident.

During his first campaign for Congress he visited every school district in eight counties and studied faces and names for seventeen weeks so closely that when he went back to those counties he could call by name every man whom he had met.

Joy in demagogism was not the source of this patient glad-handing. It was practical politics. It was the business of going to Congress. Nor was the result only a fleeting fame as hail-fellow-well-met. For Curtis overcame a Populist and Democratic majority of 5,000 and carried the district by a majority of 2,800.

How does a man so wrapped up in business keep physically fit?

"I used to hunt and fish," he said, "but I haven't for twenty-odd years."

"Then what is the secret?"

"Walking! I walk thirty to forty blocks—long blocks—every day. Mostly at night. A good, leisurely walk, taking it easy and not overdoing, but getting home covered with perspiration. All this just before bedtime."

The culmination of Senator Curtis' career in attainment of the majority leadership, and of fairly serious consideration as a Presidential prospect, illustrates a tendency in American political life which for a generation has been struggling to get itself expressed in the person of authentic leaders. That tendency is the trans-Mississippi tendency.

In the impending Republican and Democratic Presidential conventions it will find expression as never before. Among the three Democratic contenders, Reed is trans-Mississippi; among the Republican prospects, Hoover, Curtis, Norris, and Borah are trans-Mississippi men; and, of the five, two were born on the western side of the great river.

Curtis is so thoroughly Western that he told the distinguished journalist, Albert Fox, that one of the sustaining planks in his platform will be, "Don't Forget the West." And the Senator emphatically pointed out to me what he described as "the passing of the political domination of Congress from the East to the West." He said:

"The chairmanships of nearly all the important committees are now in the hands of Western men. The speakership of the House has passed from Massachusetts to Ohio, and the most urgent problem before the country—the problem of farm relief—is a Western problem. Therefore my insistent plea is and will be, 'Help the farmer.'

"I HOPE and expect that this Congress will pass some reasonable measure of farm relief which will receive the President's approval and will go a long way toward ameliorating the conditions surrounding agriculture by giving the farmers better marketing facilities, greater assistance in carrying forward the co-operative marketing principle, and assisting them along other needed lines.

"I also hope that the committees of the two houses will agree upon and report to their respective bodies a measure which will provide a definite shipping policy, and that under it our country will be assured the permanent merchant marine so essential alike to our commerce and to our national defense.

"One more point: I was convinced for some time before the President made his formal statement of declination that he will not permit himself to be renominated and that he is definitely out of the race. If I did not think so, I would not now be in the field. And since I am in the field, I will not allow myself to be used as a stalking horse for anybody."

Of all the likely contenders, Charley Curtis is the oldest. He is sixty-eight. By profession he is a lawyer; by occupation a political chief of staff; by choice a Methodist. He could long since have been a judge—President Roosevelt twice offered him Federal judgeships and President Harding once.

Fifty-eight years ago a lithe and honest jockey in Topeka, he now is first away from the barrier in the grandest race an American can enter, despite the fact that pikers have won it.

HIS principal chance of obtaining the nomination rests upon the somber fact that, though the people naturally gravitate to brilliant leaders, the brilliant leaders—to the end that their brilliance shall not be blurred—calculatingly rally to a nonbrilliant leader. Hence the phenomenon of Pierce, of Buchanan, and of Harding is really no phenomenon.

The most fascinating fact about Curtis is the contrast with his predecessor in the majority leadership. About the sixteenth century Charley Curtis' red ancestors were ranging the plains of a continent still new and mysterious to Europe; in that same century Giovanni and Sebastiano Cabot, founders of the glory of the family which produced the *magnifico*, Henry Cabot Lodge—he looked like a Venetian doge in his later years—were valiantly and shrewdly exploring and mapping the seaboard of that same continent.

Centuries roll by. The time comes when the *magnifico* and the descendant of the red chiefs intimately and trustfully work together in a legislative body which makes laws for the fairest portion of the continent; and no man better understood Henry Cabot Lodge than Charley Curtis did.

Thus do the threads of race and nationality wonderfully intertwine in the loom of time to make the fabric of our new nation.

Mr. Bennett's series will continue in Liberty next week with a close-up of Governor Ritchie of Maryland.

Picture by John T. McCutcheon

THE Senate majority leader—great-great-great-grandson of Pawhuskie, Osage Indian chief.

1—DRIVER 2—BRASSIE
3—SPOON 4—25° Spoon

A SENSATION! One wood club—as fine as money can buy—a flick of the thumb and you have Driver, Brassie, Spoon or the Professional Hy-flite 25° Spoon. Now you play a whole game—every shot—with two clubs. The Duo-Set Wood and the Duo-Set Iron.

FEATURES: *The Wood* has the famous Bristol Guaranteed Steel Shaft finished in Chromonized Satin Silver. Head of A-1 Persimmon. Interchangeable faces of genuine Bakelite giving 15 to 20 yards longer flight. *The Iron* has same kind of shaft, and forged blade of stainless, rustless steel. Both are "lifetime" clubs.

PRACTICAL — MATCHED

These clubs are professional clubs in every respect. The Wood is perfectly balanced—designed by an internationally known master builder of golf clubs. It is equivalent to a matched set at $60 or more. The Iron is equivalent to a set of six perfectly *related* and matched clubs costing $42 or more.

You will be proud of these clubs. For yourself when caddies are scarce or for a quick round before breakfast. For the week-end guest. For traveling. No screws, bolts, or "trick" shafts to brand you as a "nut".

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You can't appreciate these clubs until you try them. Order one or both at our risk. Send $15.00 for one or $30.00 for both. Patented, especially designed bag, Free, with two clubs. Use your Duo Set ten days and if you're not tickled with your bargain, mail them back and we'll return your money, at once. Made in all weights and lengths for men and women. Check coupon and mail with remittance or, if you prefer, check "Information" on coupon for FREE Folder and mail at once. But find out about these amazing clubs before the season is a day older. Tear the coupon out now.

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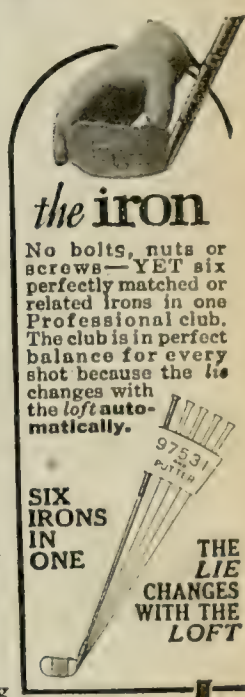

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Red TRAGEDY

Emil Jannings Proves His Worth as a Screen Actor in The Last Command

A Movie Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 22 seconds.)

"HOLLYWOOD: Capital of a New Empire—Mecca of a New Civilization," reads the opening title of Emil Jannings' newest American-made film, The Last Command. Don't let this hurry you to the nearest exit. The Last Command is one of the best pictures you will see this year.

If you have been a Hollywood visitor, this belief in the place as the art center of the world will not surprise you. Out where men are yes men this is almost a religion.

The Last Command is also built upon another Hollywood theory: that art is tragedy and vice versa. Thus Herr Jannings is forced to suffer and die once more.

The story is a good one. The cousin of the Czar, who is also general of the armies of Russia, is swept aside by the Revolution. He drifts to Hollywood. There he is called upon to play the very rôle he had enacted in real life. Ironically he commands a wavering mimic army in the studio trenches and, lashed by make-believe snow from the wind machines, he falls dead—a broken derelict—as he tries to lead his men to victory.

Don't say this could not happen. Hollywood is too crowded with former princes, archdukes, and generals to give you room for argument.

Hollywood and Red Russia afford the background for Jannings' new picture. He is shown here with Evelyn Brent.

Emil Jannings in his latest film rôle.

It almost is needless to say that Jannings is superb as *Sergius Alexander*. Here you trace the man from a broken, palsied extra (by flash-back) to his post under the old Czarist régime. There you find him an arrogant aristocrat—domineering, charming, and cruel. You see his disintegration under the boots of the revolutionary mobs, and you swing back to the man's final moment of tragic triumph. Here is acting.

There are scores of big incidents, such as the one where he faces and, for the moment, cows the bloodthirsty rioters bent upon tearing him to pieces.

Josef von Sternberg's handling of this turbulent tale is good, marred only now and then by an inability to grasp the sweep of the Revolution. He inserts a good deal of irony into the studio shots and shows you the movie assistants dressed in all their brief authority.

Probably a lot of this bitterness comes from von Sternberg's own experiences. He is the man, you know, who made Underworld. But before that hit were years of struggle. He was born in Vienna. For years he was a film cutter in the old Fort Lee studios. Then his name was Joe Stern.

In partnership with George K. Arthur, an unknown newcomer from England, he made a film called The Salvation Hunters, a gloomy, turgid story using a San Pedro harbor mud dredge as its chief figure of symbolism. Von Sternberg and Arthur put all their savings into the venture. They borrowed some more. The final film cost $4,500. Georgia Hale, also unknown then, played the leading rôle—for nothing.

The adventurers paid Stuart Holmes a hundred dollars a day—when they had it. When they didn't, von Sternberg donned Holmes' make-up and faked the part.

Charlie Chaplin and Doug Fairbanks saw The Salvation Hunters and were wildly enthusiastic. Von Sternberg seemed to have landed. But the film failed with the public.

Next von Sternberg briefly was with Metro-Goldwyn. Soon jobless, he joined Chaplin. He made A Woman of the Sea for the comedian. This starred Edna Purviance and cost $90,000. It is still on the Chaplin shelves.

At that moment Paramount needed someone in a hurry to do retakes on Children of Divorce. Von Sternberg was called in. Result: he got the job of making Underworld, looked upon as one of the biggest hits of 1927. Recently Jesse Lasky gave him a bonus of $10,000 for his work on Underworld. Since that was the largest bonus handed out by Paramount, it places Underworld as the prize 1927 film of that organization.

When you see The Last Command, watch the neat performances contributed by William Powell and Evelyn Brent. Powell plays a revolutionist who becomes a sleek Hollywood director. Miss Brent is a Red who sets out to kill *Sergius Alexander* and ends by giving her life to save his. Here are two of Hollywood's best troupers.

Do you know that—

Colleen Moore is getting $10,000 a week under her new First National contract? . . . John Robertson and Albert Parker, the directors, have gone to England to make films for a British company? . . . Mary Miles Minter is back in Hollywood after a long stay in Europe? . . . Betty Bronson is taking a vacation in Europe?

I'm for it a hundred per cent!

I'M ALL for P. A. Without a single mental reservation. It's my brand and I want the whole world to know. That's not sentiment—it's sanity. Swing back the hinged lid on a tidy red tin and let that glorious P. A. fragrance broadcast its own story. Then load up and light up. . . .

Cool as the box-office man. Welcome as two-on-the-aisle. Mild as milk-toast, yet with plenty of rich, satisfying body to let you know you're smoking. A pipe is a grand old pal when you pack it with P. A. And you want to pack and puff from morning to midnight, once you get a taste of this tobacco in your jimmy-pipe. You'll say so.

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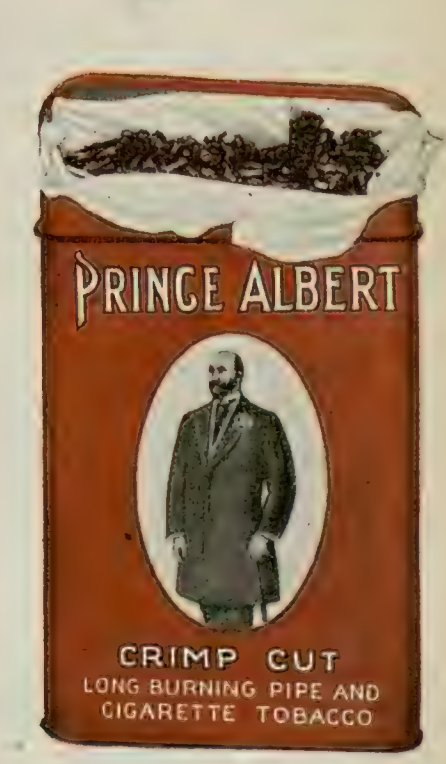

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for the man who *steps* on the gas-*jams* on the brakes—

—takes corners in a hurry

TIRES built on yesterday's pattern won't do. Today you have quick starting, fast traveling, sudden turning at high speed, instant stopping with four-wheel brakes. These things put a tremendous strain on tires. Strain that may easily result in a blow-out—disaster!

Dayton Stabilized Balloons are built to stand the strain. They have the unflinching ruggedness that defies terrific punishment. Rawhide toughness that resists cuts and punctures. And above all, amazing stamina that carries on and on—far beyond the commonly accepted standards of tire endurance.

Under engineering methods that brook no compromise, Dayton Stabilized Balloons are built to the limit of quality for insuring the limit of safety. Nothing is left to chance. Nothing is sacrificed to cut expense. Nothing is left undone to add the last degree of strength, sturdiness, and security.

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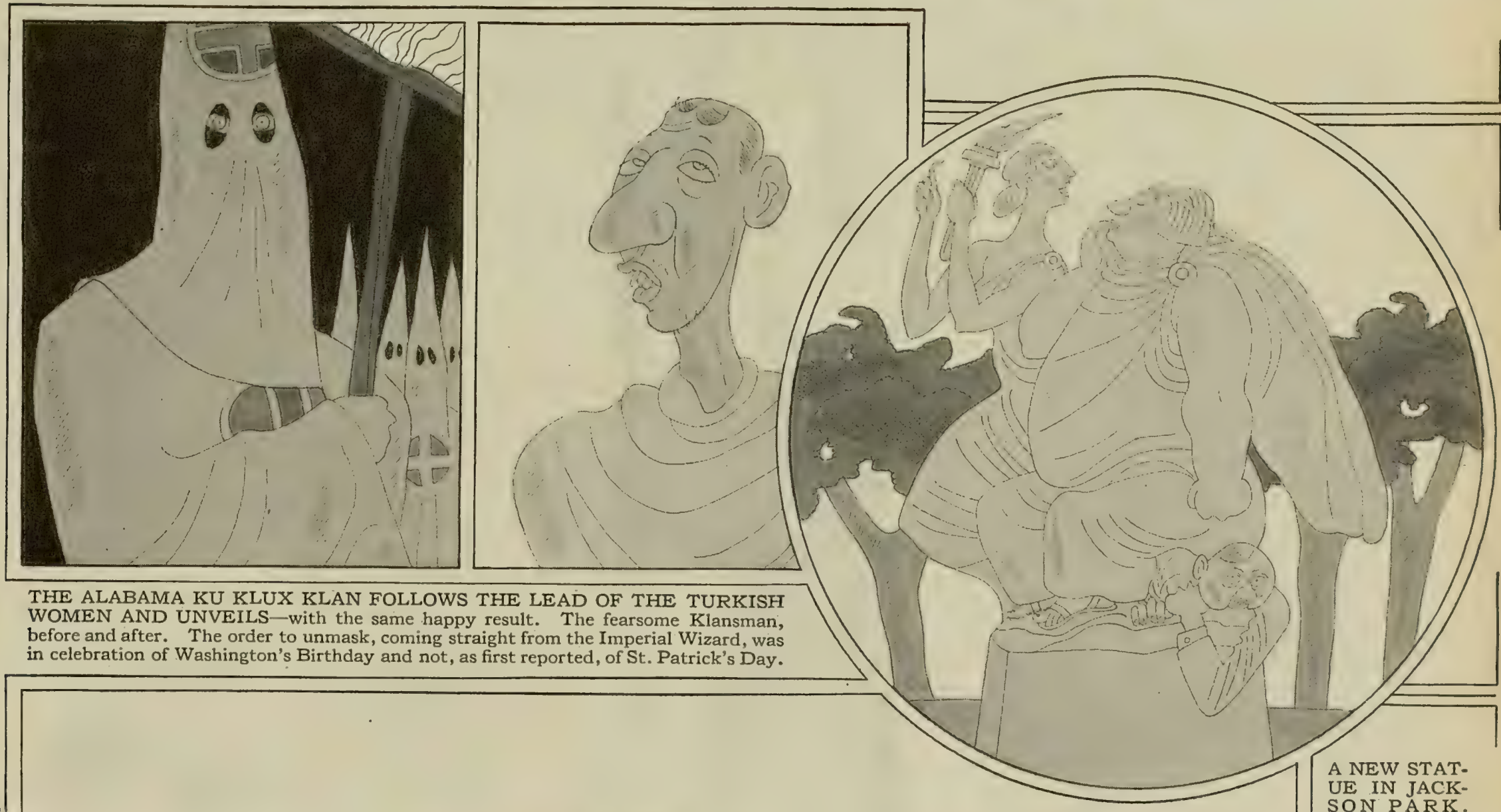
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

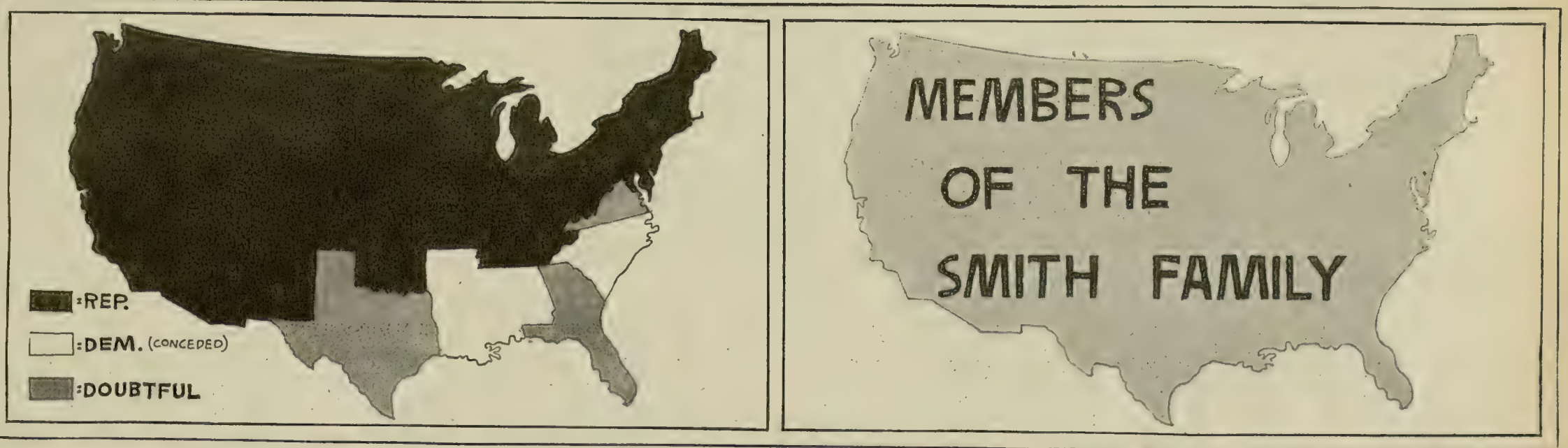
By RALPH BARTON



THE ALABAMA KU KLUX KLAN FOLLOWS THE LEAD OF THE TURKISH WOMEN AND UNVEILS—with the same happy result. The fearsome Klansman, before and after. The order to unmask, coming straight from the Imperial Wizard, was in celebration of Washington's Birthday and not, as first reported, of St. Patrick's Day.

A NEW STATUE IN JACKSON PARK. The Spirit of Progress incites American womanhood to arise in revolt against domination by the male.

SCENE ALONG THE GREAT NEW $92,000,000,000 TRANSCONTINENTAL HIGHWAY, recently opened in the effort to clear the regular highways of the increasing traffic in coast-to-coast travelers bearing letters from the Mayors of New York and other Atlantic Coast cities to the Mayors of San Francisco and other Pacific Coast cities, and vice versa.



(*Left*) —MAP ISSUED BY THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS showing the States claimed by the Republican party.
(*Right*)—MAP ISSUED BY THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS showing the voters claimed by the Democratic party.

The Delicate Profile

By a subtle weaving in shadow-soft tone, a pointed outline—just above the heel—gives a slenderizing effect to the ankle. Enchanting! In sheer chiffon, at $1.95 a pair. This style reflects an unusual color charm and exquisite texture. No. 725.

Colors That Intrigue

Simultaneously with the decrees of the style arbiters of Paris and America, Phoenix provides the colors of the moment in alluring variety. In cobwebby weaves at $2.95; and at lesser prices for transparent chiffon or service texture.

The dainty veiling of trim ankles—in colors piquant and silks enduring—has been a task so conspicuously well done by Phoenix, that style-conscious women of America have been quick to accord this hosiery premier place in their wardrobes.

PHOENIX HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE

She Who Sleeps

Pictures by
WILL FOSTER

Barry and His Father Begin Their Search for the Princess Out of the Past

A Serial by

SAX ROHMER

(Reading time: 23 minutes 15 seconds.)

BARRY CUMBERLAND was involved in a chain of circumstances which might have unhinged a mind less well balanced. The first link was the fact that his widower father—the enormously wealthy New Yorker, John Cumberland—had adopted Egyptology as a hobby. So Barry from his childhood had been familiar with the paintings and sculpture of the old Egyptians.

The second link was his strange evening drive, alone, in his Rolls. A black storm gathering overhead, he took several wrong turnings, and lost himself hopelessly, at length, on a secluded road. Suddenly a white flash of lightning illuminated the scene, and he saw a girl he could never forget. She stood on a high balcony not twenty yards ahead, dressed in a cloudy robe held by a jeweled girdle.

"An Egyptian princess!" Barry murmured, amazed.

That moment the wheel was torn from his hands. He heard a cry, felt a sickening blow on the head—and knew no more until he wakened in a hospital and was told he had been brought there by a nameless man.

Recovered, he returned to the lonely house, where all he could learn from a forbidding caretaker was that "John Brown" owned the place.

THIS was Cairo! Real, yet less than his imaginings concerning it.

Later he caught a glimpse of his Princess in the garden. Still later, after a theater party with his Aunt Micky—who was the Countess Colonna—and his friend Jim Sakers, he was sure he saw her in a passing limousine.

The climax came when Danbazzar, an Oriental dealer in rare antiquities, produced an illustrated papyrus which made the startling claim that a living being could be submitted to something like a mummifying process which would preserve life itself. The papyrus stated further that Princess Zalithea had been chosen for the test. And the Princess' picture was a likeness of the girl of the balcony!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BIG VACATION BOOK

Accept it with our compliments—this absorbing, richly illustrated story of the *new* Colorado now opened to you.

It tells you of new playlands, new havens of rest, vacation enjoyment in endless variety—at a cost so low it will surprise you.

It shows you exactly what each dollar of your vacation money can buy in Colorado.

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Please send me at once your Colorado Vacation Book.

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☐ Mark an X here if you wish the book on Burlington Escorted Tours.

Burlington Route

The Most Popular Route to the Rockies

[SHE WHO SLEEPS
Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

To prove the genuineness of the papyrus, Danbazzar laid it before Dr. Rittenburg, Professor Blackwell, and Horace Pain, and asked John Cumberland and Barry to his home to hear their decision.

PART THREE

DANBAZZAR and his guests awaited the great Oriental scholars' verdict.

Horace Pain removed the cigar from between his teeth, cleared his throat.

"I know Professor Rittenburg's opinion," he said, "and he knows mine. The papyrus is undeniably genuine. It has points of resemblance to the Turin Papyrus which I shall presently point out as I have already pointed them out to my friend Dr. Rittenburg. Respecting the claims of its writer, or writers, I shall have nothing to say. This is outside my province. As, I take it"—turning to John Cumberland—"it is outside yours? I mean, your interest, like mine, is in the writing itself, not in what it states."

"Who are those men, Hassan?" Barry asked. "Some of our excavators, sir."

"Partly," John Cumberland replied.

"Well," Pain went on in his dry, hard voice, "I mean to say that a parallel is the medical papyrus in Berlin. No one would think of making up a prescription from it. You agree with me, Professor?"—turning in the direction of Professor Blackwell.

"I agree with you entirely," was the reply. "It contains among other things a prescription for a hair restorer which, I will guarantee, would turn Paderewski bald in a fortnight."

"Exactly," Dr. Rittenburg agreed. "I look upon this business of the sleeping Princess as a sort of religious ritual, Cumberland, similar to the worship of the Apis Bull—kept up only for political reasons, to delude the people and to preserve the immortal name of Seti. Something of that kind."

"Quite beside the point, gentlemen," Danbazzar's deep voice broke in. "The fact that the papyrus is genuine and, in your opinion, dates from the time of the Pharaoh mentioned in it, is the thing of interest to Mr. Cumberland and to myself."

"Of that I am certain." Dr. Rittenburg nodded his round head vigorously.

"So am I," Horace Pain admitted. "Of course, its publication will create a profound sensation, and the museums of the world will outbid one another to get it."

"They will bid in vain," Danbazzar replied. "Mr. John Cumberland, here, has acquired it."

"Ah!" exclaimed Dr. Rittenburg. "But of course you will publish a reproduction? Every student in the world is entitled access to such a discovery."

John Cumberland smiled happily. No triumph which his business had offered, or could offer, compared with the thrill of such a moment as this.

"In due course," he said; "but not yet."

WHEREUPON a debate arose concerning certain papyri with the mere names of which Barry was unacquainted, and their points of resemblance to this one. Much excellent old brandy aided the debate. The two experts disagreed fiercely. But at a late hour, Dr. Rittenburg and Horace Pain having departed quite reconciled:

"Now," said John Cumberland, "with Danbazzar's consent, I shall discuss this matter with you, Blackwell. Your province is rather physiological than archæological. We have had expert opinion on the papyrus itself, and now we should like to have your opinion upon the feasibility of the claims made in it."

The silent Arab replenished the guests' glasses, except the Professor's; for Blackwell, who was already lost in thought, waved him aside.

"I never jump to conclusions," he began, thoughtfully selecting a cigar. "Life, considered in the abstract, is the one thing of which Science knows nothing. Adolf Weisman maintained that duration of life is dependent upon adaptation to external conditions. We may take the case of what is sometimes termed 'mummy wheat.' Personally, I cannot vouch for these stories."

"*I* can," Danbazzar said gravely. "I myself have seen grains of wheat, taken from a tomb of the fourteenth dynasty, cultivated."

"Did they yield any crop?" the Professor inquired.

"No," Danbazzar acknowledged. "They shot up a very tender green to a height of six inches and then died."

"Quite, quite," murmured the Professor; "but the life principle was present, you see—dormant, but present. The question really is whether the tissues could be preserved over so long a period as this"—nodding toward the papyrus—"indicated."

"If for three hundred years, why not for three thousand?" John Cumberland demanded.

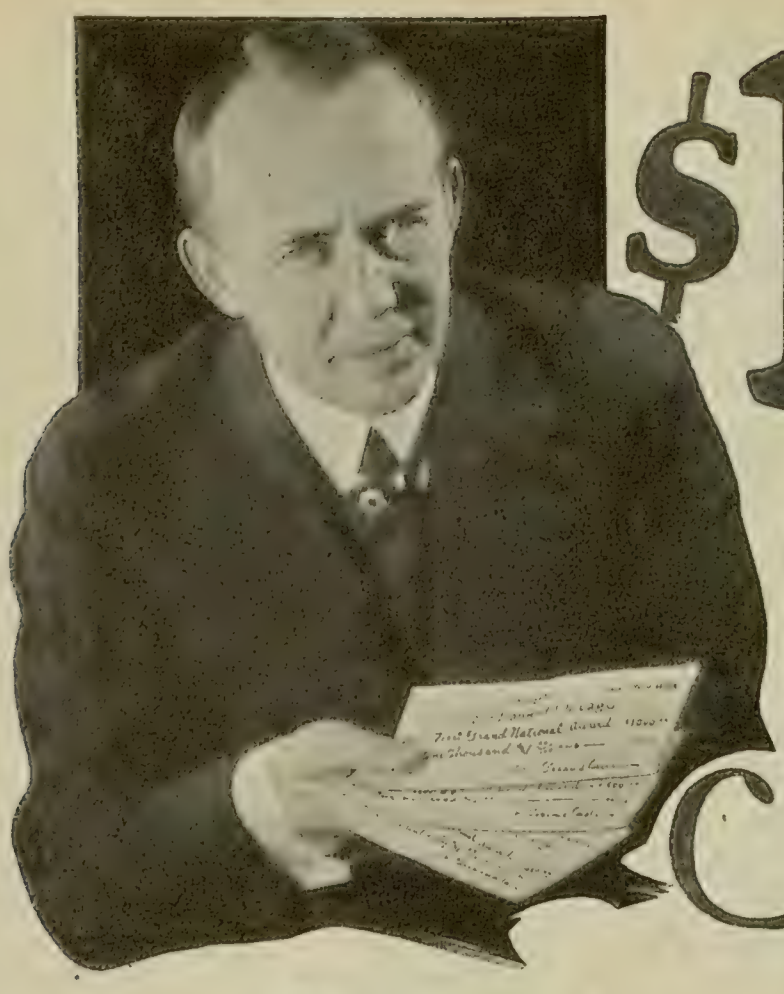
"Quite, quite," the Professor murmured; "but unfortunately this fact rests upon what I may term hearsay. The people who wrote it have been dead for some little time, you must remember!"

THERE was a short silence, broken by Danbazzar.

"Have you ever seen the mummy of Seti the First?" he demanded in his deep, impressive tone.

"Yes." Professor Blackwell looked up slowly. "Curiously enough, I was thinking about him. He, of course, dates from somewhere about the same period as Princess Zalithea, and the preservation in this case is remarkable.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY]



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"**F. J. Walsh of Springfield, Mass.** submits this record: He was a clerk earning $1,000 a year, and trying to support a wife and three children. 'Modern Salesmanship' revealed the way to him to build up his income last year to $7,286.00 an increase of **700 percent.**

"**C. W. Birmingham of Dayton, Ohio,** presents these facts: He also, was a clerk in a shop earning $15 a week, but within a short time after reading 'Modern Salesmanship', he increased his earnings **900 percent,** making $7,500.00 a year.

"**F. B. Englehardt of Chattanooga, Tenn.** cites a **$4,800 increase** in earnings; he started by reading 'Modern Salesmanship' and after completing the N. S. T. A. training, was offered his choice of representing 48 firms through the N. S. T. A. Employment Department.

"**William Shore of Neenach, Calif.,** was a cowpuncher when he read 'Modern Salesmanship'. He now records earnings as high as **$525.00 a week.**

"But even more striking is the case of **M. Barichievich of San Francisco, Calif.** A dishwasher at $8.00 a week, unfamiliar with the English language, 'Modern Salesmanship' nevertheless proved his guiding star. He had to use a dictionary to translate the words but reports that he is earning $125.00 a week, more than a **1500 percent** increase.

Not "Born Salesmen" but Men Who Act

"What these men have done, you can do, if you really want to—if you have average intelligence *and the ambition and decision to act.* They were not 'different' nor were they 'born salesmen' for there is no such thing, but they did have the urge to succeed and the impulse to act.

"The opportunity for you is just as great or greater than it was for them. The demand for trained salesmen in all lines always has exceeded the supply and never was more insistent than it is today. I know. For years thousands of the leading Manufacturers, Jobbers and Wholesalers have called upon our Association to supply them with salesmen. Our Employment Service is free to both employers and members and has started thousands on the road to success and happiness.

"To get anywhere you have to take the first step, and we have made that first step easy for you. Mailing the coupon below is all that is necessary. 'Modern Salesmanship' will be sent to you postpaid FREE. There is no charge for this wonderful book, although it may prove to be worth many thousands of dollars to you as it has to others.

These Books sent to YOU ~ FREE NOW!

"Then, our plan enables you to take the next step without losing a day or a dollar from your present position.

$10,000 Incentive to Act Now

"The rewards of success in saleswork are far greater than any I can offer, but, as an added incentive to act NOW and to achieve success, I have created an Endowment Fund of $10,000.00 to be distributed as Awards of Merit, and I have made the conditions so simple that every ambitious man, no matter where located or how situated, has a fair, equal chance to win one of the 160 National and State Awards.

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"A brochure, fully explaining the Better Salesmanship Endowment, and naming all of the National and State Judges, will be sent to you with our book 'Modern Salesmanship', if you ACT at once."

J. E. GREENSLADE, *President.*

160 National and State Awards

1st Grand National Award	$1,000
2nd Grand National Award	500
3rd Grand National Award	250
2 Special National Awards of $125	250
5 Special National Awards of $100	500
50 First Grand State Awards of $75	3,750
50 2nd Grand State Awards of $50	2,500
50 3rd Grand State Awards of $25	1,250
Grand Total	$10,000

Awards will be based on records of earnings in sales work for six months while taking or after completing the N. S. T. A. course, compared with earnings six months previous to enrolling. The percentage of increase will determine the awards. In case of a tie the award will be duplicated. Anyone enrolling during 1928, or taking the course now and completing it, is eligible. Entries close December 31, 1928.

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G. H. HARRER, *Secretary,* JACOB E. DECKER & SONS, Mason City, Iowa

W. A. HASTINGS, *President,* ALUMINUM PRODUCTS CO., La Grange, Ill.

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THE SECRET OF BUSINESS PROGRESS IS SO SIMPLE MOST MEN MISS IT

Here it is:

Has the man who makes $10,000 a year five times as much brains as the man who makes only $2,000? No. The $10,000 man simply has a little extra training. In the matter of salary a little training makes a world of difference.

WHY do some men become independent while others stay poor all their lives? Why do some men rise easily to highly paid positions while others slave and get nowhere?

The secret of business progress is so simple most men miss it. That secret can be compressed into a few words. Here it is: You need to know only a *little more* than the average man in order to make a *lot more* out of your life.

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Good news for salaried men

This should be encouraging news to you if you are a salaried man. You should realize that this is *your* opportunity. You should say over and over to yourself—"I need to know only a *little more* than the average man in order to *make* a *lot more*."

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[SHE WHO SLEEPS Continued from Page Thirty-eight]

But the system of mummifying employed on Seti could not be employed on a living person. If there is anything in the extraordinary claims made in this papyrus, I can only assume that some formula must have been invented to check the natural processes of decay. Of course, one dare not raise such a thing seriously before modern science. It would spell ruin."

"Nevertheless," said Danbazzar, "you are right—there *was* such a formula."

"Ah!" exclaimed John Cumberland. "If only we could recover it!"

"I *have* recovered it," Danbazzar replied calmly.

"What!"

"I acquired it at the same time that I acquired this other papyrus. It is locked in that safe over there."

"That settles it," said Cumberland, standing up. "My other plans are made. What do you estimate it would cost, Danbazzar, to finance the expedition?"

"Two hundred thousand dollars," was the prompt reply.

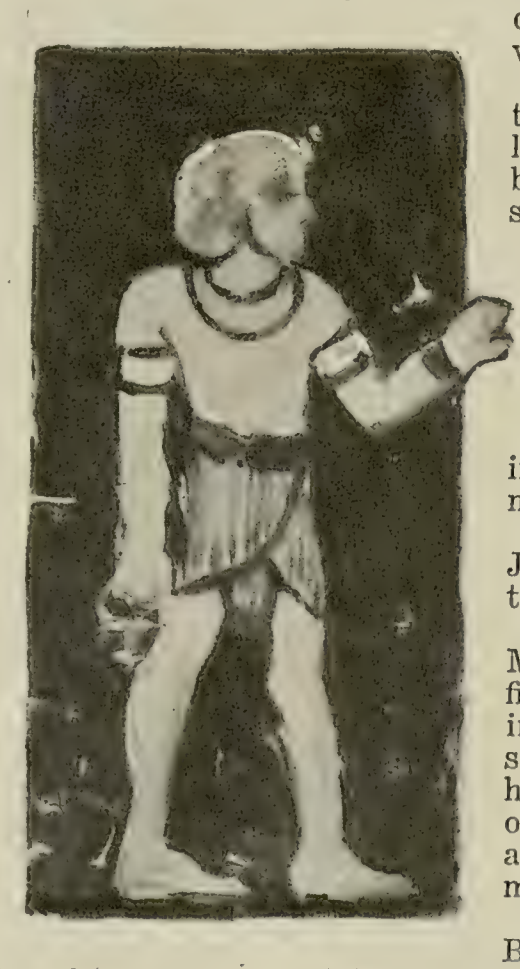
"Be ready in a fortnight," said Cumberland. "I must start then or postpone the journey till next season."

II

"SOME people are so indecently lucky," Jim Sakers protested. "It has been my ambition from childhood to visit the interior of the Sphinx."

"You poor nut!" said Barry. "The Sphinx is solid. You mean the interior of the Pyramid!"

"Not so hasty," Jim rebuked him; "not so hasty, my friend. My ambitions are not the ambitions of an ordinary man. Any fool can visit the interior of the Pyramid, if he's lucky enough to get to Egypt. Nothing so commonplace as that appeals to me. I said, and I repeat, that it has always been my ambition to visit the interior of the Sphinx. I hope I make myself clear."



"You expose fresh views of your ghastly ignorance at every turn," Barry said. "If you can think clearly for two minutes, concentrate on what I'm going to say. Everybody seems to think that I need a vacation, and Dad has decided to pay a visit to Egypt and to spend the beginning of winter there. I am going with him and we start next week."

"This is dreadful," Jim declared. "Think of the broken hearts in New York. Besides, what about the Princess?"

"It is about the Princess," Barry returned, "that I want to speak to you. Several people, yourself included, have tried to convince me that I'm suffering from a delusion where this girl is concerned. But I am just as certain as ever that I have seen her, definitely twice, possibly three times. What I want to ask you is this: Once in a while, when you are in that neighborhood, see if you can find anything out."

"You mean," Jim suggested, "drop in on Mr. Brown and say that I have called about the electric light, or the installment due on the Ford, or something of that kind?"

"Something of that kind," Barry agreed. "Do it your own way—but just keep a sharp lookout. And if you should pick up any information, send me a cable. I can give you the route. When we get to some place up the Nile where we are going to camp, I shall have to let you know."

"CONSIDER it done," said Jim. "And now *I* have a request to make. Bring me back a large bottle filled with the sand of the unchanging desert. By sprinkling this in my bathroom and walking about in bare feet, I shall be able to imagine that I am a son of the mysterious East. Ho, there! Fatima, my dark-eyed ship of the desert!"

"The expression 'ship of the desert,'" Barry interrupted, "usually refers to a camel!"

"I am talking about a camel," Jim assured him. "The affection of the Arab for his camel is a historical fact."

"You are thinking about his horse!"

"I am not thinking about his horse!" Jim cried. "The Arab I am talking about *has* no horse; he has a camel."

And now: "What's the row?" demanded a deep voice.

Aunt Micky intruded, carrying a large hatbox which bore the name of a smart Fifth Avenue shop.

From it she produced a sun helmet of dazzling white, decorated with a puggree band in silver, violet, and maroon.

"Great shakes!" Jim exclaimed. "Is this for Barry?"

"It is," Aunt Micky returned firmly. "It is most important that he should not expose his skull to the rays of the sun. John always wears a helmet in the East."

"I know he does," Barry admitted, ruefully contemplating this creation; "but the one he wears is a decent sort of putty shade—and without ribbons. However! Is it the right size?"

He tried it on.

"Really smart people," Jim commented, "wear a feather—a small, neat feather—stuck in the band just above the left ear. Further—allow me, Barry."

He raised his hands and settled the helmet at an angle over Barry's

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-TWO]

Paul Waner

Champion Batsman, Smokes Lucky Strikes—They Do Not Affect His Wind

"When I first started to smoke I was anxious to find a cigarette that would give me pleasure without taxing my wind or irritating my throat. I soon discovered Lucky Strikes. I am very fond of the excellent flavor of these cigarettes and they keep my throat clear and do not affect my wind in the least."

Paul Waner

"The Cream of the Tobacco Crop"

"Here in the Southland we know good Tobacco. It is born in us and it is the livelihood of most of us. 'The Cream of the Crop' is bought for LUCKY STRIKE. I know for it has been my duty to purchase it on the markets for years for this brand."

A. W. Glasser

Tobacco Buyer

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

Whisk away that morning after look

WATCH this new lotion chase away the "sleep lines", the pasty sallow skin and tired, haggard, morning-after look that you get when you've slept too much—or not enough.

No matter how much more dead than alive you feel, here's the way to perk right up in a minute—to look and feel as bright as a sunny morning—clean, fresh, made over.

"Fougere Royale After-Shaving Lotion" (Royal Fern) it is called. All you do is pat a few drops on your face after your shave. First you get a mild zippy tingle that brings the good red color to the surface—circulation that floats away fatigue lines, peps up sagging tissue, wakes up your skin. Then because it is styptic (stops bleeding) it quickly heals any little nicks and cuts.

Most of all, though, it freshens and soothes the tired skin—puts life into it—gives it a cool, velvety smoothness that makes you actually look years younger.

Preceded by the marvelous new painless shave that you get with Fougere Royale Shaving Cream, the scientifically balanced non-caustic, non-irritating shaving cream, you can start *every* day feeling like a brand new man.

Both products are mildly perfumed with Fougere Royale (Royal Fern), a wholesome outdoor fragrance. Get them at your druggist's today—or if you prefer, generous samples may be had for the coupon below.

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Shaving Stick, 75c
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You may send me without charge trial containers of Fougere Royale After-Shaving Lotion and Shaving Cream.

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[SHE WHO SLEEPS Continued from Page Forty]

right ear, then took a step back to contemplate the result.

"Better," he muttered, "better. That is the British Army rake. Of course"—again grasping the helmet and tilting it forward—"there is the Rajah rake, very popular in India, and *also*—"

He was about to take further liberties when Barry gave him a playful but powerful punch in the chest.

TAKEN all round, the period of preparation was an exciting one for Barry. His father was an experienced traveler, and under his guidance Barry acquired all sorts of equipment for the journey.

The papyrus had disappeared into Danbazzar's great safe, and Barry often wondered if his imagination had played him tricks in regard to the portrait of Princess Zalithea. He had abandoned hope of ever seeing this girl of dreams again; but Fate had one more curious experience in store for him, and it came about in this way:

Professor Blackwell was leaving for Europe a week ahead of them, and later joining the party in Egypt. Bound to strictest secrecy regarding the nature of the expedition, his scientific curiosity had been greatly aroused, and he had consented to be present at the opening of the tomb when that time came.

The steamer sailed at midnight, and Professor Blackwell had dined at the Cumberland home prior to joining her. Barry and his father went on board with him, inspected his stateroom, ascertained that his baggage had arrived safely, and then said good-by.

They came down the gangway, turned to wave to the tall, gaunt Professor at the top, and then made their way along the pier toward the staircase. They reached the street level at practically the same moment that the elevator started up.

Through the iron grille of the car a girl was looking out, apparently directly at Barry.

He stopped dead, stared at the ascending elevator, and then turned and fled back up the stairs like a man demented.

A Customs official intercepted him at the top.

"Kindly stand aside!" Barry said breathlessly. "I have seen someone I want to speak to—*must* speak to!"

"Go easy, go easy!" The man persistently intruded his burly form. "Wait a minute! Who are you running away from?"

"I'm not running away from anybody!" cried Barry angrily. "Let me pass! I want to go on board."

"Go easy!" The man repeated. "You can't go on board. The last visitors are just coming ashore. In three minutes the gangway will be cleared—"

And then John Cumberland, even more breathless than Barry, arrived on the scene.

"What's the matter?" he asked; and to the man: "It's all right," he explained. "My name is John Cumberland. My son has seen someone he thinks he knows."

"You can guess who it is!" the latter returned. "And I've lost her again!"

Slipping past the mystified Customs officer, he raced out along the pier.

Of course! He was too late! And he was sure, absolutely sure, that this time he had not been mistaken! Could it be that she was leaving America—still unknown, elusive to the end?

As they drove home, John Cumberland was very sympathetic, but secretly was glad to think that the journey to Egypt would prove a powerful distraction, which he considered his son badly needed. He was growing more and more anxious about Barry's odd obsession.

A TREMENDOUS crowd of friends turned up to see them off for Egypt, Aunt Micky more iron-jawed than usual.

"Clean your teeth in Vichy water," was her last injunction to Barry. "Once you are out of England all water is poison."

Then came the final shouted farewells, Danbazzar, Barry, and John Cumberland standing at the rail as the liner crept out of her dock. Jim Sakers, standing bareheaded far below, upraised a megaphone.

"Don't forget, Barry!" he bellowed. "A bottle of the unchanging desert! I am an Arab brave and free!"

III

FROM the balcony of Shepheard's Hotel, Barry fascinatedly watched the life in the street be-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

Dr. Rittenburg.

This same range, all black Enamel (Our No. 108) $29

No extra or special wiring is necessary

No. 109 $34

This striking new White-Cross Cabinet Range has one burner which can be operated at 1100 watts, which actually develops heat equivalent to any gas range or electric range! Other burner will operate alone at 550 watts, or both may be used together at 550 watts each. Fries, roasts, bakes, and boils.

The entire top is of extra heavy sheet metal with triple porcelain baked white enamel finish. Front legs also are white. Range is 34 in. high. Oven measures 12 in. wide, 10 in. high, 11 in. deep, with warming closet directly below. Two heating units in oven, one drawing four amperes at top and six amperes at bottom. Three heats are available, ranging up to 400°. Double walled asbestos lined. Operates from any convenience outlet. Heats rapidly, cooks with amazing speed. Only $34.

Another Amazing WHITE CROSS Advance in Electric Cooking

No Other Electric Range in the World Like It!

NOW the famous White-Cross-Line announces another astounding advance in electric cooking—another tremendous step forward in the electrification of the American home—a stunning electric cabinet range with all the heat of any gas stove or the most expensive electric range—for only $34!

Naturally such an achievement would be created by White-Cross—naturally the leaders in the electric cooking field would be the pioneers to produce an inexpensive electric range with ample heat for the heaviest cooking!

And not only that, but if you prefer you can have the same heat, the same cooking ability in a sturdy, practical two-burner stove for only $6.50! This White-Cross Stove No. 100 (improved)—shown at the right—is the only stove of its kind with a so-called double capacity element, which produces the necessary heat for heavy boiling or cooking.

While these stoves are new, they have behind them 37 years of experience—extending back before the beginning of the electric industry. When you choose a White-Cross Electric Stove you are selecting the choice of a quarter million other women. And 20,000 dealers endorse appliances bearing this famous name.

In justice to yourself see this remarkable new range at your dealer's right away—you'll be amazed at its smart appearance, its thorough quality, its wonderful cooking ability.

Now Send for Details

Be sure to write us for full particulars of this revolutionary new development FREE. Write us today—learn all the details of this startling new advance in electric cooking, and other White-Cross appliances.

IMPROVED No. 100 $6.50

NEW DOUBLE DUTY STOVE

One burner of this stove operates at ten amperes, which is double the capacity of the ordinary electric stove or hotplate on the market today. 1100 watts—the heat needed for heavy boiling or cooking. Burners operate independently or together by rotary four-station switch. 18 inches long, finished in triple baked black enamel, nickel trimmed.

Always look for this Blue and Yellow Tag, it is on every genuine White-Cross Product.

Quality that White Cross Never Disappoints

No. 237 All-Nickel, 2-Burner Stove

A priceless convenience to every woman. To cook breakfasts and luncheons complete, right at the table—for bridge luncheons, afternoon teas, candy-making, midnight spreads—you need this surprising new White-Cross Table Stove. Sturdily constructed for a lifetime of use, and finished in polished nickel $9.00

No. 200 2-Burner Stove

A quarter million women are now using the White-Cross Electric Stove shown above. Guaranteed Nichrome heating elements afford the highest degree of cooking speed. Burners operate independently or together. In triple-baked black enamel, nickel legs, 18 inches long. Special low price. . . . $4.50

No. 156—Waffle Iron. Makes full sized waffles without grease or smoke. Non-leaking interlocking grooves. $8.80

Three other styles from $6.80 to $10.00

No. 247—Beaver Iron. Beautiful Stream Line, Tapered Point, Scientific Slant, Latest style full vision Extended Sole Plate, Perfect Balance. . . $5.00

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Don't sacrifice quality in your choice of face powder any more than you would in silk stockings or undies. You can see the difference between good stockings and cheap ones. You can feel the difference between quality and inferior undies. The people you meet, as well as you yourself, can sense the quality of your face powder.

Stage stars, whose success depends upon captivating, glamorous complexions, recognize this. That is why so many of them use Java Face Powder. They love its delicious odor. They know that its smooth softness blends unobtrusively with the skin. Experience has proven that it adheres.

Women who know quality—and must have quality regardless of price in the face powder they use, prefer Java Face Powder at this low price, to more expensive powders.

A Tint for Every Type

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Peaches* Powder and Peaches-and-Cream* Powder, so extremely popular with the vital outdoor girl of today, are also priced at 50c

JAVA*

FACE POWDER

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

[SHE WHO SLEEPS
Continued from Page Forty-two]

low. This was Cairo! Real, yet less than his imaginings concerning it.

Venders of fly whisks, of scarabs incredibly old, of necklaces from the tombs of queens, of red slippers, of all sorts of Birmingham ware, clamored in a group beneath him. They poked their offerings through the railings at his feet.

The passers-by absorbed his attention. He had learned to pick out the residents from the tourists; to recognize the curious air of detachment, that quiet fatalism which is the seal of Africa. He was not yet entirely reconciled to the presence of laden camels and smart automobiles in the same street.

In some of the cars he had glimpses of veiled women, whose long, dark eyes provoked him. Whenever such a harem car went by, he craned forward eagerly, vaguely expecting to meet the glance of eyes which he knew.

During the journey he had torn himself free in a measure from this strange infatuation, but Egypt had revived his dreams.

HE had dressed early this evening, and now, sipping a cocktail, sat waiting for his father to join him.

Tonight Danbazzar was expected back from Luxor, where he had been to select a base of operations and to check the information furnished by his agent. This agent, Hassan es-Sugra by name, had met him there four days earlier and was returning with him to Cairo.

John Cumberland's excitement had been intense all day, and Barry's little less. Never, until now, had Barry fully understood the hold which Egypt and the things of Egypt had over his father. The John Cumberland of New York was barely recognizable in this keen, alert, bright-eyed man to whom the African air was an elixir of youth, and who now crossed the terrace and joined him.

"Well, Barry," said he, "has the spell of the Nile got hold of you yet?"

"It has, Dad," Barry admitted. "I went again today to look at the mummy of Seti. I hadn't been altogether able to believe in your hopes of success, but that figure made me begin to share them. There he lies in the flesh for everyone to see. I looked at him yesterday for nearly half an hour—and I realized that he had known, probably had many times spoken to, the Princess Zalithea! Dad, I'm just crazy to be on the job! Isn't Danbazzar late?"

Even as he spoke an *arabiyeh* pulled up at the steps and Danbazzar got out.

He wore a white drill suit, the coat cut tunic fashion and buttoning close up to the neck. His pale skin had assumed a deep, even tan.

His gaze sought and found John Cumberland on the terrace, and he raised his right hand in a slow, graceful gesture. A second traveler descended from the carriage and followed Danbazzar up the steps.

This was an æsthetic-looking Egyptian, black-robed and white-turbaned, slender, with small, deli-

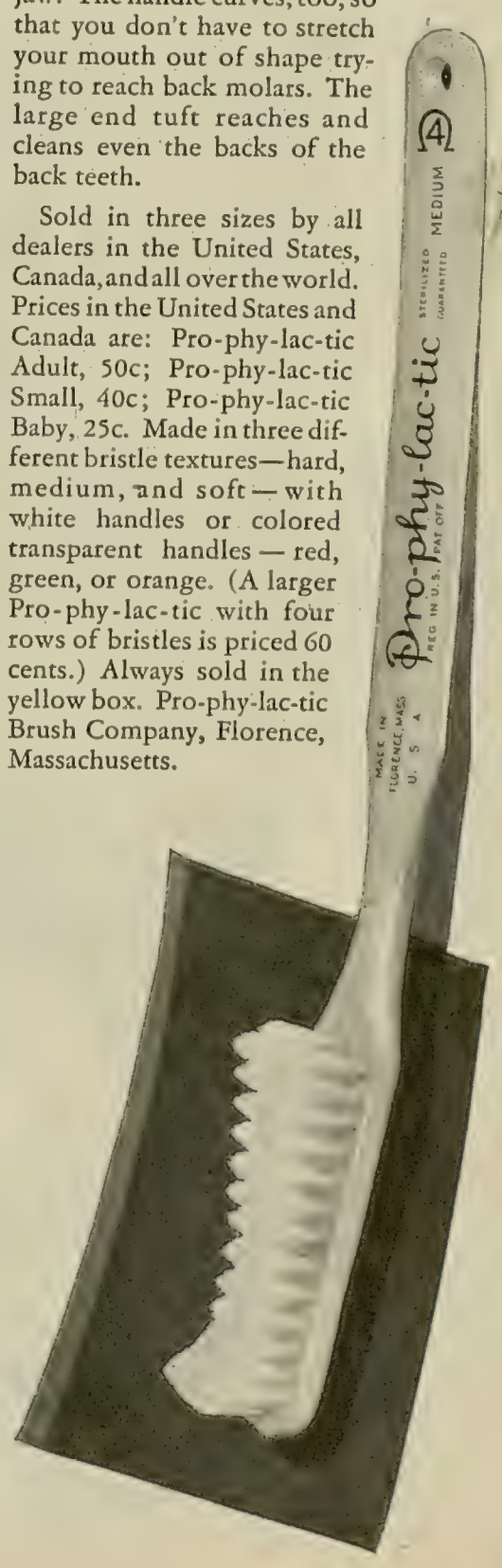
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

To keep *all* your teeth

clean them all

THE Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is scientifically designed to reach *all* your teeth. The curve of the bristle surface conforms to the curve of your jaw. The handle curves, too, so that you don't have to stretch your mouth out of shape trying to reach back molars. The large end tuft reaches and cleans even the backs of the back teeth.

Sold in three sizes by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, and soft—with white handles or colored transparent handles—red, green, or orange. (A larger Pro-phy-lac-tic with four rows of bristles is priced 60 cents.) Always sold in the yellow box. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Massachusetts.



[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

cate features and the gentle eyes of a gazelle. He carried an ebony cane and possessed a curious dignity, utterly unlike that of Danbazzar, yet, in its way, equally impressive.

John Cumberland sprang up eagerly and extended his hand.

"Is everything all right?" he demanded.

"Everything is fine," Danbazzar replied, and turning greeted Barry. "I want you to meet our Chief of Staff, Hassan es-Sugra. What I don't know about the Valley of the Kings, Hassan can tell us."

Hassan saluted profoundly, and Danbazzar now gave him permission to be seated. Discreetly, he took a chair a little removed from the others, and waited to be addressed.

John Cumberland glanced around to make sure that he could not be overheard, and:

"How many men have you got?" he asked.

"Hassan has engaged fifteen," was the reply. "Most of them are already in Luxor."

"No suspicion has been aroused?"

"Absolutely none," Danbazzar assured him. "So far, there hasn't been a single hitch."

"I take it these men are living in Luxor at present?" Barry asked.

"Yes. In the native quarter, where most of them have friends; for they are all excavators and used to the work."

"We will have cocktails in my room," said John Cumberland. "One never knows who may overhear us."

THE party went upstairs to Cumberland's suite, which overlooked the romantic gardens of the hotel, and cocktails were ordered. Hassan es-Sugra was a devout Moslem, one who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca. He drank coffee, which, when the waiter presently appeared, he took with him out on to the balcony, bowing deeply as he retired.

"That's a mysterious fellow!" said Barry.

Danbazzar fixed the speaker with his piercing regard, and:

"You're right," he agreed. "He's quite a lot of a mystery. But he holds some kind of position in the Moslem world which gives him complete control of the natives. He's the best man at the job in Egypt. He can get things done that you or I couldn't manage if we spent a million dollars."

"Good!" commented John Cumberland. "And the tomb? It has not been disturbed?"

Danbazzar stood up and, slowly crossing to a side table, dropped ash into a tray. He turned, and:

"It's absolutely untouched," he replied. "The entrance where I reclosed it is almost hidden by sand." He paused impressively. "No one has disturbed her."

"Gad!" Barry brought his hand down upon his knee. "It sounds almost too good to be true! But how did Hassan identify the tomb in the first place? How was he sure? How can *you* be sure?"

"You can take it I made sure before I started," Danbazzar answered calmly; "but, anyway, Hassan never makes mistakes. You remember the cartouche in the papyrus? It was not that of any Pharaoh or any member of any known royal family. It was clearly meant to represent Princess Zalithea."

He stooped over the cane table and with a pencil roughly outlined upon a newspaper which lay there a design of four figures.

"We're agreed," he said, glancing up, "that its meaning is: 'She who sleeps but who will awake.' Both Mr. Pain and Dr. Rittenburg have checked this."

"Well!" said Barry eagerly.

"Well!" Danbazzar replaced the pencil in a breast pocket of his tunic. "This same inscription is cut in the rock before the entrance to the tomb!"

"I have sometimes wondered," said John Cumberland, "why it has been overlooked so long."

Danbazzar stared at him for a moment, and then:

"Have you stopped to think," he asked, "how many tombs there are in that valley? Why should those few people with powers to excavate open an obscure one? What's more, the tomb is in an unfrequented spot, almost due north of the Tombs of the Queens and on the edge of the western valley, more than half a mile from the Tombs of the Kings. The nearest place ordinary tourists ever visit is the tomb of Queen Nefertari and that of Seth Ra, the wife of Seti the First."

"When do we start?" cried Barry eagerly.

"I can see no reason," Danbazzar replied, "why we shouldn't leave for Luxor in the morning. We shall be wise to take every advantage of the slack season before the tourist rush begins. I suggest that we consult with Hassan."

He stood up, clapping his hands sharply. From the shadowy mystery of the balcony, Hassan es-Sugra entered, a slim, impressive black figure. He bowed low upon the threshold.

IV

WHEN Barry came to Luxor, he saw the City of the Sun under advantageous conditions.

The Winter Palace Hotel, whose impudent modernity aspires to dwarf the majesty of the great temple, was in a comatose state. The tourist steamers were missing. Sighing wearily at the end of her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Secret of Getting Ahead

The quickest way to bigger pay as proved by thousands every year

WHAT are you doing to prove to your employer that he should increase your salary?

It's not enough, you know, just to be faithful, hard working, a plugger. If you are, that's a help. But what he is *primarily* interested in, so far as his business is concerned, is—greater profits.

And the man who can help him *make* those greater profits is going to win promotion and win it fast.

How, then, can you do all this—in a way that will quickly mean an increased pay-check? Let's examine a few cases—out of the many that could be cited.

Increases Sales—Increases Salary

J. L. Aldrich was an order clerk. His home-study training with LaSalle—in Business Management—prompted him to take up selling. He knew that in the selling field he had real opportunity to build greater profits for his employer.

Joining the sales force of the Monroe Calculating Machine Company, Inc., he became one of their most consistent producers; his sales steadily increasing, until within two years he was made manager of the Fargo, North Dakota, district, with an increase in earnings of 153¾ per cent.

Changes Losses Into Profits

It took years for Ernest W. Neir to come up through the ranks in hotel work by the "experience route." Then he took up home-study training with LaSalle—in Higher Accountancy.

His immediate task was to put the Hotel Rowe, one of the finest hotels in Grand Rapids, on a paying basis. With the aid of his training, Mr. Neir changed losses into profits—and increased his salary more than 100 per cent.

A Big Saving—and a Bigger "Raise" Than He Expected

H. S. Leavy, of Kingston, Pa., saw his chance in Traffic Management. He enrolled with LaSalle for home-study training, and during the first year saved his firm $40,000—simply by changing its method of packing for shipment, thereby obtaining a different freight classification and a more favorable rate.

"This saving," he writes, "procured for me the title of Traffic Manager and a salary above my expectations. Since starting my training with LaSalle my compensation has increased about 300 per cent."

Boosts Production 59 Per Cent

J. R. Hollingsworth was in charge of a shift of men in one of the big factories in Akron. To further his advancement, he pursued home-study training in Industrial Management. Read this paragraph from a letter to LaSalle:

"With the aid of my assistants and the whole-hearted support of the men, I have brought the shift from one of the most inefficient to one of the most efficient, with an increase in production of 59 per cent. When I started, my men were disgusted—almost ready to quit; their earnings averaged 68c an hour; they average 98c now. Haven't had to fire a man. Have made 27 suggestions so far, showing savings from $20 to $75 daily."

How can any man who pursues such methods—training in his spare hours for increased knowledge and ability whereby he may help cut expenses or get more business and profits for his employer—fail to win sure and swift advancement?

Start Today to Make Yourself Worth More Money

And so we could go on and on—through hundreds of instances reported to LaSalle by members who have successfully pursued this quicker way to bigger pay.

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FROM the box she produced a sun helmet of dazzling white. "Great shakes!" Jim exclaimed. "Is this for Barry?"

[SHE WHO SLEEPS Continued from Page Forty-five]

summer sleep, the City of the Sun looked wistfully down the Nile from which at any time, now, invasion might be expected.

On the evening of their arrival, leaving Danbazzar and John Cumberland at the hotel poring over rough plans, Barry had set out with Hassan es-Sugra to view the celebrated spectacle of Karnak by moonlight.

A great zest of life, an eagerness to inhale, as it were, the unfamiliar perfume of this strange land, possessed Barry. He hurried, as though bound for his father's New York office. But:

"Sir," said Hassan, in his soft, caressing voice, "there is no need for haste, and the evening is hot."

Barry pulled up and glanced aside at his companion. The gaze of the gazelle-like eyes met his own. Hassan smiled.

"Always," the speaker went on hesitantly, yet with perfect expression, "always the gentlemen who come from America and from Europe are in so great a hurry; particularly the gentlemen from America. Yet there is so much time, and life in Egypt is very beautiful for those who will rest and enjoy it."

Barry laughed.

"Now I come to think of it, I have never seen you hurry."

"What is there to hurry for?" Hassan asked softly. "We are all going the same way. Why should we try to pass one another? Everything that life has to give us is ours tonight. Let us enjoy it, for tonight will never come again."

BARRY stared curiously at this survival of the Arabian philosophers, but checked his eager steps and walked on sedately beside the dignified Egyptian.

As they moved through the streets, it became apparent to Barry that his companion possessed many acquaintances in Upper Egypt, by whom he was held in high esteem.

They passed a café in the native town. A number of men sat smoking outside. Five of them, on sight of the approaching figure, sprang up and performed a graceful Arab salute with the right hand. All were fine types, tall, muscular fellows and different from the townsmen surrounding them. Hassan es-Sugra gravely returned their salutation, but they remained standing until the two had passed.

"Who are those men, Hassan?" Barry asked.

"They are some of our excavators, sir," Hassan replied. "Most of them are already at the camp; these are late arrivals who go tomorrow."

And so, pursuing their leisurely way, they presently found themselves on the ancient road to Karnak, formerly bordered by sphinxes throughout the mile of its length. At that point where the road turned left into the Avenue of the Rams, they sighted the great shadowy ruins. Barry hastened his steps.

"It is fortunate, sir," Hassan said, laying one slender hand upon Barry's arm to check this impetuous increase of pace, "that we have been able to begin while the Nile was in flood."

"Why is that?" Barry asked.

"Because," Hassan replied, "the tomb, which is on high land, can only be approached from above at this season and is cut off from those routes along which people generally come. We are less likely to be disturbed."

At the entrance to the temple the *Ghafîr* appeared, mysterious, out of a bank of shadow. Barry, a law-abiding citizen, had been given to understand that he must show his ticket here, but Hassan es-Sugra waved him aside, saluted the guardian, was saluted deeply in return, and they entered the great silent building.

Again Barry found himself glancing curiously at the face of his companion, delicately beautiful in the moonlight. He was learning to look with less satisfaction upon the hurriedly grasped successes of modern life, and to experience an unpleasant sense of inferiority in the company of this dignified, placid, yet majestic Arab.

They were in a forest of vast columns. Mighty statues looked down scornfully, and all about upon painted walls were those Pharaohs and gods whom the imagination of Pierre Loti has depicted as eternally signaling to one another.

Hassan es-Sugra walked through the mysterious darkness as confidently as Barry would

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

George Wanted Money- I Pay Him --Plenty

Louis George
Illinois

$10,000 a year is what I paid Louis George, Illinois, for the last three years. This year he says he is going to earn $20,000.—And before he accepted our offer he was earning only $35 a week!

ANY MAN CAN GET This Money From Me

Ray C. Hahn
Sales Director

I paid L. D. Payne, Ia., $4,500 for his first 200 days with me—he is still averaging from $500 to $650 a month. Putnam of a small Michigan town averages $600 every month. Many others averaging from $6,500 to $10,000 a year in this big pay field—*the field of Fire Prevention.*

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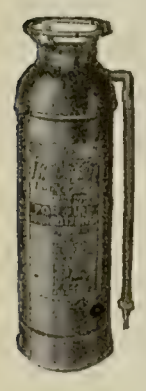

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Send full information about representatives' plan and application for territory.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SIX]

have walked along Fifth Avenue, until they came to the Great Hall, most awe-inspiring of all the Egyptian monuments. Raising his stick he pointed to an inscription, translating slowly:

"'I did the best I could for the Temple of Amen, as architect of my Lord. I placed obelisks; their height reached to the world of heaven. A propylon is before the same in sight of the city of Thebes; and ponds and gardens of flourishing trees . . .'"

"Who made this inscription, Hassan?" Barry asked.

"He was the First Prophet of Amen," was the reply, "in the reign of Rameses the Second, who was the son of Seti the First."

Barry did not reply. A new idea had possessed him; a new magic had invested the building.

Here, then, in this vast, wonderful temple-palace, SHE must have walked—the Princess Zalithea!

"When do we begin to excavate?" he asked abruptly.

"I hope, sir, the day after tomorrow."

"Good!" said Barry.

LATER that night, in the almost deserted lounge of the hotel, he got into conversation with a very bored young man whose job was connected with the Irrigation Department.

"Dead-alive hole, this," he declared, "out of the season. Did you stay long in London?"

"A week," Barry replied.

"Lucky man!" sighed the other. "I would cheerfully sell all Egypt, if it belonged to me, for a week in London."

"Really?" said Barry. "That's odd! The life in London or New York or Paris seems to be much the same. I've been fed up with the usual round for years!"

"I've never had a chance to get fed up," the other declared plaintively. "I went straight from Oxford to the war, straight from the war to hospital, and straight from hospital to this blasted hole. You are not here for fun, are you? Because there's nothing funny about Luxor."

"No," said Barry guardedly. "My father and I are here on a job of work. Dad has a scheme for exploiting the old caravan road to the Dakhla Oasis."

"What for?" drawled his acquaintance. "Nobody wants to go there!"

"They might," Barry returned, "if the journey were easier."

"Goin' to build an hotel there?"

"I don't quite know, but we are starting out tomorrow to prospect."

"Good luck!" murmured the irrigation gentleman, raising his glass. "If I'm still alive when you come back you might bring me a few dates. They are the best dates in Egypt. I don't think they grow anything else."

Their chat was interrupted at this point by the sudden appearance of Professor Blackwell, expected that evening from Assuan and evidently newly arrived.

"Ah, Professor!" cried Barry, jumping up. "Glad to see you!"

He introduced the Professor to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Advice to wives
whose husbands don't save money

By a wife

MY HUSBAND and I used to be careless with money. Fred made a good salary but we spent practically every dollar of it.

Then something happened that opened our eyes. Fred was taken sick and confined to bed for five weeks. By the time he was able to go back to work we were penniless—worse than that, we had been obliged to borrow money to live.

After that I began to worry about money. What would happen to us if Fred were sick for *several months?* What would happen if he were incapacitated in some way and unable to go on with his work?

How to end money worries

One day a little book called "How to Get the Things You Want" fell into my hands. It was one of the most valuable, interesting and unusual books I ever read. The book made me think of Fred and the hopes I had for him. Here's what it said:

You're interested in having the best possible time while you live—with the least worry and grind and discomfort.

You don't want to pay rent all your life—you hope to own your own home some day. And you don't get any thrill out of the idea of appearing at an office or a mill or a store at the same old hour every morning until you die.

You want to quit work sometime. And when you do quit, you want to feel that you're justified *in quitting—that you've earned it.*

Then the book told how Fred and I and the children could be sure of a steady income even if Fred became totally disabled and unable to go to work again. It told how we could provide money to pay the children's way through college—money to leave our home free of debt. It told how we could provide an income to live on when Fred decided to retire from business. Best of all, it explained how we could do these things on the moderate salary Fred was making.

I showed the book to Fred. He was interested. We decided to follow the plan outlined. In a short time we had taken steps to provide for every single one of the things we wanted. Soon we found ourselves on the road toward a life free of money worries.

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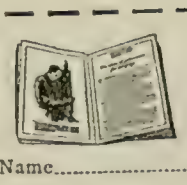

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[SHE WHO SLEEPS Continued from Page Forty-seven]

the irrigation expert, who presently, however, having offered to buy more drinks, withdrew to what he termed his "flytrap," nodding gloomily to Barry as he went.

"Don't forget the dates," were his parting words.

Going up to their rooms, Barry ushered in Professor Blackwell.

John Cumberland, who was seated at a table studying some maps, stood up gladly to greet him. Danbazzar, his broad back to the room, was staring out of the open window across the Nile to where, sharp in the moonlight, the Libyan hills were outlined against the sky. He turned, fixing his penetrating regard upon the new arrivals.

"Hassan tells me," Barry began eagerly, "that we start operations on Thursday. Is that correct?"

"It's surely correct," came Danbazzar's deep voice. "I don't know who's been giving public recitations, but it looks like some of our plans have leaked out. Yes, sir, we start on Thursday."

Barry Cumberland was on the eve of an adventure which was to carry him to the very heart of the mystery of the desert and put his courage to the test. Follow him in next week's installment.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on Page Ninety-eight)

1—What is the birthstone for March?

2—What woman is said to have distinguished herself at the Battle of Monmouth in 1778?

3—What is the capital of the Dominion of Canada?

4—Is a shark a fish or a mammal?

5—Describe the President's flag.

6—Who was called the Virgin Queen?

7—On what date does Easter fall this year?

8—What is a philatelist?

9—What wedding anniversary is called the Tin Wedding?

10—Of the following States, which extends farthest west: New Mexico, Montana, Wyoming?

11—Was Socrates a philosopher, a poet, or a historian?

12—When it is noon in New York what time is it in Berlin?

13—Which is the only continent that lies wholly within the southern hemisphere?

14—Who composed the opera, Il Trovatore?

15—How many men on a cricket team?

16—What are the nicknames for California?

17—Who said, "To err is human, to forgive divine"?

18—In England, what nobleman is next in rank to a prince?

19—Which of the following is a pen name: Gertrude Atherton, Booth Tarkington, George Eliot, Eugene Field?

20—From what city does port wine get its name?

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The Manassa MAULER—

Daddy of 'Em All

The End of a Champion's Road—Dempsey Loses His Title to Tunney

By CHARLES J. McGUIRK

(Reading time: 24 minutes 45 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The hardest fight of Jack Dempsey's career did not take place in the prize ring, but in a crowded courtroom where he had to disprove charges of being a slacker. This he did, but public opinion had crystallized against him so that for a time he was the most unpopular of champions. Then came his fight with Georges Carpentier, heavyweight champion of Europe, and this victory, described by Mr. McGuirk in last week's installment, again raised him in public esteem.]

PART FIVE

THE heavyweight situation worried Dempsey. His constant cry to Jack Kearns, his manager, was, "Get me a fight. I don't care whether we get any money or not. Get me a fight."

He realized that he was laying off too much and that too long a lay-off would weaken him as surely as drink or any other dissipation. But Kearns couldn't get him a fight. There were no opponents.

Floyd Johnson was making good around New York and Luis Angel Firpo was beginning to get recognition among the small New Jersey clubs. But neither had reached the status of contender.

Kearns and Tex Rickard, the promoter, persuaded Jess Willard to stage a comeback. The idea was for him to engage in three or four fights and again meet Dempsey.

Here was born the idea of the elimination tournament which developed in five years to be a great natural "builder" for championship bouts and an enormous source of revenue to Tex Rickard and his associates. Willard went into training.

Meanwhile, Firpo was developing a string of knockouts that made him an outstanding figure. His own personality helped. He was a giant of a man, standing six feet two and one-half inches and weighing 216 pounds. He had a reach of seventy-nine inches and a sock that not only flattened his opponents, but kept them etherized for an hour.

Firpo, in his fights, waded in, disregarded all opposition, reached down, brought one up from the cellar, and planted it upon the cheek, jaw, or abdomen of his opponent. The opponent thereupon dived down, stiffened, and slept. They called him "the Wild Bull of the Pampas."

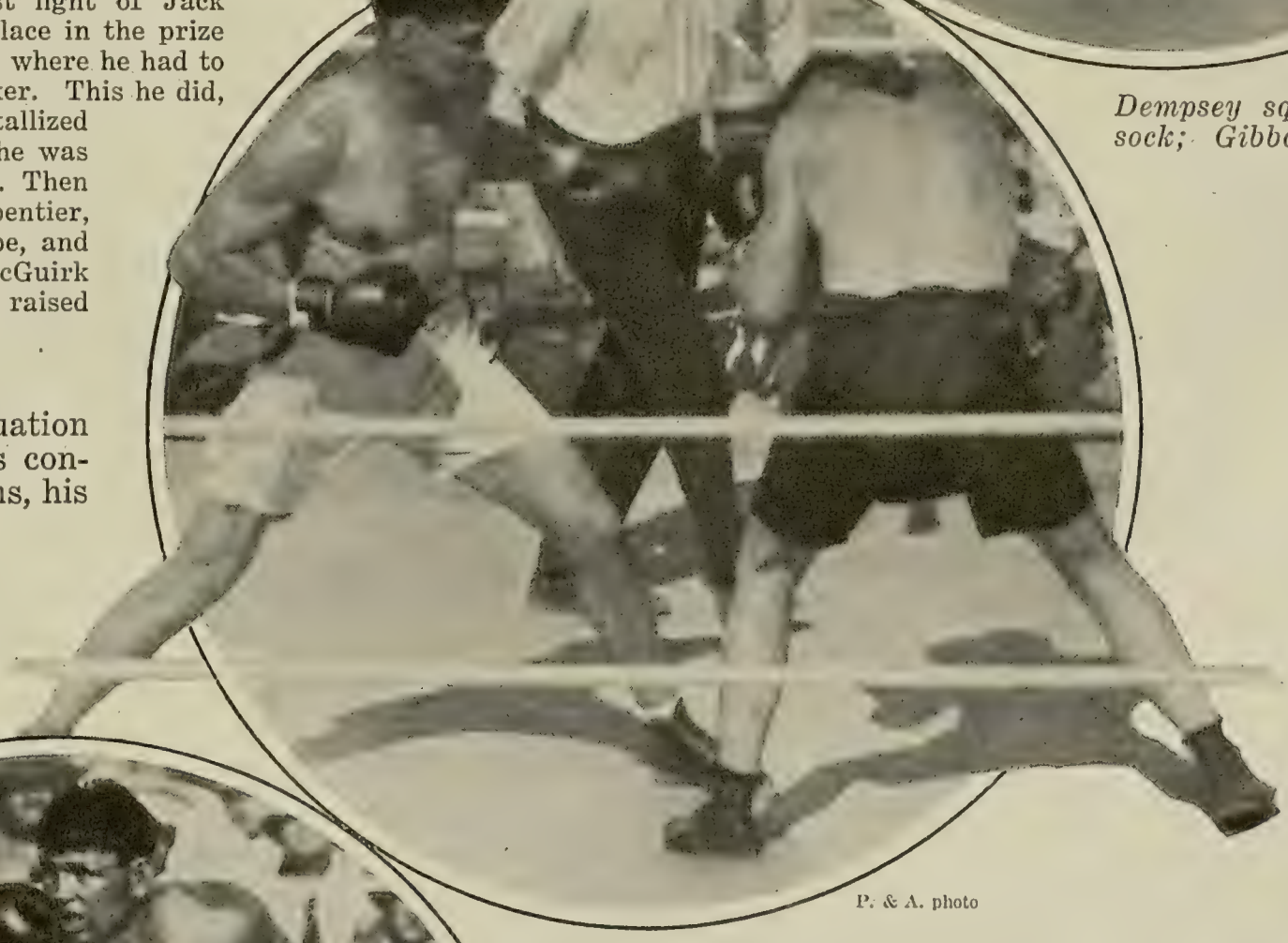
DEMAND for a Dempsey-Wills match became a clamor. Harry Wills, the Negro challenger, posted a forfeit with the New York Boxing Commission, challenging Dempsey, and William Muldoon, then the chairman, called Kearns and informed him that Dempsey would have to accept the challenge within six months or the title would be vacated to Wills. Kearns accepted the challenge and articles were drawn up, the fight to be left open for sixty days for bids and to go to the promoter making the best offer.

Ten days later Kearns was told by the commission that the fight would never take place. That ruling scared away all the promoters and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

P. & A. photo

Dempsey squaring off for a sock; Gibbons covering up.



P. & A. photo

The Dempsey-Gibbons battle at Shelby. Jack (left) is looking for an opening.

Int. photo

Tommy landing a substantial left on the royal Dempsey chin.

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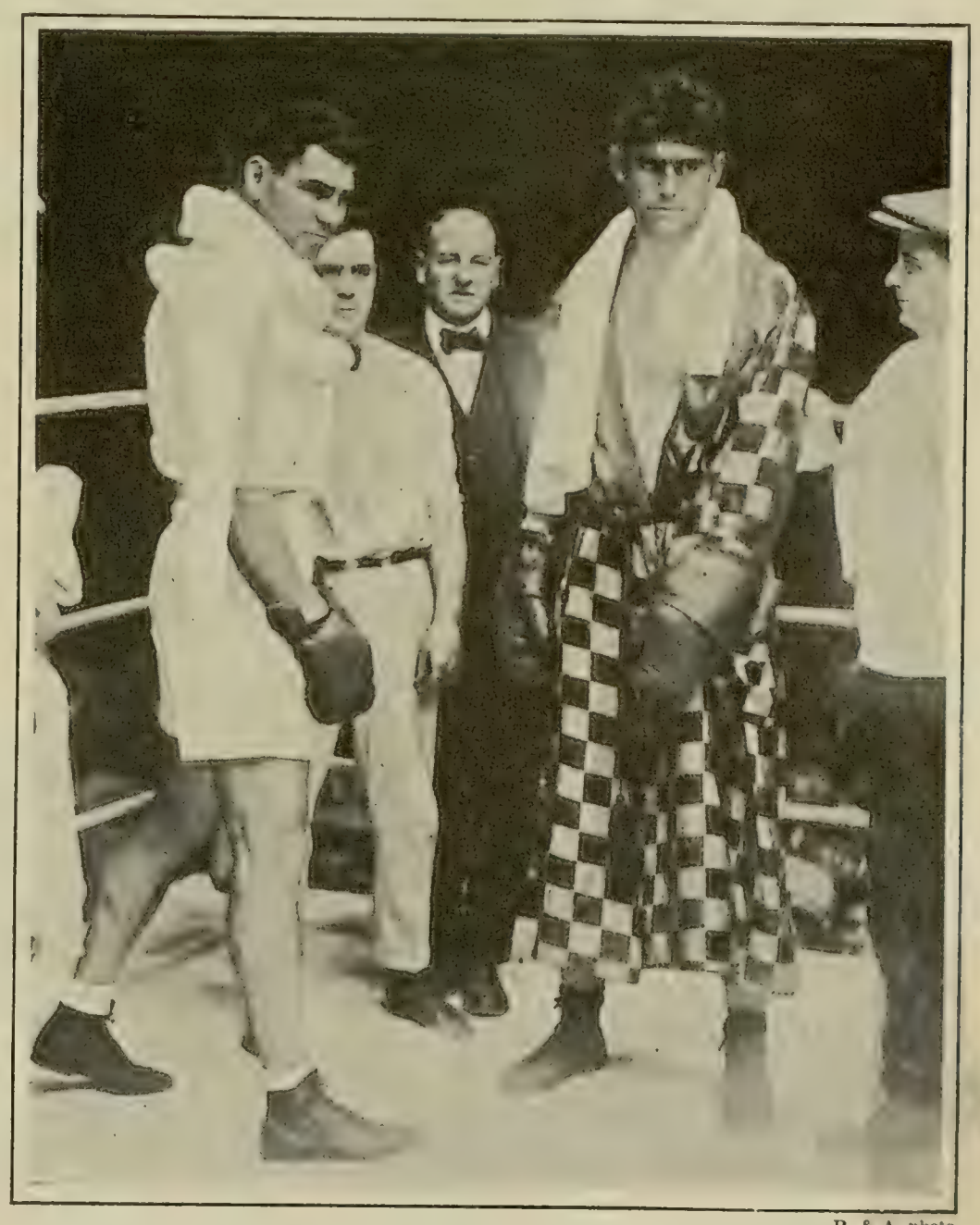
[THE MANASSA MAULER Continued from Page Forty-nine]

Kearns started promoting a Dempsey-Tom Gibbons bout. Muldoon came out flat against it. He said Dempsey was too big and Gibbons too small.

Kearns went West to join Dempsey in Los Angeles, mostly to engage in business with him, for these two Jacks were partners in and out of the fight game.



P. & A. photo

Dempsey and Firpo (right) in the ring just before their battle. Joe Humphreys, the veteran fight announcer, is in the rear center back of the fighters.

The championship, held for two years, had brought their combined wealth close to a million dollars and they had invested a good part of it in Los Angeles real estate. Together they purchased the Barbara Hotel in Los Angeles, which, at the time of the purchase, was much frequented by fighters, race-track touts, tin-horn gamblers, and actors of the three-a-day circuit.

The partners changed the character of the house before the ink was dry on the bill of sale, and converted it into a quiet family hotel. When Kearns and Dempsey broke up, Dempsey took the hotel and Kearns a large apartment building they had purchased at the same time. Now the Barbara is one of the most popular of the smaller hotels in the city.

DEMPSEY at this time bought another home for his mother. He had given her a house in Salt Lake City, perched on a terrace that could be reached only by climbing twenty-six steps. Jack figured that was too many. Besides, he wanted his mother with him. So he bought his present home at 5254 Felix Boulevard, in the most exclusive residential section of Hollywood.

The partners also became mine owners, purchasing a mine in Utah, incorporating themselves into the Great Western Coal Company of Utah, and building seventeen miles of railroad to connect the mine mouth with the direct arteries running east and west to the markets.

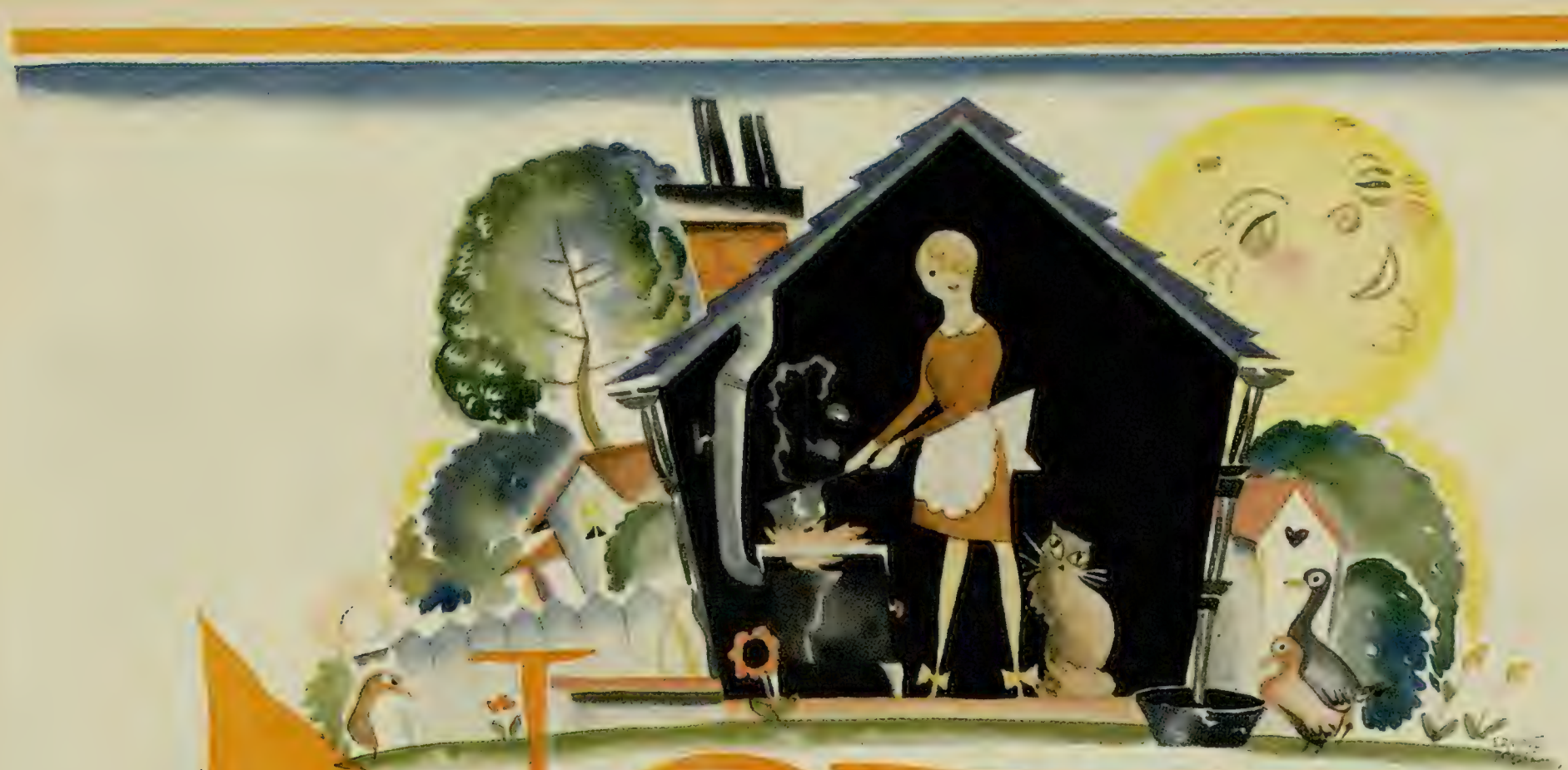
In the latter part of April, 1923, they signed to meet Tommy Gibbons on July 4 in Shelby, Montana, a mushroom oil town whose chief citizens and banks sought fame along the lines laid down by Rickard when he brought the Gans-Nelson fight to Goldfield, Nevada.

UNDER the contract Dempsey was to receive $300,000 for the bout and $10,000 for expenses. The promoters, a coterie of bankers, turned over the $10,000 expense money and paid the first installment of $100,000. Dempsey was to get the second $100,000 a month before the fight. But when June 1 rolled around, Jim Johnson, Mayor of Shelby, admitted that the Great Falls banks had run out on him and he could raise only $50,000.

Kearns called a meeting of the promoters.

"No money, no fight," he told them, and they dug up $47,000 more. Ten days before the fight, and a week before the final payment, the lumber people and the builders of the arena got out a cloud of attachments. Tickets aggregating many thousands of dollars had been sold, but the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]



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To these Spas and Springs they come . . restoring their bodil and bringing the

THE great spas and springs of Europe . . . Vichy . . . Carlsbad . . . Wiesbaden . . . Aix . . . are thronged each year with distinguished people who find relief in drinking the health-giving saline waters—relief from a long list of bodily disorders, aches and pains.

For the foremost European physicians recommend this "cure" in correcting, naturally, surely, the ailments which result from an over-civilized life.

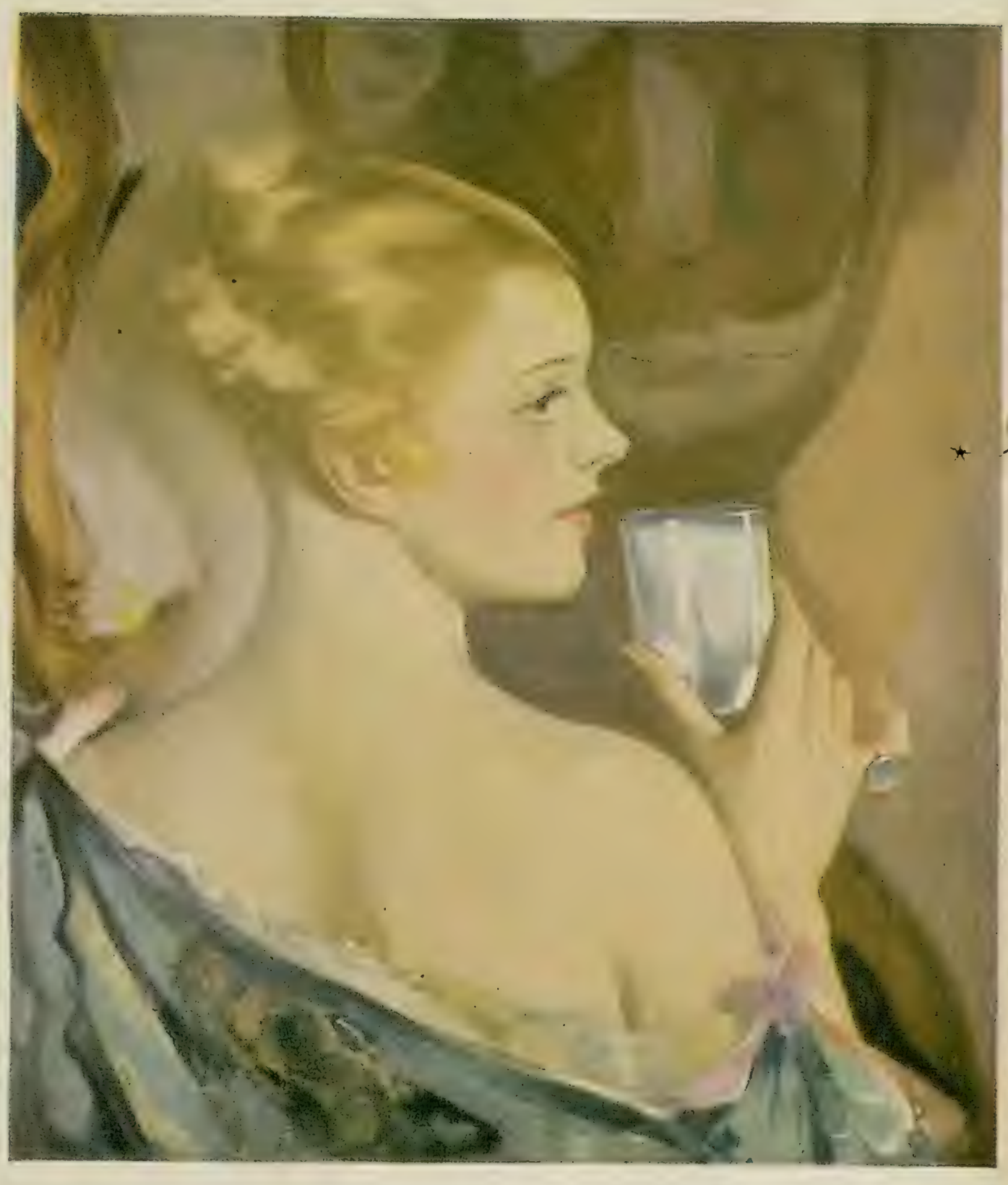
Constipation . . . self-poisoning (auto-intoxication) rheumatism . . . faulty digestion . . . troubles of the liver and kidneys . . . poor complexions . . . and many other ills that arise from faulty elimination yield to the good effects which follow the drinking of the saline waters.

The body is cleansed of poisons and kept free from acidity. Rheumatic muscular stiffness and pains vanish. Kidney troubles disappear. Complexions improve—women look years younger. And the reason is very simple—these waters are charged with valuable salines that are the natural enemies of acidity and intestinal stoppage.

Sal Hepatica is the practical equivalent of the famous spring waters

Here in America, we who have neither the time to travel nor the opportunity and wealth to go abroad may still enjoy the benefits of the Saline Treatment in relieving many common ailments.

For Sal Hepatica with its phosphates, lithia and other natural salines in delicately balanced combination is the practical equivalent of the waters of these famous Health Springs. Like them, Sal Hepatica helps defeat many of the most common ills of life.



Complexions become youthful and lovely with Sal Hepatica's gentle aid

It cleans the intestines promptly, clears the blood stream of poisons and neutralizes acidity. Sal Hepatica promotes eliminative processes and assists the liver and kidneys to resume their normal functions, thus helping rheumatics, sufferers from self-poisoning, bad complexion, indigestion and headaches.

You can take this Saline Treatment at home, without loss of time, without the vast expense of travel. Ask your doctor to explain the benefits of the Saline Treatment. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica at your druggist's (30c, 60c, and $1.20). Its uses are explained on the next page.

o drink the Saline Waters

functions to normal
nselves to health

The Saline Treatment keeps you fit for each day's work

Sal Hepatica

How the Sal Hepatica Saline Treatment helps to relieve these common ills

CONSTIPATION—To clear away stoppage take 2 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a large glass of water half an hour before breakfast or before any meal. It acts promptly, gently and thoroughly.

AUTO-INTOXICATION—To banish that "tired feeling," headaches, and depression take 1 teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a large glass of water before breakfast. Repeat daily until elimination becomes regular and good spirits return. Favor light foods; drink plenty of water.

RHEUMATISM—As an eliminant take 1 or 2 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water half to one hour before each meal and at night just before retiring. This assists the body to keep free of the toxins of waste and acidity; and so helps to relieve twinges and pains. Eat sparingly of meats. Drink water between meals.

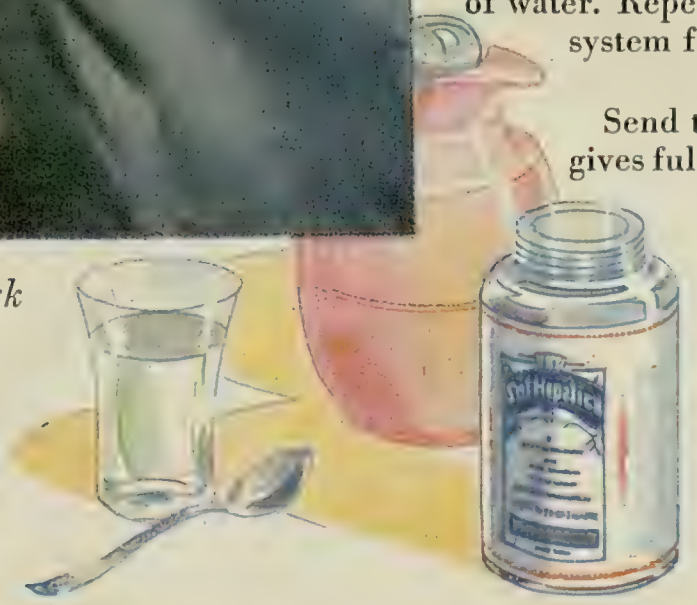
BAD COMPLEXION—To keep the blood stream clear of the impurities that so often cause blemishes and skin eruptions take a teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a large glass of water immediately upon arising—for a week, or as long as necessary to clear the complexion. Do not be tempted by rich foods.

INDIGESTION—Take 1 teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in hot water. Repeat in 15 minutes if not relieved. If you are subject to frequent attacks of indigestion take 1 teaspoonful in a glass of water regularly upon arising each morning. Get some regular exercise.

COLDS—The first step is to relieve the intestinal congestion with 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Repeat each morning on arising to keep the system free of poisons until the cold clears up.

. . .

Send the coupon below for free booklet that gives full details of Sal Hepatica's many benefits.



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A 381
71 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains more fully how Sal Hepatica relieves many common ills.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

© B.-M. Co., 1928

Picks you up *Instantly*—when you feel "all in"

Here is a new Swiss "pick-up" drink for busy people . . . peps you up at once in a healthy, natural way

Make This 3-Day Test and Note the Results

DO you have "let-downs" during the day . . . times when your mind and body turn logy and drowsy—in spite of yourself? Seven out of ten people do. Thus they are handicapped by slowed-down energy and lack of pep!

Now modern science offers you a *natural* means to keep you "hitting on all six"—every minute of the day. A way that picks you up almost instantly. Both mentally and physically.

It is the delicious new Swiss food-drink called Ovaltine. Not an artificial stimulant. But a quick building-up beverage. Doctors advise it.

Thousands of successful people everywhere now drink Ovaltine regularly at home. In their offices. At soda fountains. It rejuvenates. It sets tired minds a-sparkle. We urge you to make a 3-day test so that you can prove all we claim.

Cause of loginess—how Ovaltine overcomes

Mental and physical "let-downs" are due mainly to overstrained nerves or digestive unrest—or both. Delicious Ovaltine helps to overcome this trouble. This is why:

FIRST—It combines in easily digested form, certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials, in which your daily fare is often lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa, or 3 eggs.

SECOND—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight of other foods you eat. Thus a few minutes after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and other foods into rich, red blood.

This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Your mind clears and your body responds. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Energy returns.

Doctors recommend

You will like the flavor of Ovaltine. Unlike any drink you have ever tasted. In use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a quick "pick-up" beverage, but because of its special dietetic properties they also recommend it for restless sleep, nerve strain, malnutrition, underweight and delicate children, nursing mothers and the aged.

A 3-day test

Drink a cup or glass of Ovaltine, hot or cold, whenever you feel low or nervously tired. See how quickly it picks you up. There is a new zest to your work—to all your daily activities.

That is the experience of most Ovaltine users. (Note the unsolicited testimonials.)

Druggists and grocers sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or get it at the soda fountain. But to let you try it, we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10c.

"Don't let yourself become over-tired" is a modern-day medical urge. Thousands of busy people, executives and workers, are meeting it with this unique "pick-up" drink.

New Pep almost instantly!

Whenever you feel pepless, drink a glass of Ovaltine. Then, note the change. How you fairly tingle with energy. Mr. Higgins writes: "I had a very tired feeling. Tried Ovaltine and the results were wonderful. It put pep in me. Took away that tired feeling."

Joseph Higgins, Yonkers, N. Y.

"Let-down" periods vanish this way

Thousands of successful people now drink Ovaltine regularly. To end costly "let-down" periods—keep them alert, both mentally and physically. Mr. Mitchell states:

"I take Ovaltine 3 times a day and feel 100% better. Now I do not get tired during the day."

Claude Mitchell, Hibbing, Minn.

Full enjoyment at evenings' diversions

Whenever you find yourself fatigued or tired in the late afternoon, drink a glass of Ovaltine. It will refresh you at once. Give you energy that outlasts the day. Mr. Thompson testifies:

"I am a new man since I began to take Ovaltine. Never fagged out. I feel as fresh at night as when the day started."

E. M. Thompson, Boston, Mass.

OVALTINE

Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

©1928, T W. Co

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. J–7
180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine. (*Print name and address clearly.*)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

(One package to a person)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

money had frittered away under bad management.

Kearns took the project off the promoters' hands and managed to take in $90,000 the day of the fight. But as he and Dempsey pulled out after the match three banks busted almost in their faces. The promoters and stockholders of the banks dropped $158,000.

THE fight itself was at once the biggest boxing upset in years and an exact and detailed forecast of how Gene Tunney was to win the championship three years later. Dempsey, four years younger and fifteen pounds heavier than his light-hitting opponent, was so overwhelmingly a favorite that no bets were recorded on the final outcome. But the betting odds that Dempsey would knock Gibbons out were four and five to one.

Gibbons not only prevented the champion from knocking him out, but he contrived to make him look like an ambitious and clumsy longshoreman in his first fight. He went into the ring with the sole intention of staying the limit.

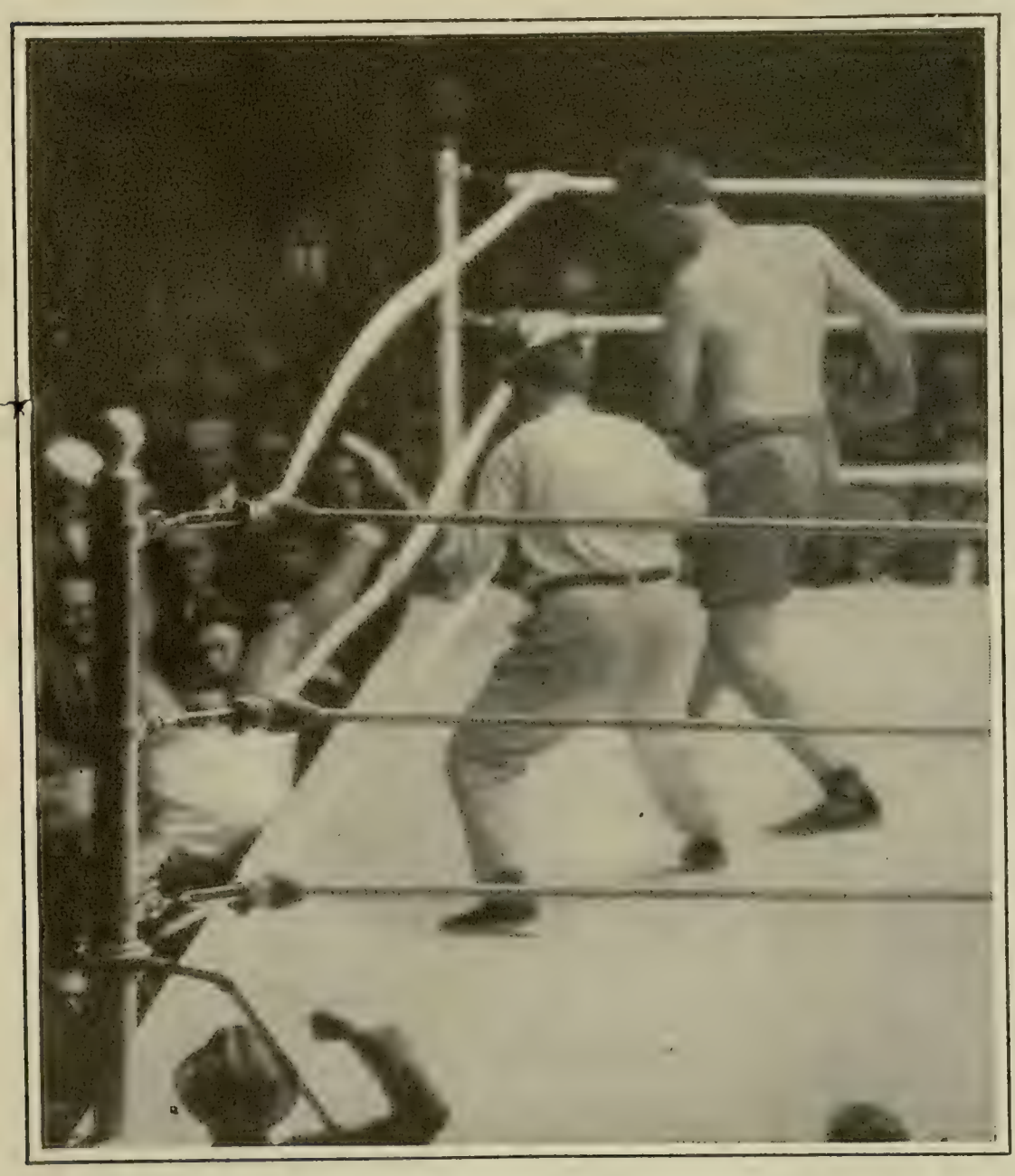
danced or run away, had sideslipped, or he had come in and pinioned the champion's arms.

Gibbons did not land six good blows during the whole fight. It was a wrestling workout for Dempsey, but it looked bad. It looked as if Dempsey had gone back 150 per cent, or was carrying Gibbons.

The native sons, sitting about the ring with their "shootin' arms" strapped to their hips and the realization that this here fight was just about going to "bust 'em," took their six-shooters from the holsters and held them in their laps, just itching for a chance to use them on either of the principals or Jack Kearns—especially Jack Kearns.

They jeered the fighters and the newspaper men who had been sending out uncomplimentary stories about their beloved town. And in the center of the ring, in the dull, deadening heat of a Montana summer day, two palookas pulled and tugged at each other.

WHEN the referee held up Dempsey's arm at the end of the fifteenth round in the sign of victory,



Dempsey knocked through the ropes by the giant Firpo—an almost knockout for the champion.

From the first round, Gibbons stalled, clinched, hung on, and ran away. He picked Dempsey's long-range blows out of the air. In the clinches, he tied up the champion so he couldn't hit him.

Dempsey punished him considerably about the body, but he never stung him badly enough to make any moment of the fight dramatic.

Round after round, Dempsey forced the fighting. He kept boring in, and when he got in there was nothing there. Gibbons had

the mob jeered and crowded toward the ring. Dempsey jumped from the ring, ran to an automobile, and sped away to the railroad, where he caught the special train for Great Falls. Kearns followed within six hours, in the cab of an engine he had hired for $500. With him he carried $90,000, the ticket proceeds.

The country was clamoring for a Dempsey-Firpo bout. Firpo had proved himself a contender by

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

RAZOR PULL *Disappears!*

when beards are softened this Small Bubble Way

Men, it's a shave with a smile!

A smoother shave, a quicker shave . . . is yours for the asking now. It's an amazing new type of lather that softens your whiskers in a scientific way

SKIN sensitive? Beard tough? Forget it, men.

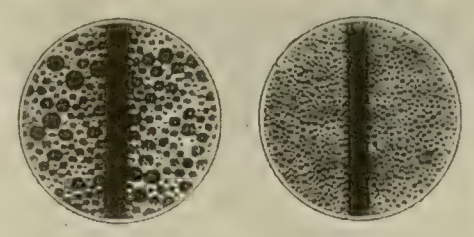
Here's a new, quick way to shave that gets whiskers off clean and smooth . . . without razor-pull, sting or smart.

Already millions have adopted small-bubble lather. Thousands buy it daily. From coast to coast the news has spread like wildfire.

And now, to broadcast the good news even further, a unique test is offered. It's a seven-day trial that doesn't cost you a cent. See details in coupon below.

Small Bubbles did it

No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. No other can offer you such unique results.



ORDINARY LATHER

Photomicrograph of ordinary lather surrounding single hair. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.

COLGATE LATHER

Under identical conditions note the closely knit texture of Colgate lather. The small bubbles hold water instead of air against your beard.

It is, we believe, the ultimate attainment in the science of beard-softening. A shaving cream based on the now proven principle that water, and not soap, is the real softener of your beard.

Thus Colgate lather is designed to absorb more water . . . to scientifically drench your beard with moisture right at the base, where the razor work is done.

It's a "small bubble" lather. For small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to the base of your beard.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair . . . floats it quickly away.

2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Thus your whiskers come off clean and smooth. No razor-pull. No stinging and smarting.

You've never had a shave like this before. You've never known such comfort.

Please don't take our word for all this. Make us prove what we say.

Compare Colgate's for seven days with the shaving cream in your bathroom now . . . we'll cheerfully stand the expense. Please mail coupon . . . *now!*

FREE OFFER

Colgate & Company
Dept. 503C, 595 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

Tip-Top

the only moderately priced wrist-watch with Krack-proof Krystal and silver dial

$3.50

Radium Dial $4

Designed for looks, made for service, Tip-Top graces any wrist

TIP-TOP is a graceful, small, slim, trim wrist-watch. A handsome octagon case. Silver face. Sunken second dial. And artistic hands and numerals obtainable in either black or radium.

Tip-Top is designed for service as well as for beauty. Notice the care with which it is made—the many features you would expect to find only in the higher priced wrist-watches. Krack-proof Krystal. Detachable strap of genuine pigskin. Note, too, the angle at which its dial is set—an exclusive feature that makes Tip-Top easy to read when worn on either side of your wrist.

Then, after you have seen all these refinements, Tip-Top's price will appeal to you—only $3.50 for the silver dial, or $4.00 for the radium. But meet Tip-Top in person—today. At your dealer's.

There is also a Tip-Top Pocket Watch for $1.50. It has many refinements such as octagon design, silver dial and Krack-proof Krystal, yet it costs only 50 cents more than the ordinary dollar watch.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

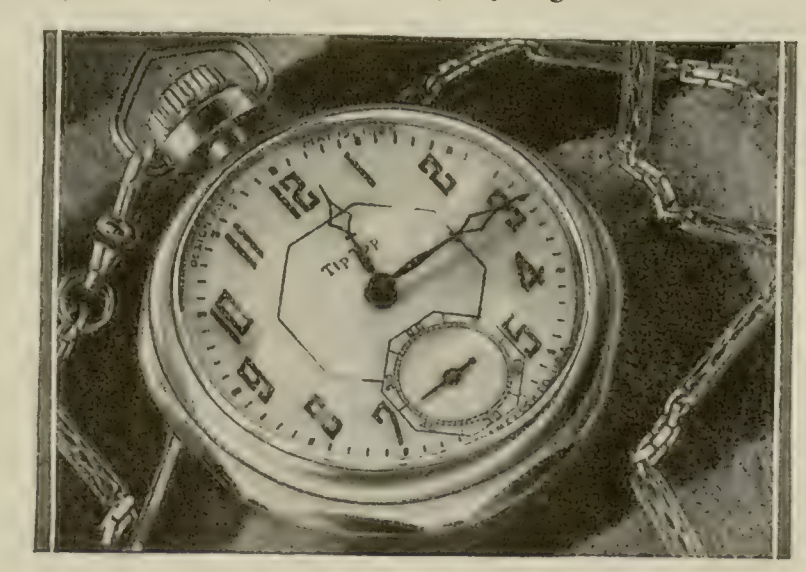
THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY, New Haven, Conn.

Makers of good clocks and watches for more than five generations

$1.50

Tip-Top Pocket Watch, octagon design, with silver dial, Krack-proof Krystal and all its other refinements, costs only fifty cents more than the ordinary dollar watch.

Radium Dial $2.25



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[THE MANASSA MAULER
Continued from Page Fifty-five]

knocking out Jack McAuliffe in the third round of their fight for the Milk Fund Show and later flattening Jess Willard in the eighth and ruining the ex-cowboy's comeback.

It couldn't have broken better for Dempsey. He had one fight under his belt and was in good condition. The articles called for the bout to be fought two months and ten days after the Shelby fiasco. And there was lots of Firpo money available at 2 to 7 that he would win!

The 86,000 men and women who paid $1,082,590 to witness the fight between Jack Dempsey and Luis Angel Firpo at the Polo Grounds, New York, September 14, 1923, saw a prize fight.

It was a toe-to-toe affair in which both fighters tossed science to the winds and sought to batter each other into unconsciousness. It lasted less than six minutes, this struggle between the Leopard and the Bull, and once during its swift hectic progress the Bull wore the Championship of the World upon his horns while the gored Leopard for six seconds lay stunned in the lap of a newspaper man—out of the ring, almost out of the fight.

AS the bell rang for the opening round, Dempsey whipped out of his corner, across the ring, and right into Firpo. The crowd rose with a roar.

As he came in, he led with a left hook. But the big man, who seemed unwieldy, beat him to the punch. He met Jack by crossing his right to his jaw.

Dempsey halted in his tracks. Staggered. Fell into a clinch. The roar of the crowd was silenced for a breathless second. Dempsey swayed. He was badly hurt. As he clinched, his knees were sagging, almost touching the floor.

As they pulled away, Firpo caught the champion with another right and Dempsey staggered back. He seemed to be feeling his way around, half stunned.

Firpo followed him, lunging and swinging. But Dempsey's head cleared rapidly. He moved around. They exchanged blows and Dempsey clinched, shook his head, and jabbed Firpo under the heart.

The champion stepped out of that clinch and Firpo stood for an infinitesimal part of a second, waiting. You could almost imagine a great bull pawing and stamping with rage, just before he charged. But Dempsey, the toreador, gave him no chance to charge.

He stepped back, stepped in, and shot a right and left to the head so quickly that few saw them. Firpo went down like a log. He came up lumberingly, and, as he raised himself from the floor, Dempsey stepped to one side and partly behind him. Firpo had straightened himself and was pulling up his hands when the champion drove a right behind his ear.

Firpo went down again. He got up again. The same procedure. Wham! On the floor. He got up doggedly, his eyes glazed, and Dempsey dropped him with a short right to the kidneys.

It did not seem possible to the

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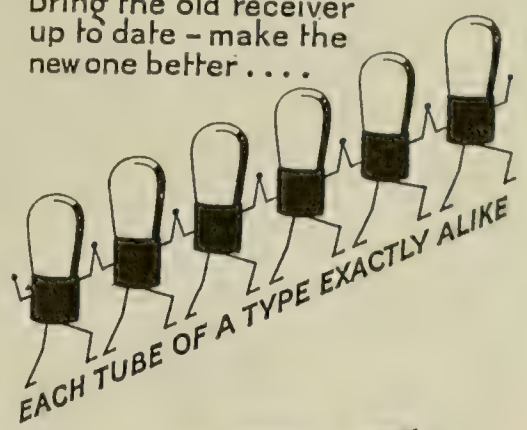
....thousand dollar radio for $9.00.....

Bring the old receiver up to date – make the new one better....



"THOUSAND dollar radio" symbolizes the ultimate in radio reception, the very best that your receiver is capable of. It is really unpurchasable in any receiving set equipped with ordinary gas-ridden tubes. Eliminate the gas from the tube entirely and you get uniformity of electrical characteristics and the freedom of electron flow which makes balky, unresponsive receivers perform like magic.

ARCHATRON

completely degasified

RADIO TUBES

are completely degasified by the exclusive Archatron process. They are so uniform that "matching" is unnecessary and this uniformity continues unchanged to the very end of their long, long filament life.

3000 Hour Test

A set of Archatrons delivered highest quality radio for going on to 4,000 hours, a matchless performance equal to nearly 10 years' operation at rate of an hour a day. There's economy for you.

Selectivity • Volume
Distance • Clarity
Long Filament Life
Uniformity

Any Archatron is guaranteed to live longer than any other tube. Buy a set of 3, 4, 5 or 6 at $1.50 each (only $9.00) and if they don't improve any receiver money refunded under the terms of the Archatron

DOUBLE GUARANTEE

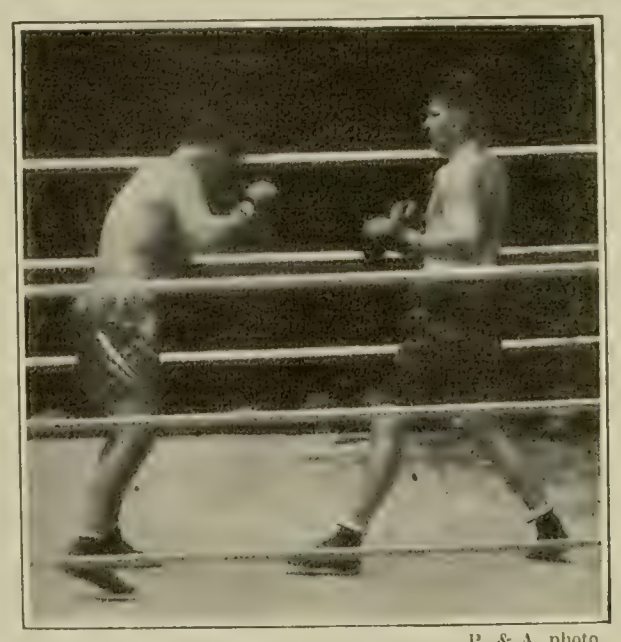
which leaves no choice for any lover of good radio but to visit the nearest Archatron dealer. His name on request.

The Ken-Rad Corporation, Inc.
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

maddened crowd that a man could assimilate so much punishment. It was the Willard fight all over again. Cruel! Wonderful! The crowd wanted to see him hurt; wanted to see him murdered.

Firpo got up again, dazed but dangerous. A wounded bull. Dempsey, his eyes alight with the lust to kill, feinted with his left for the head and sent a right to the big body.



P. & A. photo

The making of a new champion—Tunney (right) and the groggy Dempsey at Philadelphia.

And as he did so, Firpo's great fist shot out—landed. Right on the point of the jaw. The two blows, Dempsey's to the body, Firpo's to the button, landed simultaneously. Dempsey's left knee doubled and the leg came up, sure sign that a fighter is badly stung. If Firpo had realized how desperately the champion was hurt, he might have taken the championship away from him.

DEMPSEY should have gone down with it. He might have if, hurt as he was, he had had full command of his senses. But he didn't. The punch had dazed him. He was fighting sheerly by instinct. And the fighting instinct demands that the fighter keep his feet.

He tried to bring his legs together and, as he tried, Firpo sensed for the first time how badly he was hurt. He leaped in, a giant, jagged streak of lightning, a bull on the rampage. His great fists swung in wide arcs, crashing into Dempsey's kidneys, almost tearing him loose from his backbone. They lifted him off the floor.

The crowd had gone stark mad. A champion was passing under a rain of thunderbolts hurled by a giant. For the first time in his career, Jack Dempsey was backing away from an opponent under the merciless hail of punishment. He backed from the center of the ring toward the ropes.

Another right. Dempsey sagged under it, backed into the ropes and, feeling them, began to bob up and down in front of them. Firpo poked at him with his left, striving to stay the bobbing head from which glazed eyes looked out at him. He tried to measure the champion for a right. But the bobbing head could not be stopped.

Firpo was wild with excitement. Here was victory. The thrill of the conqueror pulsed through him, nerved the powerful right. He drew it back and launched it. Dempsey saw it coming. He ducked, but misjudged it.

He came up too swiftly and it landed against his chest. It shoved him over the middle rope, and there he balanced on his back a second and then tipped over, his head and shoulders landing in the hands of the front row of newspaper men, his legs still entangled in the ropes.

Hands pushed at him and he reached for the ropes and started to pull himself in. "Alley oop!" he said, and scrambled through them, landing on his feet in a fighting posture—and smiling.

That smile took the heart out of the Argentine.

Dios! What kind of a man is this? You kill him and he laughs. He had been out of the ring, hanging, six seconds. Was it a long count? *Quien sabe?*

Dempsey hit him with a right. Firpo dove for the canvas under its impact. He came up to be dropped with another. And then the bell ended the most hectic round in heavyweight history.

Kearns met the champion halfway across the ring. Men and women were standing on their seats, screaming.

Dempsey sprawled on his stool. Tired, oh, tired. But the minute served him. Firpo got up slowly for the second round. Dempsey was on top of him before he took three steps. Jack bobbed. Firpo let go a terrific right—and missed. Dempsey crashed a left to his jaw. The giant sagged, went down.

He got up groggy. Dempsey stepped again to his side and a little behind him as he came to his feet. The right crashed to the button. He went down as though poleaxed. Referee Johnny Gallagher's right arm rose and fell rhythmically over the prostrate body. The giant did not move. He was out. Jack Dempsey's championship went roaring to the skies on the lungs of the crowd. The greatest fight ever seen!

THE defeat of Firpo cleared the pugilistic landscape of all possibilities of producing a worthy contender for the Championship of the World and the two Jacks had to be content to drudge along, fightless, looking after their real-estate holdings and mines, with an occasional plunge into moving pictures.

Sometime in 1924 the old fighter-manager contract entered into in 1919 on the eve of the Dempsey-Willard fight ran out and was renewed under the same terms for a three-year period, expiring in 1927.

Shortly after, Dempsey again went into pictures to play the lead in Fight and Win, a thriller. For this picture the champion underwent a beautifying process. He had his face lifted and his much battered nose straightened and rebuilt so that it resembled Achilles' just before his battle with Kid Hector.

It was while working on this pic-

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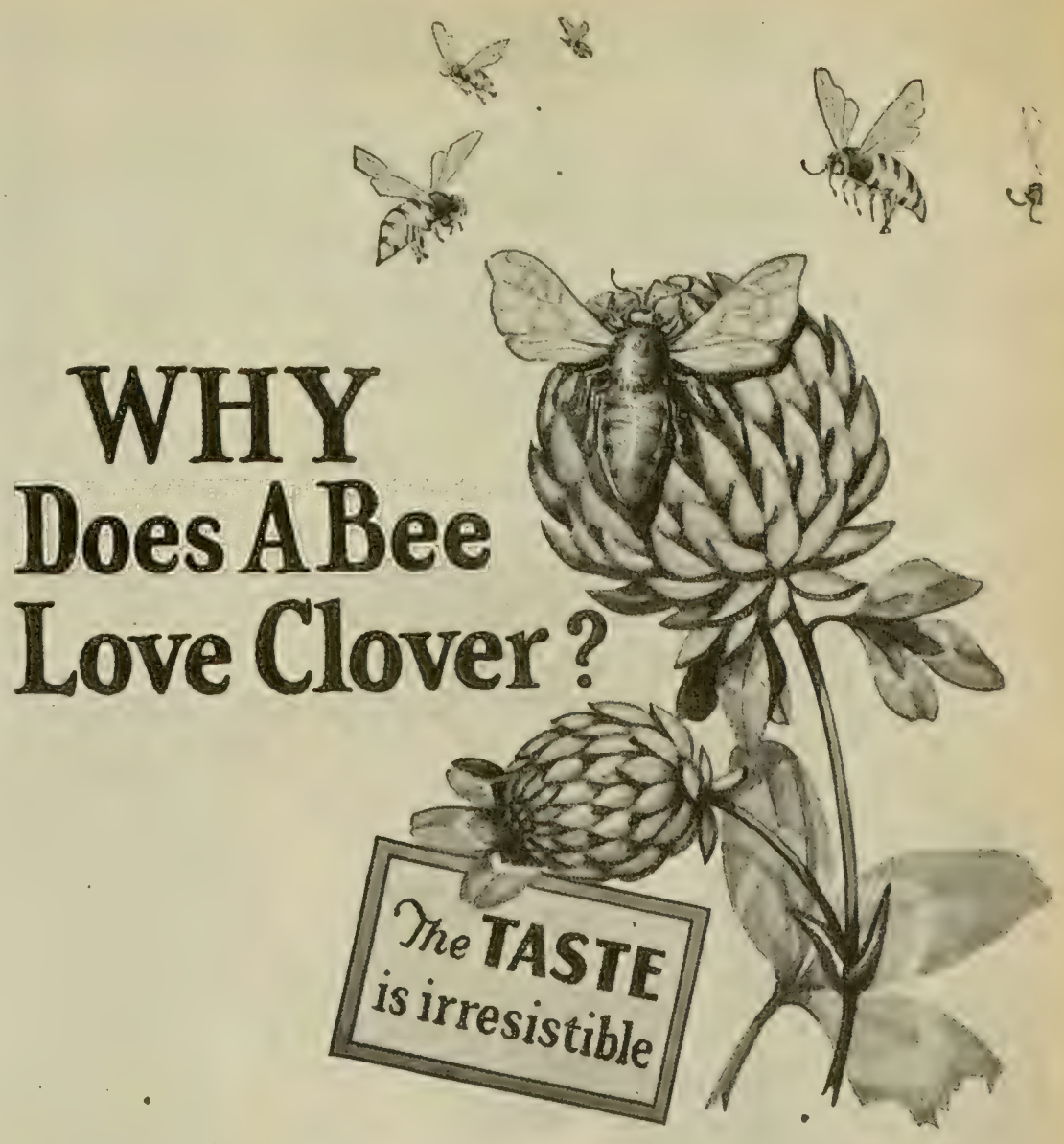

Fresh, fragrant clover blossoms, laden with delicious sweetness — bees will go miles to sip the honied nectar.

• • •

There's the same irresistible appeal in the delicious flavor of Blatz Grape Gum. It has captured the nation. Insist on the original—look for the name Blatz.

Also, another great realization awaits you—a new delight—Blatz Mint Gum, full of the real, old-fashioned peppermint.

Sold everywhere. Try them today — there's a world of difference in the taste.

Also Blatz Buttons — Grape and Mint Flavors.

RUB in Absorbine, Jr. at once . . . at the first indication of trouble. Relief will be prompt. For a persistent pain or ache, additional applications may be required.

Absorbine, Jr. is soothing and comforting. It keeps muscles limber and takes out stiffness and soreness. Though a powerful liniment, it is pleasant to use . . . is not greasy and does not stain the skin. There are many uses for Absorbine, Jr. Read "Timely Suggestions", in each carton.

At all druggists' $1.25. Hospital size, $2.50
Send for free trial bottle

W. F. YOUNG, Inc. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

for aches *and* pains

gives prompt relief

rub in

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

[THE MANASSA MAULER Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

ture that Dempsey met Estelle Taylor, a moving-picture star. Miss Taylor was born in Wilmington, Delaware, and had started her career posing for such artists as Howard Pyle, Harvey Dunn, Leslie Thrasher, Schroeder, Arthurs, McClelland, and Korner.

She went to the Sargent School of Dramatic Art in New York, and her first part was a small one in George V. Hobart's play, Come on Charley, in which she attracted the attention of a moving-picture producer.

She was given a part in a picture, The Broadway Saint. Two other bits in Vitagraph pictures followed. William Fox gave her the lead in the thriller When New York Sleeps, and sent her to Hollywood.

She was working in Tiger Love, a Paramount production, when Dempsey met her.

DESPITE the efforts of Kearns to discourage him, Dempsey proceeded, as Kearns expressed it, "to fall like a kid for ice cream." Kearns had spent five years "keeping the skirts away from the champion," and, exerting his privilege as manager and mentor, he asked Dempsey if there was anything to the rumors linking his name with Miss Taylor's and making them out as engaged.

Dempsey indignantly denied they were anything but friends, and then married her in San Diego, California, on February 7, 1925. From the moment Dempsey called him on the long-distance phone to tell him of the wedding and ask him, "You ain't sore, are you, Doc?" Kearns knew there was trouble ahead.

"You can't," he informed this writer, "mix brides and business. Did you ever see a bride that would stand for her husband continuing close friends with the guy he was running around with before she married him? Hell"—he answered his own question—"no!"

The bride and groom were both playing in pictures and they deferred their honeymoon until May, 1925, and then went on a trip to Europe. While they were away, Tunney and Gibbons were matched and Dempsey cabled his promise to meet the winner.

Tunney knocked out Gibbons in the twelfth round at the Polo Grounds on June 5, 1925, and let Dempsey know he would hold him to his promise.

When Dempsey returned, a cloud of minor quarrels arose between him and his manager, and Dempsey finally threw Kearns aside and signed the agreement to meet Tunney anywhere Rickard selected for $450,000 and 40 per cent of the gate receipts over $1,000,000. Dempsey's bit of that $1,895,723 gate on the night of September 23, 1926, was around $850,000.

Dempsey went into training and Kearns went on the warpath. When the champion went into active training at Atlantic City, process servers haunted him continually, so that he had to hire an army of guards to keep them away. He could not sleep for worry.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LET THEM HAVE THEIR ICE CREAM

it's *Safe in Dixies!*

Dixies are filled and frozen at the ice cream plant—then sealed tight against dust and contamination. And only manufacturers of *good* and *pure* ice cream are granted the Dixie Franchise.

That's why ice cream—the most healthful and most nourishing food in the world—is always clean and *safe* when you buy it in 5c Dixies.

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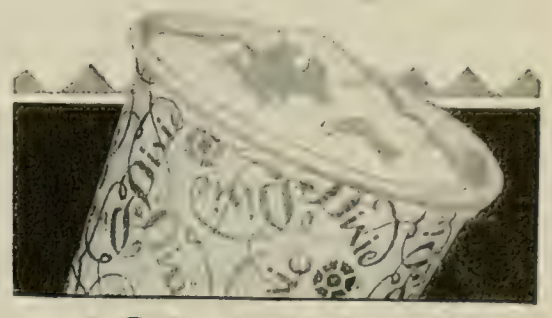


ICE CREAM
DIXIES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

"I licked Dempsey for Gene Tunney," Kearns told me. "I knew the fellow. I knew his temperament and nervous reactions. For five years I'd handled him and my chief trouble was to keep him from working too hard. Well, I let him work too hard and worry. And I sicked the law on him. I figured the night of the fight would find him a wreck. It did, didn't it?"

It did.

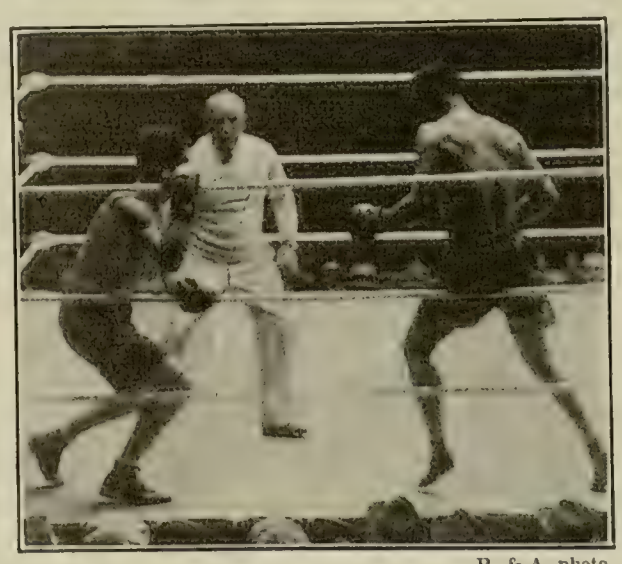
A CROWD of 118,736 persons, many of them women, sat through an hour of pouring rain and watched dazedly the passing of a great champion in the Sesqui-Centennial Stadium at Philadelphia on the night of September 23, 1926. They saw a heavy-footed, stupid fighter move uncertainly around, swing and hook ungracefully and erringly at a cautious opponent who ran away, covered up, clinched, and took no chances, though Gene Tunney has admitted he could possibly have knocked out Dempsey by going after him.

Tunney was the phantom fighter, completely covered. Swift as lightning to evade a blow, fast as Charlie Paddock in running away from one, he played safe, and the Championship of the World dropped into his lap.

Dempsey was nervous and excited when he entered the ring. He did not know when a process server would bob up and serve him with a summons. When the fight started he came in uncertainly. Here was not the rip-roaring, weaving, bobbing Dempsey, stepping in to take five and get in one good one.

Here was an old man who seemed to be equipped with nothing but the fighter's instinct.

Jack landed the first blow of the fight as they came out. Tunney led with a left, which was short, and they clinched. As they broke, he led again with another short left. Dempsey missed with a left and drove a right to the head. Then he drove both fists to the body at close quarters. He was infighting.



P. & A. photo

Dempsey drove a left to the jaw in the fourth round of the Sesqui fight which sent Tunney to the ropes and hung him there.

He wanted to get close, to feel Tunney's body against his, so he could measure his punches. He was driving after Tunney, walking in, walking in. "Sock him in the belly and then sock him on the chin." Tunney was dancing away, sometimes running away—frankly, unashamedly, and wisely.

But Dempsey learned something was the matter with him. His brain would flash a subconscious order to his right to lick out and sock him on the chin. And the message would be lost somewhere, or it would be unaccountably delayed. He wasn't telegraphing, he was writing. What the hell was wrong?

As the third round started it began to rain heavily. This round and all the others, but the fourth, were Tunney's. He ran, he dodged, he clinched, and, when he was cornered, peppered the lethargic Dempsey almost at will. All Dempsey could do was to bore in and take it. And he took plenty.

In the fourth there was a flash of the old champion. He drove a left to the jaw which sent Tunney to the ropes and hung him there, his knees shaking. Dempsey called upon the old right, the old socker that had put them all to sleep. "Come on. Hit him on the chin," the brain telegraphed; but the message was intercepted. The right came, but it was too late. He simply couldn't co-ordinate.

After that flash, he just walked in and took it. His weaving, bobbing defense was useless because it wasn't fast enough. He boxed like a slow moving picture of himself, and Tunney popped him, cut him, and slashed his face into a pan of stringed meat—and won the Championship of the World.

DEMPSEY smiled through blood as he shook hands with his conqueror. He went back through the pouring rain to the dressing room, his shoulders up. There was nothing of the beaten man about him. He had lost the championship, but what of it? In his dressing room, he encountered mouth sympathy from his managers and advisers, real sympathy from Gus Wilson, his trainer, pained and bewildered pity from his worshiper, Jerry the Greek.

His face was cut to ribbons, puffed to the size of a balloon.

He went to his hotel room. And he went alone. He undressed and got into bed, and had lain there about an hour when the telephone rang. It was Estelle.

"Hello, Mr. Ginsberg." She laughed, though her voice quivered with tears.

Dempsey's puffed face broke into a grin.

"Hello, Mrs. Ginsberg," he greeted. "Guess you know I lost the fight."

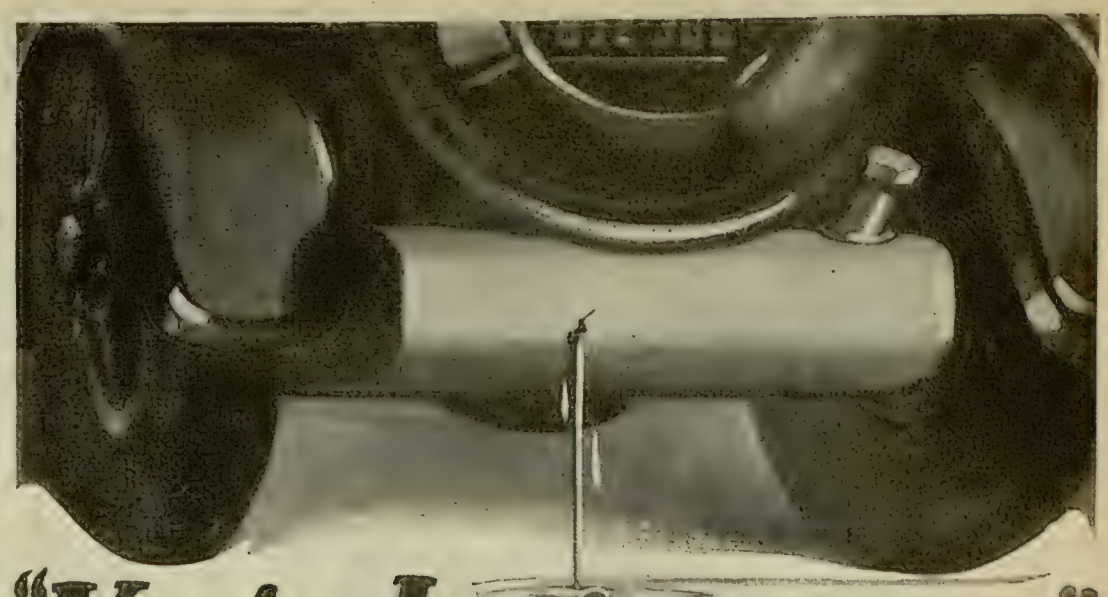
"Oh, the old fight! I'm coming to Philadelphia. I'm on my way."

Back in bed he lay, listening to the clangor of the city. It came to him faintly through the pouring, swishing rain. It came to him drearily, like the tolling of cracked bells. He lay and waited for sleep.

But sleep did not come. His body was a mass of bruises. His face pained him. He waited for the dawn.

In the morning the doctor came and looked at the bandages of his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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This simple mechanical device is based on new facts about the potential power of gasoline that few car owners know about. For example, do you know that the average car owner wastes at least 20% to 30% of his gasoline by improper vaporization alone?

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No matter what make of car you drive, the Stransky Vaporizer is unconditionally guaranteed to give you 25% to 50% more miles per gallon or it costs you nothing. There is a model for every make of car, truck or tractor. Anybody can install it in five minutes. It attaches to the intake manifold by simply loosening one connection with a wrench—you can do the rest with your fingers.

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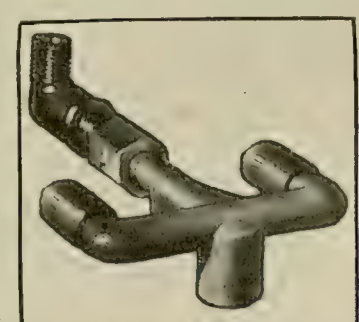
Send no money now. Simply fill in your name and address in coupon below for full description, and free sample offer to car owners and distributors. You can't lose! So tear out the coupon now before you forget.



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M. E. Miller of Kansas City: "You people claim a saving of 25% to 50% of gasoline. After installing one on a Chevrolet I obtained 43.8 miles to a gallon where before I got only 19.5. So you see the actual test surpasses your claim."

AGENTS!

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Yes, send me full description of the Stransky Vaporizer. Also tell me about your free sample offer to car owners. This coupon is not an order and does not obligate me in any way.

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Your skin requires both cleansing and toning

CORRECT daily attention to the skin is essential to good looks. Yet how difficult it is in the maelstrom of today, to match duties against relentless time, and have still left a little leisure for even such an important task as being beautiful. But Daggett & Ramsdell, who for decades have solved beauty problems and furnished the essentials necessary to care for the skin, have simplified the daily facial treatment. Now women are finding that modern skin care requires just a daily *cleansing* and *toning*.

For cleansing, Perfect Cold Cream has no equal. Its fine oils penetrate the deepest pores, and cleanse them to a remarkable degree. At least once a day apply it, and massage lightly with an upward, outward motion. Remove with a soft tissue or cloth.

Now you are ready for the toning. For this use the new Vivatone, Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Skin Tonic and Astringent. It contains many balsamic and astringent substances beneficial to the skin, is delightfully perfumed and very refreshing.

Just saturate a piece of absorbent cotton in Vivatone, and with the same circular motion wipe away the last trace of cold cream. Then wet a second piece of absorbent cotton with Vivatone, and pat gently all over the face, paying particular attention to the nose and cheeks where the pores are apt to enlarge.

Vivatone dries almost instantly, closing the pores and leaving the face tingling and delightfully refreshed.

If you need a powder base (and this means every woman with a dry skin) follow the facial with a light application of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream. It is excellent, too, for the hands and elbows. It comes in tubes 10c, 25c; in jars 35c, 60c.

Perfect Cold Cream is sold everywhere, in tubes and jars, priced from 10c to $1.50. Vivatone is new. A most attractive six-ounce bottle costs 75c at all good shops or direct from Daggett & Ramsdell, 214 West 14th Street, New York. Also 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto ($1.00), and 40-42 Lexington Street, W. 1, London.

Introductory Offer 40c

Why don't you send for one of these special Clean-up Kits? For only 40c you can get a supply of Perfect Cold Cream, Vivatone and Perfect Vanishing Cream with Daggett & Ramsdell tissues for removing cold cream. Enough to give the new facial a real trial. Regular size cold cream and vanishing cream (not samples) and a special bottle of Vivatone, in a wonderfully neat and practical container to keep in your desk, or carry in your bag. Mail coupon today.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Room 26, 214 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.

Enclosed please find 40c (stamps, money order) for which please send me Perfect Clean-up Kit

Name.....*City*.....

Street.....*State*.....

[THE MANASSA MAULER Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

swollen face—and went away. And then nobody came. Nobody came all that long morning.

Where were all the friends he'd made?

Where were the boys who were proud to shake his hand and slap him on the shoulder and call him "Champ"?

They were everywhere. But none of them were in that room.

Bitterness descended upon him. An ex-champion was a has-been. He was treated as such. He didn't have a friend in the world outside of his mother and Estelle.

SOMEONE knocked on the door and Dempsey bade him enter. And the door opened and Gene Tunney, the new champion, came into the room. He stopped on the threshold and they looked at each other.

Tunney smiled, and in his smile was sympathy. That decent man, with his rigorous code and his ideals and the wish, newborn, to bring honor to the fight game, felt for a fleeting minute the way a champion must feel when he has lost his championship.

Impulsively he stepped forward, his hand outstretched. Dempsey got up from the bed on which he had been sitting. Their hands met. And the tears streamed down Dempsey's cheeks.

"I'm glad it was you won it, Gene," he said. "You're on the up and up. You'll do something with the championship."

Tunney looked away, embarrassed, and their hands fell apart. Dempsey gazed out the window, past the drenched landscape, past the roar of the unfeeling city, and gazing spoke.

"I'm glad you're the new champ," he said, talking into the distance. "But look out for fair-weather friends. They ain't friends. They're just hangers-on, jungle buzzards, playing you for a sucker." His voice took on a bewildered note. "Why, you and the doc are the only two people I seen today."

Tunney went away and Dempsey sat down on the bed again. And, as he thought, there came the full realization of what he had lost. The championship had been his for seven years. It had been so close to him that only when he had lost it did he realize that it had been his very life.

In time Estelle arrived. She arrived with a rush and a clatter. She pounded on the door and started talking through it.

"Say, Mr. Ginsberg. Open this door! Open it right away, I say. How dare you keep me waiting!"

Dempsey was still alone. He opened the door. She ran into his arms.

And after a while Mrs. Dempsey, who was also Estelle Taylor, pushed him away so she could see him.

"What was the matter, Mr. Ginsberg? Why didn't you whip that fellow?"

Dempsey grinned.

"Nothing," he said. "I just forgot to duck."

How Dempsey came back is told in the concluding installment of his life story, in Liberty next week.

Are you suffering from

New Blade Fallacy?

It's a sort of mental paralysis which prevents a man from reasoning while he shaves. Every man who has it, blindly accepts the idea that a new blade is good because it is new, and so misses getting really fine shaves.

If he would reason it out he'd realize that if an old style razor must be stropped before it is used, a safety blade certainly must. Because a safety blade is cheap doesn't mean that it will do what an expensive razor can't. Think it over.

This is interesting

Fine razors have edges of tiny invisible teeth. Temperature changes, jolts and handling get these teeth out of alignment. That's why a blade pulls. Stropping smoothes them into line and restores a keen cutting edge.

A few turns on Twinplex puts an edge on a NEW blade that is a marvel for smooth shaving. And it's so easy to strop with Twinplex. No fussing—no reversing blade. Just slip blade in and turn—strops both edges at once and reverses blade at every turn, just as a barber does. You can't fail.

30 seconds a day will keep one blade marvelously keen, for weeks of the smoothest shaves you've ever known. Shaving is also easier and quicker with Twinplex, for a keen blade is a quick safe shaver.

You can now buy a Twinplex at any dealer's for as little as $2.50. It pays for itself in a few months and saves more than its cost each year thereafter. Other attractive Twinplex models at $3.50 and $5.00.

Send for the DULL HOUSE and FREE NEW blade stropped

Clever little Dull House solves the problem of disposing of old blades safely. Send 10¢ for it and we will also send you FREE one brand NEW blade stropped on Twinplex, just to show you what real shaving is. Name your razor.

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Twinplex Stropper

FOR SMOOTHER, QUICKER SHAVES

The Broken CIRCLE

The Story of Two Who Were Afraid of Love

By WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

The bride's health was drunk, and only Bill could guess at what lay behind the mask of her gray eyes.

(Reading time: 23 minutes 50 seconds.)

"YOU don't want to go, eh? Why not?" John Trenham, of Trenham, Blaine & Co., looked at Bill Ransome through the thick glasses that gave his eyes, when he was displeased, so menacing a look. He could get his way, often, simply by staring at people. But Ransome only grinned cheerfully.

"I'm satisfied with things as they are, sir," he said. "I like it here. All my friends are here, too. I don't think I'd enjoy living out West."

"I see," said Trenham. He frowned as Ransome took out a silver cigarette case and drew a monogrammed cigarette from it. His eyes followed Ransome's gesture of tapping the cigarette.

"I know your friends are around here," he went on. "That's one of the reasons I'd like to see you go out to this new branch. You've got too many friends who aren't in your own class—financially, I mean."

Ransome flushed faintly, and a sullen look came into his eyes. A certain stiffness about his mouth and jaw became a little more pronounced. He didn't light his cigarette, but kept on tapping it.

"I think I may be in their class before I'm through," he said.

"Not the way you're going now!" said Trenham. His eyes clung to the hand that tapped the cigarette. "Damn it, if you're going to smoke, smoke!" he exclaimed. "You pay enough for those cigarettes not to waste them, I should think! Have them made to order, don't you?"

"I find it pays," said Ransome. "I like them better, and it's just as well to be able to offer them to people—"

"Oh, all right—all right—it's your own business!" said Trenham impatiently. "Look here, Ransome. I like you. I'll admit I wasn't wholly in favor of taking you on at first. I've never agreed with Blaine that making a touchdown against Princeton proved a man's fitness to sell bonds. But you've done better than I expected. I'm not dissatisfied."

"I'm glad to hear that, sir," said Bill.

"I'm not through yet," said Trenham, scowling. He glared as Ransome took an expensive little lighter from his pocket and, at last, lit his cigarette. And his scowl took in Ransome's whole appearance.

Ransome's clothes spoke eloquently for their maker as well as for their wearer. Ransome could have told him there was economy in buying such things; that he paid a good tailor less, in the course of a year, than many men spent for ready-made clothes.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I'll be there on the dot!"

New Model

Pocket Ben

You can be on time if you have a sturdy, reliable watch.

The new model Pocket Ben is that sort. And he's mighty good-looking, too—a favorite among busy men.

Sold everywhere for $1.50. With night-and-day dial, $2.25.

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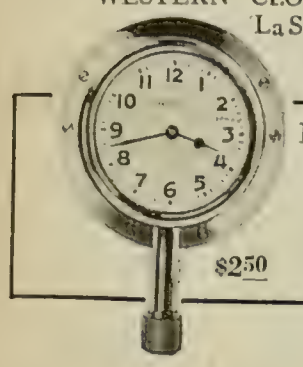


Prices slightly higher in Canada

New Auto Clock

Attractive, convenient, reliable. Fits any car. Quickly attached on dash or above wind-shield. Price $2.50.

$2.50

[THE BROKEN CIRCLE
Continued from Page Sixty-one]

"I haven't done," Trenham said, after a moment. "You're not doing as well as you could, for the firm or for yourself. And one reason is the amount of time you spend with people who've got more money than you—more money than any young people ought to have. You spend too much of your time—and too much of your money. Just bought a new car, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Bill. "But—"

"You bought it on time—I know. The inquiry about your reference came to me for O.K. I let it go through—you'll meet any obligation you assume. But your income doesn't justify you in buying a thirty-five-hundred-dollar roadster, Ransome."

"I like to keep up my end, sir," said Bill.

"THAT'S just the trouble!" Trenham said. "Keeping up your end! You make good money—but you don't save a cent. You could make more if you didn't have to spend so much time with these friends of yours. It's a vicious circle you're in, Ransome."

"I suppose that's one way of looking at it, sir," said Bill. "But these friends of mine buy a lot of bonds—a good deal of the business I do is with them."

"Oh, I know that!" said Trenham. "But it's not profitable business, from your angle. It costs you too much. You're making no headway. That's why I want you to go West. If you make good out there—and you can, or I wouldn't want to send you—it'll be on your own merits. You've got real ability. You don't need to depend on your friends to keep you going.

"It's very pleasant to belong to good clubs, and to meet the sort of people you see at the houses you go to. But—the trouble is, you haven't earned the right to do these things. You're getting them by sacrifices you've no business to make—by being at the beck and call of people who've got money enough to carry you along for their amusement. In the long run you'll lose by it.

"Take this chance—go West. You'll be brought back fast enough if you make good—and you'll be in a position to do what you please on your own resources—"

Ransome sat still, seeking words for his reply. But he had no need to speak. Trenham could read his answer in his eyes, in the hard, obstinate line of his mouth.

"Been wasting my breath, eh?"

"Bill," she whispered, panic in her voice, "you're mad. Oh, my dear—you must go—we mustn't—"

he said. "All right! You've got to decide for yourself. You're making a bad mistake. But that's your business."

"I'm sorry, sir," said Bill, getting up. "I don't want you to think I don't appreciate what you've said and what you've offered me. But—"

"That's all right, Ransome," said Trenham, cutting him short. "Going off for the week-end again?"

Once more Ransome flushed.

"I thought I would, if there was nothing special to keep me," he said. "I'm expected up at Steve Chester's in Connecticut. He wants to buy some more tax-exempts."

"Go ahead!" Trenham nodded. "You pay for your gas on these trips—I know that!"

His voice was faintly contemptuous.

Bill kept his temper. No use minding what Trenham said. Why should he throw away the connections luck had given him? Why should he go West and go through all the drudgery of building up a new office? What sense would there be in sacrificing all the pleasant life he lived here? He'd make a little more money, to be sure; but that wasn't everything!

He was going to be young only once; he meant to have a good time while he could. A new generation had grown up since Trenham's day—a generation that had the money the one before it had earned. He himself didn't have money, but he had something these rich friends of his wanted. He saw no reason why he shouldn't play with them, trade his time for the benefits they offered.

This week-end was typical. He was going up to Steve Chester's. Steve and Molly liked to have him. He was—he knew it without vanity—an asset for such a house party as this. And Steve had to invest his surplus income: he was glad to do it through him—Ransome.

HE got his new car from the garage after lunch; he glowed a little with pride as he looked it over. He was driving Anne Howard up. He looked forward to showing her the car.

She didn't keep him waiting—she never did. She came down right away when he sent up word that he was there: a lovely, small girl with an eager, laughing face and wise, smiling eyes.

Small though she was, there was a wiry strength about her, as Bill knew. He loved the spring with which she walked, even in the sodden heat of the August afternoon, and the firm grip of her small hand as they met.

"Hello, Bill!" she said. "It's good to see you again. Oh—what a duck of a car! Bill—how on earth? Did some millionaire die and turn out to be your long-lost uncle?"

"Wish he had!" He laughed. "Nothing like that. I'll be in hock for a year, paying for it. But it's a good investment, anyway."

He helped to get her bags stowed in behind. Easy enough—Anne wasn't like some girls he knew, thank Heaven, who needed truck enough for a week-end visit to take them to Europe and back. Maybe

it was just because, like him, she had so little; but he didn't think so. Anne had good sense.

He admired again, as he had before, the way she managed. What she did have was so good that people never realized how little it was. He did. He knew about such things. Their common knowledge of economies was one of the many ties of their old friendship.

"THIS car is simply marvelous, Bill," Anne said, as they slipped through the traffic of Park Avenue and over to the Park. "But how did you ever dare—?"

"It's not as wild as it looks," he said. "One of the chaps who sells this car got after me, and he talked them into making me a big allowance for the old bus. They figure I'll swing some people to them, you see. And then Jim Dailey bought a whole flock of bonds when he came into that money of his aunt's, so I had the cash for the first payment. I'll be pretty broke for a while, but I can manage. How are things with you, Anne?"

"Oh, just about the same! You know. Uncle Roger's wonderful to me. But—" She shrugged her shoulders. "It's not so good, being a poor relation."

"It's a darned shame," said Bill.

"It's my own fault. Lots of girls have jobs. I could get one."

"Doing what? You'd be lucky to get twenty-five dollars a week, Anne—for a long time, anyway. And it's a dog's life for a girl, anyway. You'd have to go to bed early every night so you could be on the job in the morning. And as long as you don't actually have to do it —Lord, when are you going to get married, Anne?"

"When somebody asks me!" she said.

"That's pretty good!" he said mockingly. "How about Pete Treadwell and Johnny Grosvenor and—"

"You know what I mean, Bill. Don't! I know I'm a worm. I'll marry some man who's got money —sometime. I can't marry any man who hasn't. But it's got to be somebody I—well, like. I've got that much decency left."

"Don't call yourself names," he said. "Gosh, we're in the same boat, Anne. I can't marry any girl who hasn't got money enough to buy her own clothes and help to keep things going. I can just about take care of myself. But I don't have to get married at all, and I won't unless—well, you know."

"I know," she said, and fell into a silence.

Bill drove as men do who love to drive and make of it an art. They passed through Greenwich and came out on the old Post Road, with salt air in the wind now, and a glimpse of blue water, now and then, on the right. They were nearing their destination; they turned, presently, from the main road. And suddenly, on this narrower highway, disaster loomed before them.

Toward them, swiftly, came a great yellow bus. Ahead, in a driveway on their side, they could just see a delivery car, small, insignificant, standing still. And then, all at once, without warning, without reason, it backed out and blocked their path.

The warning blast of Bill's horn was as idle, as useless, as its echo from the rushing bus. He saw at once that the bus must, no matter what its driver tried to do, block his passage on the left. He heard the grinding of its brakes—no use! Just for an instant his own right foot hovered over his brake pedal. But there was no earthly chance to stop now, at their speed, and his foot went down again upon the gas. He saw one chance, and took it.

Beside the road the ground rose in a low ridge. He must scale that with two wheels; trust to fate and his own strength to keep the car from turning over at the driveway; pass somehow, if at all, inside the small car, that hung now, its crazy driver paralyzed with fear, directly in the road.

"Duck, Anne!" he called, as they rose and low branches whipped their heads. His own head went down. Grimly he held the wheel as the car rose on one side. It lurched down in the drive; rose again; rocked sickeningly, and seemed sure to go; then it was on the road again.

It was all over in a moment. They were safe; death and disaster lay behind them.

Bill's breath went out in a great gasp. Anne's hand reached out, touched his upon the wheel. He was conscious, even then, of how small it was, how frail, for all the strength he knew was in its slender fingers.

"Close!" he said. "Lord, I didn't know whether we could make it!"

"I didn't care," she said unsteadily. "Not so long as I was with you."

Their eyes met, and looked deep. That moment in which death had ridden with them had changed everything for him. For her? He didn't know; he was afraid to know. But he did know. Her eyes were telling him.

"You—" he said. "Oh—Anne!"

He was slowing down, signaling subconsciously for the turn into the gravel road that led to Chester's house. The car fairly crept around.

"It's all right, Bill—all right," said Anne.

Once more, for a second, her hand touched his. He knew, as she knew; both knew that this knowledge that it had taken the very touch of death to rouse to life within them must always be between them. In that moment anything might have happened. But behind them came the clamor of another car; a horn hailed them derisively. Bill's foot went down upon the gas; the car leaped forward.

AT once, when they were at the house, they were caught up in the swirling rush of a Chester house party. Greetings on the porch—plenty had come before them. Molly Chester bore Anne away. Steve, seeing to Bill, finding a man to take his bags, bade

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

EVEN

TWICE WASHED FACES

don't seem clean at night

Pore-dirt can never be washed away

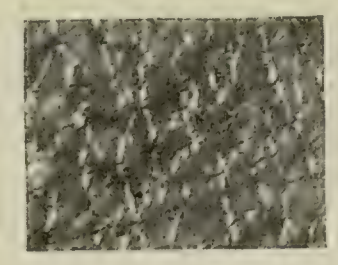
A HARD-SCRUBBED face may seem clean enough when seen across the aisle of a car or over the desk in an office. But a face simply HAS to be clean when shown close up under night lights . . . or somebody's going to be the loser.

When you wash your face, the surface gets clean. But look in a mirror—now—and see the pore-dirt that can't be washed away. It's under the surface of your face this very minute.

Pore-dirt dulls the cleanest complexion. It needn't! And we'll gladly send a FREE tube of Pompeian Massage Cream to prove it to you.

Goes in pink . . .
ROLLS OUT
DINGY GRAY!

These amazing photos show what happens when Pompeian Massage Cream gets after pore-dirt. Number one shows a section of skin before using Pompeian. Number two shows the skin after a few seconds' Pompeian massage. The Cream was a clean pink when it went into the skin. But notice its color—now! Those dried pellets of cream are dingy gray . . . gray with pore-dirt . . . dirt that couldn't have been dislodged by a heavy course of scrubdowns! And that's the sensational demonstration that turns men by the hundreds to this remarkable cream.



1. *Photomicrograph taken under the lens of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream.*

2. *Photomicrograph of skin after using Pompeian. Compare the skin tone. Note the dried pellets of cream, dark with pore-dirt that has been rolled free.*

Make FREE test on your own skin

Will you try Pompeian on your own skin? Test it—please—at our expense. Fill in the coupon below and mail to us now, before you turn this page.

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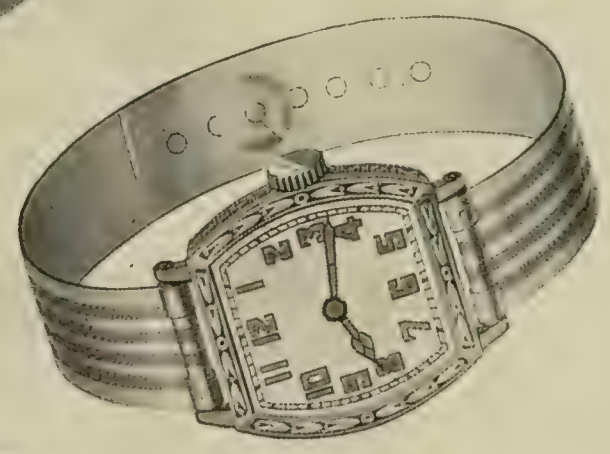
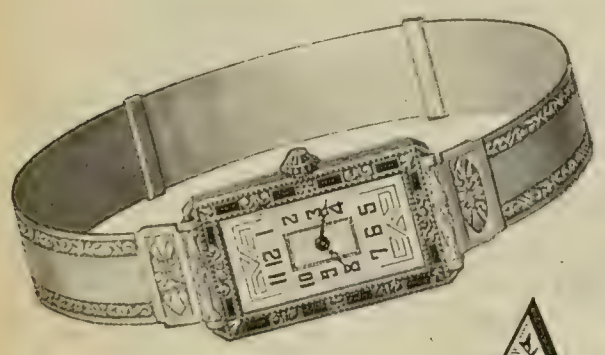
Olympian Model, for men. Expands to slip over the hand, readily adjusted, secured by a snap lock. 14-kt. Solid Gold: plain, $28; decorated, $30. 14-kt. Gold Filled: plain, $7.50; decorated, $8.50



Ben Hur Model, for men. Opens in the center, easily adjusted, fastened by a special safety lock. 14-kt. Solid Gold: plain, $25; decorated, $27. 14-kt. Gold Filled: plain, $6.50; decorated, $7.50



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Case makers for the leading watch movements

Wadsworth

WORKERS IN PRECIOUS METALS

[THE BROKEN CIRCLE Continued from Page Sixty-three]

him hurry down. Hurry was the word here in every waking hour. But Bill was glad to reach his room—glad to be alone for a few minutes.

His own mood puzzled him. He'd had close shaves in a car before—closer, if anything, than this. But never before had he been left shaky and trembling, as he was now. It was Anne, of course. Anne? Anne, whom he'd always known? They'd been like brother and sister all these years. And now—well, now they weren't!

But he laughed at himself in his shower. Anne—old Anne! It was nonsense. It had to be. Yet he knew it wasn't.

But he couldn't help the queer way his heart jumped when he saw her again. Later, on the porch, with people coming and going, piling in for cocktails, he watched her while Pete Treadwell held her cornered.

He loved the way she managed Pete; the way, too, that she evaded the drinks she didn't want. She always had done that; always had been able, somehow, without making talk, to keep herself a little aloof, a little removed from all the rest.

ONCE or twice, across the porch, their eyes met, and he saw—he couldn't help seeing—how, each time, she stopped, faltered in whatever she was saying. He was conscious of a growing stir and excitement—of a knowledge that, after all, this thing must come, sooner or later, to a settlement of some sort between them.

But even at dinner they were far apart. Later there were swift goings and comings in a dozen different cars; appearances at other houses and clubs; scatterings and reunions of the crowd. And somewhere, at last, he got his chance—drew Anne into his car again. Evening had passed into night; night was far on its way to morning.

"Anne," he said low in her ear. The car was stopped; the engine purred faintly. His voice caressed her, and she stirred and her hand fluttered toward his.

"Anne," he said again.

And: "Yes, dear?" she murmured, almost in her sleep.

He caught her hand; the rush of his own emotion almost frightened him. It startled her into wakefulness, brought her bolt upright beside him.

"Bill!" she said. "Oh, my dear—no!"

He let her hand go.

"I can't help it!" he said. "Oh, Anne!"

She laughed, and he didn't hear the undertone of bitterness her laughter held.

"You must!" she said.

He took that for the mockery it was not; flamed up in sudden anger, uncontrolled desire. He caught her to him, tried to kiss her. She fought him off.

"Bill—don't!" she said. "My dear! You and I! Let's be a little sensible."

He looked at her.

"But—but—I'm in love with you!" he said flatly.

"Oh!" she said, and caught her breath. "I—I don't mind that, so much! I—oh, I'd hate it if you weren't, my dear! I—I like you too, old thing. But what of it?"

"A lot of it!" he said. "Anne—"

She shook her head.

"Nothing like that!" she said. "Not for us. Be yourself, Bill. We couldn't get married."

"We can—we've got to now!" he cried. But her eyes were on him and his voice faltered and died away.

"You know we can't," she said. She pushed back a stray lock of hair that was blowing down over her eyes. "You and I! Bill—it's fantastic just to think about it! Can you see us living in a flat in the Bronx, or over in Queens? The world well lost for love! We'd hate the sight of one another in a month."

"People get along on less than I make."

"Not people like us. We're not much good, Bill—we might as well face it. I won't do it—I won't! And you don't want to—really. Do you, Bill?"

"I want you!"

She caught her breath.

"That's something else again," she said, and tried to laugh. "But marriage—for us? No—no! Bill—be honest! Don't you know we can't?"

"Oh—I suppose we'd be fools to try!" he admitted, after a moment.

"Of course we would! We'd lose the very thing that makes us care now. I wish— But—oh, it's no use wishing!"

She shivered.

"Take me home," she said. "I'm cold."

He would have gone on. But she would not.

"Tomorrow," she said. "We'll talk again tomorrow, Bill. I—Oh, I'm so tired!"

HE woke, confused and puzzled, after a broken, restless sleep. The night had brought no counsel. Anne was right. So much his own common sense told him. But—but—there was this torment when he saw her, this burning, hot desire that would not go and leave him to some peace.

All Saturday she stayed beyond his reach. She would not have it. It seemed to him that her eyes mocked him. At the dance at the Beach Club, she was off for hours with Pete Treadwell. And the very openness of her design to avoid him and the issue there was between them fanned the flame of his determination—drove him, in the end, to recklessness.

Half a dozen cars swept up the drive together, very late. The crowd had broken up, leaving the club, some going to one road house, some elsewhere. In the kitchen, when someone was cooking eggs, he saw Treadwell beside her, with his little fat body and his pig's eyes. His hand was on her bare arm, caressing it with an intolerable suggestion.

Bill saw the way she shrank from Treadwell's touch; his teeth

pressed into his lips at the look of appeal in her eyes. But even then she would not give him the minute his eyes were begging for, that she might easily have contrived.

Hot anger had cooled into a stubborn, sullen rage when he reached his room. He flung his coat away and sat down beside the window, looking out across the moonlit water of the Sound. And suddenly he got up. He had to know which was true—the mockery of the long day, or that moment of confession,

GRIMLY he held the wheel as the car rose on one side.

pleading, as Treadwell stroked her arm.

Silently he opened the door; looked up and down the hall. Save for a low light that came up from downstairs, it was dark. He stepped out; went slowly, silently, to her door; stood listening. He heard some movement that she made inside, and his mind was made up. He tried the door; it yielded, and he opened it.

SHE was standing beside her dressing table, a kimono thrown over her nightgown. She heard him and turned, and in her surprise as she saw him she was off watch. She could not hide the leaping light of welcome in her eyes. In a moment she was in his arms. But then:

"Bill!" she whispered, panic in her voice. "You're mad! Oh, my dear—you must go! We mustn't—you shouldn't have come—"

"I couldn't help it! Anne—today's been frightful—the way you laughed at me! Oh, Anne—you do love me?"

"You fool!" She clung to him. "Love you! Of course I love you! And I hate you because I do—because you've made me."

"I had to know," he said.

She laughed bitterly. And she freed herself and moved away.

"Well—you know now! And now that you do—what of it? It's just made it all a thousand times worse! Bill, you must go—this minute—"

"I'll go—" he said. "Just a second— Oh, Anne—!"

But she was pushing him toward the door. He could feel the trembling of her body. She was fairly sobbing in her fright.

"All right," he said. "I'm going."

He opened the door. And the hall that had been in darkness a minute before was flooded with light. People were coming up the stairs—Steve Chester, Jim Dailey, Vera Ware—those who had broken away at the club. He'd supposed they had come home first.

He stood still, with Anne trembling against his shoulder. For a moment there was just the thick silence of amazement. Bill saw the swift concern in Steve Chester's eyes; and how it was giving way to Steve's quick anger, rare, but deadly when it came. Then Jim Dailey's raucous, drunken laugh rang out.

"Ho-ho!" he roared. "I will be damned! Caught out! Take off those whiskers, Bill Ransome—I know you!"

"Shut up, Jim!" said Steve Chester savagely.

BUT the mischief was done. Doors all along the hall were opening, and people were coming out, half clad, to see. Anne stood as if she had been turned to stone. Bill tried painfully to grin.

"Look here, Bill—" Steve Chester began angrily.

"It's all right," said Bill. He took Anne's hand; it was like ice in his. "Anne and I—we wanted to keep it quiet for a while—we were married on the way up—"

He felt the sudden clutch of Anne's fingers, the convulsive start of her body. The others crowded about them. There was a din of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Her Reward...for this Daily Dental Care

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In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands and thousands of men and women who began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, and whose teeth today are exceptionally sound and beautiful.

Many of these people are grateful enough to write to us. Some send their photographs also. Each day the postman brings a few more letters to add to an already bulging file.

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There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results. The men and women fortunate enough to secure them did nothing that you cannot easily do yourself.

They visited their dentists for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Choose your dentifrice on the basis of results. Follow the lead of those who have already kept their teeth sound for years. Simply adopt for your own use the dentifrice most popular among people with well-preserved teeth.

Also, wouldn't it be an immense satisfaction to know that the dentifrice *you* were using was the one which dentists recommend most frequently?

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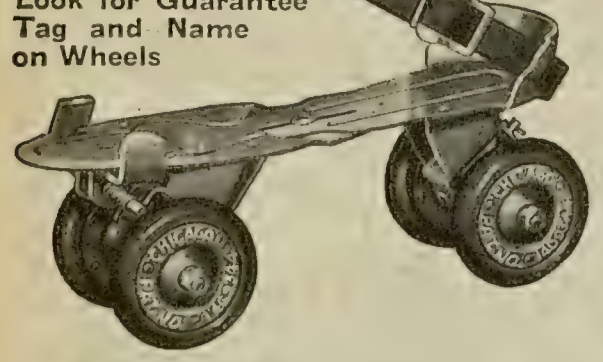

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·KEEPS TEETH WHITE·

[THE BROKEN CIRCLE
Continued from Page Sixty-five]

voices, confused congratulations and apologies—a very babble of talk. Then there was a movement that carried him and Anne downstairs; a gathering in fantastic garb; champagne. And, with morning coming through the windows, the bride's health was drunk, and only Bill could guess at what lay behind the mask of her gray eyes.

They pushed him in, laughing, when he would have left her at her door and gone on to his own room. So he was alone with her again at last. He closed the door on the gay chorus; turned then, and saw her lying face down across her bed, sobbing.

"Anne—" he said. "Anne dear! It's all right. Don't cry so. I had to—it was the only way—"

She sat up and faced him.

"I wish you'd told them the truth!" she cried. "They wouldn't have believed it—but we might have lived that down, no matter what they thought! But now!"

"We'll be married now," he said. "And—I'm glad, Anne. I can take care of you. It's not going to be so hard. I'll sell the car—and I told you about that job they want me to take out West. We'll manage—"

She screamed at him:

"Oh, Bill—don't! It's so easy to talk like that! Manage—manage! Manage just to exist—when we ought to have beauty and happiness! Go to a place where we don't know a soul—manage with ugliness and barrenness; losing everything just to be alive!"

"We can't expect it to be easy," he said.

"Oh, Bill—darling, it's not that! If it were just a hard thing we knew we could do—I'd want to go to the end of the world with you! But I know you—and I know myself. We'll never make the grade, Bill. And I can't bear the thought of what it would do to you—of how it would make you hate me—like a millstone round your neck, dragging you down—"

"We'll see," he said. He went to her; took her in his arms; kissed her. And for a moment she clung to him.

"I love you!" she said. "Don't ever think I didn't! I'm glad we've known that much—that we love one another now! Whatever happens, we'll have that to remember!"

ALL day on Monday, while he did what he had to do, he carried with him the bitter memory of Anne's white face as they were married—her white face and her stricken, hopeless eyes. Late in the afternoon he went to her. She was quiet; her mood had changed.

"Well—" he said.

He found it hard to meet her eyes. And the room in which he had to talk to her depressed him. All cheer was banished from it in its summer garb. Save for the room in which Anne stayed when, for a night or two, she was in town between visits, the whole apartment was in dust cloths, so to speak.

"It's all settled. I'm to start West—we're to start West, to-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SIX]

morrow. I've sold the car—pretty lucky that was. I don't lose much, and I get about a thousand dollars in cash back that'll help. It's not going to be so bad, Anne."

She looked at him.

"You can be ready tomorrow, can't you?" he said. A curious shyness held him. "If you—I mean—if there's anything you have to buy—"

She shook her head.

"I'm not going, Bill," she said.

He stared at her.

"But—" he said. "Anne—I mean, after all, we're married."

"I've told Uncle Roger and Aunt Mary," she said. "I talked to them by long-distance. They — they want me to stay, Bill. And they're right. Can't you see that? Oh—you must! They'll pay for a divorce."

"Divorce!" he said, after a moment. "Anne—you can't mean that!"

"Oh, Bill—we've got to be sensible!" she cried. "My dear, what else is there for us to do?"

"We—we can love one another," he said, his eyes upon her.

"We could—for a week—for a month!" she said. "No—I won't! I won't see the only thing that's ever mattered to me in my whole life spoiled and dragged through the mud! We're beaten, Bill—we were beaten before we ever started. There's nothing else for us to do."

He turned away from her for a moment.

"I don't know what to say!" he said, when he looked at her again. "I—I feel like a pretty poor thing, Anne! To have to—not to be able to keep the woman I love! I—I can't argue with you, Anne."

"It's the only way," she said. "I wish it could be different, Bill! It's for your sake, though—your sake as well as mine. I'm so sure, Bill—"

"All right," he said. His voice was hard, suddenly.

"But—your people can't pay for a divorce. I won't have that. How much would it cost?"

"I—oh, I don't know. Uncle Roger said twenty-five hundred dollars, he thought—to get it quietly and decently."

"All right," he said again. "Then you'll have to wait, Anne. I'll give you the money as soon as I can."

"You!" she said. "But, Bill, I don't want you—and why should you? They're perfectly willing—"

"I'm not!" he said. "By God, I'll have my way about this, too. You can't divorce me unless I help, and I won't unless I pay."

She looked at him. And she saw that this time he was to be too strong for her.

"I—I'm bound to be a millstone, whatever I do!" she said. "Oh, Bill—I'm sorry—"

"That's all right," he said.

He went to her; took her, unresisting, into his arms; kissed her.

"Good-by," he said, and went.

BILL RANSOME came out into the warm sunshine of a May afternoon—sunshine so bright that it reached down even into the narrow downtown street. Trenham was with him. His hand rested for a moment on Ransome's shoulder.

"All right, then!" he said. "I guess that's all. Glad to be back?"

"Ye-es," said Ransome. "But it's been pretty good out there!" He grinned. "Lord—I don't see why you didn't fire me out of hand, the way I talked when you wanted me to go!"

"I'm not in the habit of firing men with the potential value you had even then," said Trenham dryly. His eyes fell on a car by the curb: a travel-stained roadster with the license plates of another State. "Thought you'd sold your car?"

"I did. But I bought a new one as soon as I could afford it! I was right about all that part of it, I still think. Only—you've got to wait till you can afford a thing, whether it's good business or not."

"Maybe!" said Trenham. He sighed. "I guess the truth was somewhere between your idea of it and mine, Ransome! It usually is. How's Mrs. Ransome?"

He was looking at the car. He didn't see the odd expression in Bill's eyes, nor note just what Bill's answer was.

"I'm going up to see her now," Bill said. "Are you going uptown, sir?"

Trenham shook his head.

"No, thanks. See you tomorrow, then."

And he walked off, while Bill got into his car and started uptown, slowly, through the thick traffic.

SO Bill came again to that house in Park Avenue. He remembered that other day, when he had gone to fetch Anne—the day that had thrown them together, that had seen broken down all the barriers, all the dams, that had held them apart.

Before the eyes of his mind there passed, in review, all that had happened since.

He had begun, that day, to live: to face life as a real thing. His fears, since then, had been real fears, not fantasies of his own imagining. His desires, his aspirations, equally, had been real, and not an adolescent boy's. How, in this time of separation, had it been with Anne?

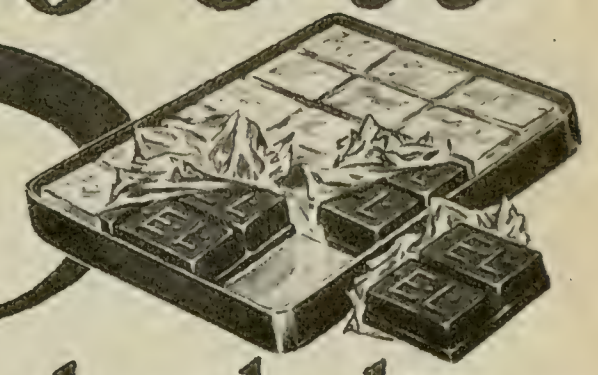
A curious excitement held him in its grip as he went in and, after the customary formality of inquiry, was taken upstairs. Miss Anne, he was told, was not at home, but she would be soon, if he cared to wait. He did, and he stood thoughtfully looking out of the window.

He was lost in his thoughts when, at last, she came. He did not hear the opening of the apartment door; he did not hear the faint sound of her movement when she came in. Nor did she see him. A blowing curtain hid him. Her back was to him when he heard her and turned. And something stilled the exclamation on his very lips—some clutch of a pitiful fear at his heart.

Was this Anne? Was this worn, tired girl, who looked al-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

it tastes so good



that it's hard to believe it does *so much* good

AT the first warning sign of constipation don't dose yourself with pills or oils that often cause discomfort and worse—bodily harm. Just before going to bed take Ex-Lax and you'll be all right in the morning.

When you put a piece of this laxative in your mouth you'll think you're eating fine chocolate. That's what it tastes like. That's what it is.

It's made of pure chocolate treated with a tasteless, harmless laxative agent that ever so gently relieves constipation—without upsetting the digestion or griping.

Have no fear of forming a harmful habit or injuring the stomach. Ex-Lax is safe. Doctors prescribe and recommend it for children and grown-ups. It's the easiest, most pleasant way to safeguard good health.

Of course you can get Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative, from your druggist, 10c, 25c and 50c. Also for more obstinate cases he sells Ex-Lax Fig Flavor, delicious nuggets made from the choicest Smyrna Figs, 15c and 35c. In foreign countries, slightly more.

Try Ex-Lax at Our Expense

To convince you that Ex-Lax is the finest and most pleasant laxative you've ever taken, we want you to try it at our expense. Fill in and mail the coupon. We'll send you a trial box of Ex-Lax—free!

for constipation
EX-LAX
"it's the candy"

NOW MAIL COUPON FOR FREE EX-LAX

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Please send me, without obligation on my part, a trial size of Ex-Lax, the safe laxative that tastes like candy.

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Smith Brothers' Cough Drops safely protect and gently medicate the throat tissues. They quickly soothe irritation, relieve hoarseness, ease and stop the cough. Your whole throat is cooled, cleared, refreshed.

A delicious precaution! 5c Two Kinds: S. B. or Menthol.

[THE BROKEN CIRCLE
Continued from Page Sixty-seven]

most shabby, this girl with violet pools of darkness beneath her great eyes, the gallant, headstrong one whom he had left? Spellbound, for a long minute he watched her.

She took something from the bag she carried, and looked at it, and a long sigh shook her before, with a curious gesture, she put it away in a drawer that, afterward, she locked again. It was just then that he stepped forward, that he let her name escape his lips. And she heard him, and saw him, and her hand went to her breast, and she stood staring at him like one bereft of speech.

"Anne!" he said. "Oh, Anne!"

"You! I— They didn't tell me —I didn't know that you had come."

He went toward her.

"I said I'd come as soon as I could," he said. "Anne—you can have your freedom now whenever you want it. I have the money."

"Oh!" she said. "The money! As if—oh, Bill, as if money could make one free! It can't. Money can bind one—it can make one a prisoner: but it can't free one."

"I know that," he said. "I've found that out."

She didn't speak, but only looked at him.

"But this was a thing I had to do," he said. "Not just to get the money. That was just a little part of it."

"I know," she said. She laughed. "I—I've nearly got the money, too."

"You? What do you mean?" he cried. "I told you I wouldn't let you take it—"

"Take it!" She laughed again, scornfully. "I've taken nothing! I've earned it. I—I went to work the week after you went away. I've worked and I've saved."

SHE turned to the locked drawer, opened it, drew out what she had put in—a little book: a savings-bank book. She held it out to him, open at a written page that was full of figures.

"Anne!" he said. "You—my. God, you've saved nearly sixteen hundred dollars! Anne—why?"

"Did you think I'd let you pay alone—did you think I'd let you be the only one to suffer?"

Half laughing, half crying, she faced him.

"Oh, Anne—" he said. "I've a certified check here for you—for twenty-five hundred dollars! More than four thousand that we have saved between us—enough to have begun life—to begin to buy a house—to make sure of all the things we thought we couldn't have—if only—"

She faced him. And now there were no tears to dim her eyes.

"If only—what?" she said.

Heart cried to heart through meeting eyes. For a long moment more they stood so, face to face, searching one another. Which it was that moved first they never knew, nor cared—but only that they were in one another's arms, with life and all the world before them, to be lived, to be conquered, together.

THE END

Prevent blemishes with Lilac

You're taking a risk

when you neglect those tiny nicks

A man does hate those little trouble-spots on the face—

They're due to outside infection —starting in the nicks your razor always leaves in your skin.

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Because Lilac is so pleasant to use, perhaps you haven't realized it's the best skin antiseptic known. Absolute preventive of trouble-spots! It's tonic, too—gives your face a grand, out-door glow.

You'll like the soothing *after*-feel Lilac has now, for the same wonderful ingredients, newly processed, make Lilac blander than ever before.

Buy your bottle today! Pinaud's Lilac is sold by all drug and department stores. Signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S LILAC

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The Balloon Buster of ARIZONA

Frank Luke Wins His Last Five Victories— Refusing to Surrender, He Goes to His Death

By

NORMAN S. HALL

(Reading time: 19 minutes 50 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In ten minutes of hot fighting on September 18, 1918, Frank Luke shot down three planes and two balloons. By this amazing feat he increased his victories to fourteen—thirteen of them in one week—and became the premier American ace. Disaster soured the pleasant taste of these achievements. In a dog fight that day Lieutenant Joe Wehner, Luke's fighting partner in many a successful balloon strafe, went down in flames over Labeuville.]

PART TEN

WE have been told that wartime Paris was a wicked city, but many who passed that way during the red years knew no such place. There was a Paris that winked slyly at you, took you to one side, and whispered:

"See here, old lad, just because you've had a tough time of it you mustn't sit around and sulk."

She signaled the musicians, beckoned to her prettiest women, filled your glass, and told you not to be silly. Of course there wasn't a war—you'd just dreamed it. And, by George, you began to believe you had!

Intelligent commanding officers knew these things and, where possible, when young men of attainments took too frequently to the bottle, or just stared, stared; stared with nothing to stare at, they wrote out a pass, loaned them money if necessary, and packed them off to Paris with a muttered prayer that they would not become entirely sane and refuse to return.

When, after Joe Wehner's death, Frank Luke

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Picture by Captain John W. Thomason, Jr.

FRANK wilted above the sagging .45, slid along the fuselage, and stumbled to the ground—dead!

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"The Best Pipe Smoke Ever Made!"

Smoke it in your old briar pipe—

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Light up your old briar pipe filled with Old Briar Tobacco. Enjoy its comfort and cheer. Notice the natural tobacco taste. Draw in the fragrance of the slow burning, flavory leaf. Smoke it a while. Then see how cool and how extra smooth Old Briar Tobacco is.

Every day from everywhere men are sending us the message that Old Briar Tobacco is the end of a long search for genuine pipe pleasure—a perfect combination for the finest old briar pipe.

It has taken experts with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, and generations of tobacco culture to develop and perfect Old Briar Tobacco. And by the application of quantity production methods, it is possible for you to enjoy Old Briar at such a sensible price.

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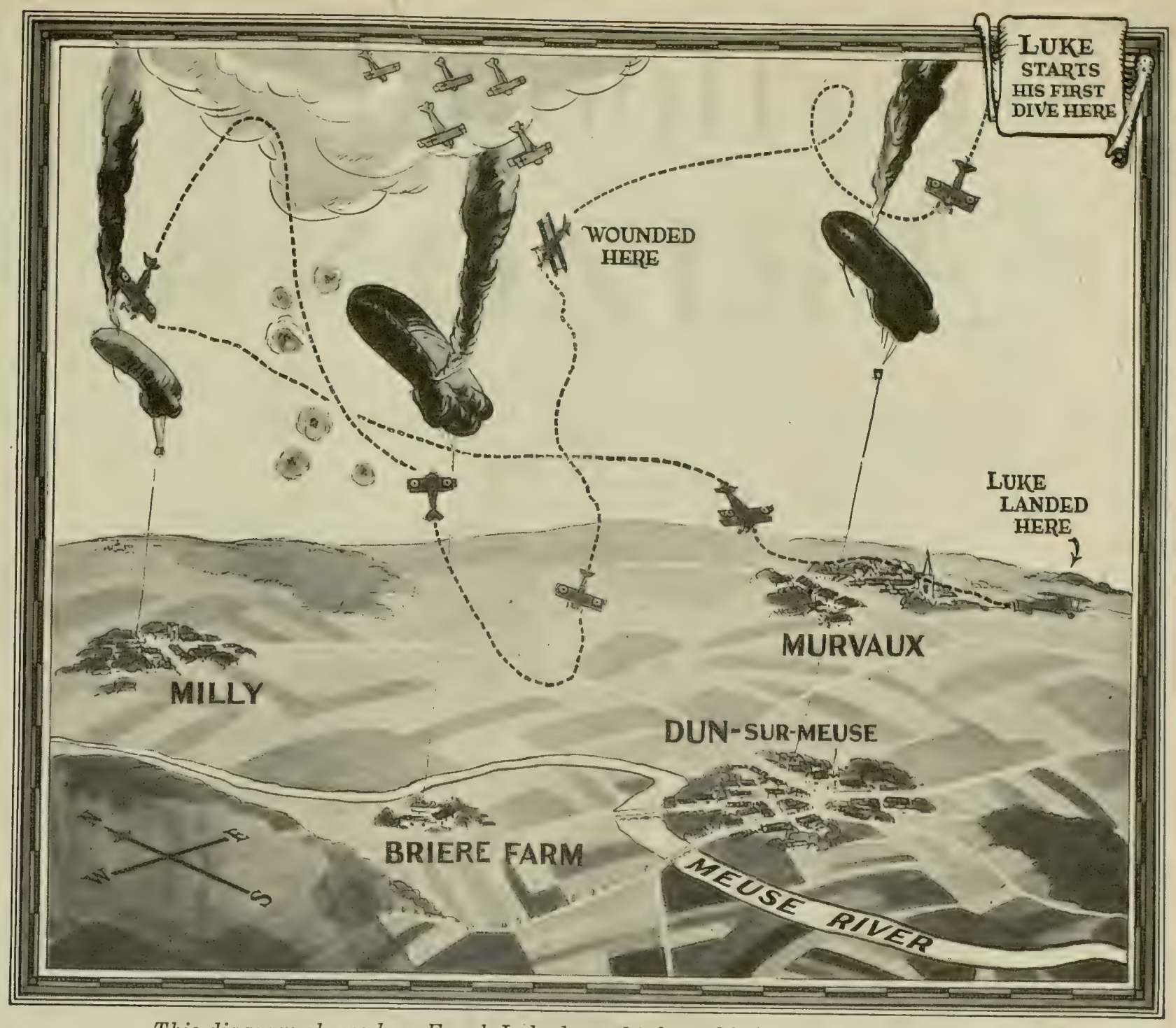


This diagram shows how Frank Luke brought down his last three balloons in very nearly as many minutes at the end of his career and life.

[THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA Continued from Page Sixty-nine]

sat staring, staring, staring at vivid scenes the others could not see, but one remedy suggested itself—leave to Paris.

In the French capital he would forget the things he should forget. At least they would become blurred, indistinct, so he could live with them and retain his reason.

There would be women to help him forget. Not the grizzled, mustached *femmes de guerre* of the Second Empire, but soft, warm, gay creatures who took haggard young men, cold and tired after a walk with death along the shell-lashed ways that led to the whipping post of battle, and found a lost sparkle for eyes gone lusterless from regarding dead and shattered things.

"Take us," they said. "Laugh and dance and drink with us, for tomorrow you may die!"

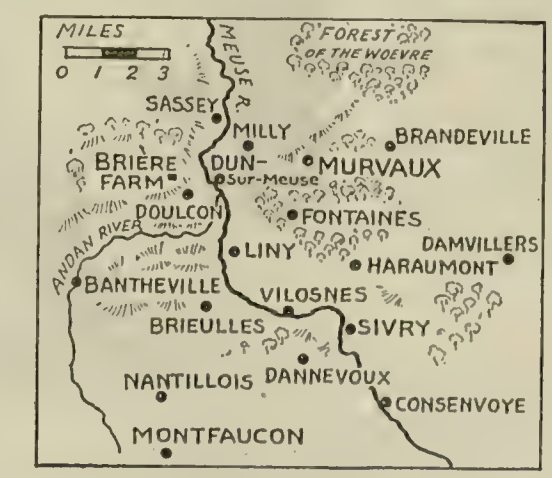
Battle men took them eagerly, hungrily, hurriedly—for troop trains move on schedule and war is a jealous mistress.

OH, yes, some of it was sordid prostitution; but those blind ones who hold all of the fleeting loves of men at war under this classification commit sacrilege; and any man who has lived in hunger and filth and fear for days, to crawl back to the warmth of a woman's arms, will tell you so!

Frank Luke came to a Paris that was unusually, artificially gay. Like a girl who, snubbed at her first party, seeks to hide the hurt by laughing too shrilly.

PARIS had hurts to hide. In the early days of the war she had gone suddenly silent, a city living in suspended animation, a capital of gayety still as a young nun before an altar. No lights winked and grimaced on the Seine. The heights of the Trocadéro were ominously somber. The echoing boulevards were still.

But in September, 1918? You'll never look upon its like again—you who saw it then! For four years the Hun had blustered and



A map showing the territory in which the famous Balloon Buster scored his final five victories.

brawled at the very gates of the city.

Now that he was in retreat, Paris rouged her cheeks, threw a mantle of light, gay laughter over her mourning, and went out to dance in the streets.

She found a reluctant dancing partner in Frank Luke. On every hand women spoke to him seductively—some shyly, but none the less eloquently, with young eyes grown old too soon; others brazenly, commandingly, with gestures and with words that never yet have required an interpreter.

Frank paused with none of them, not because he did not have the desires of other men, but because he had no room for thought of such things.

Joe Wehner had gone down in flames over Labeuville and, until there had been some adjustment of that calamity, he could think of nothing else.

HAD he got filthy drunk, wallowed, broken a trust, and hurt a friend or two, to suffer back to normal, sober things under the lashes of shame and humiliation, he might have served himself well. Might, I say, because in this way he could have burned his emotions down to a new beginning, precisely his greatest need.

Had he found a companion—any companion to talk to him about anything—the end might have arranged itself differently.

Isn't there true pathos in that picture of Frank Luke, sent to Paris to find and partake of the city's blood-bought gayety, moving through it with unseeing eyes? He—the boy once regarded as the

[CONT'D ON PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

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Patented WILLYS-KNIGHT ENGINE *brought within reach of added thousands*

THE beautiful, new, Willys-Knight Standard Six, from the moment of its introduction at the National Automobile Show, has won a nation-wide enthusiastic reception.

The superiority of the *patented* Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine has long been accepted. Naturally, it costs more to build this advanced motor. It is only today, after fourteen years of experiment and progress, that we have reached our goal of incorporating this superior engine in a low-priced Six maintaining all of Willys-Knight's quality supremacy.

The Standard Six is building up still further the esteem in which Willys-Knight has long been held. It inherits the qualities which have won world-wide prestige and the praise of hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic owners. The new car is distinguished by typical Willys-Knight brilliance, sturdiness, economy, simplicity, quick starting and ease of control.

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The simplicity of the *patented* Willys-Knight engine is responsible for its remarkable efficiency. Two metal sleeves in each cylinder move smoothly, silently up and down, one within the other, in a protective film of oil. There is no complicated valve mechanism with springs, tappets and cams. These sleeves combine with the spherical cylinder head to form a perfectly sealed combustion chamber. As a result, the Willys-Knight engine gives *high uniform compression* at all times, at all speeds—*and with any gas.*

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Willys-Knight Special Six—now with added refinements and beautiful new color options. Willys-Knight Great Six—one of America's most luxurious cars. Now, a larger, more powerful engine insures even higher speed, flashier pick-up.

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Everywhere children are becoming

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because of this health salt's effect

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MORTON'S SALT

IODIZED FOR GOITER PREVENTION -- ALSO PLAIN

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY]
life of the party, the grinning young hellion who blew in on a gale of laughter and kept the breeze blowing—lost in the world's gayest party.

WHEN his leave was but half over he returned to his squadron and immediately after reporting went in search of Major Hartney.

"You're back early, aren't you?" asked Hartney.

"Yes, sir," Luke responded.

With a list as long as his arm of pilots A. W. O. L. because of the delights of Paris, Hartney could not understand a man who voluntarily forfeited half of his leave.

"Why?" he asked.

"There wasn't anything to do," explained Frank, and saw no reason for his Major's amazement. But Luke had not returned to sit about and brood. His next sentence proved that.

"Major," he said, "remember that old frog drome I landed on the day—the day I got three planes?"

"Yes," responded the Group Commander, interested as a soldier now.

"Well," Luke went on, "if you'll put a flight up there we can raise hell with the German balloon line. More than that, too. It's ten miles nearer the front and we can get their bombers and observation planes a few minutes after the front lines spot 'em. I'd like to go up with that flight."

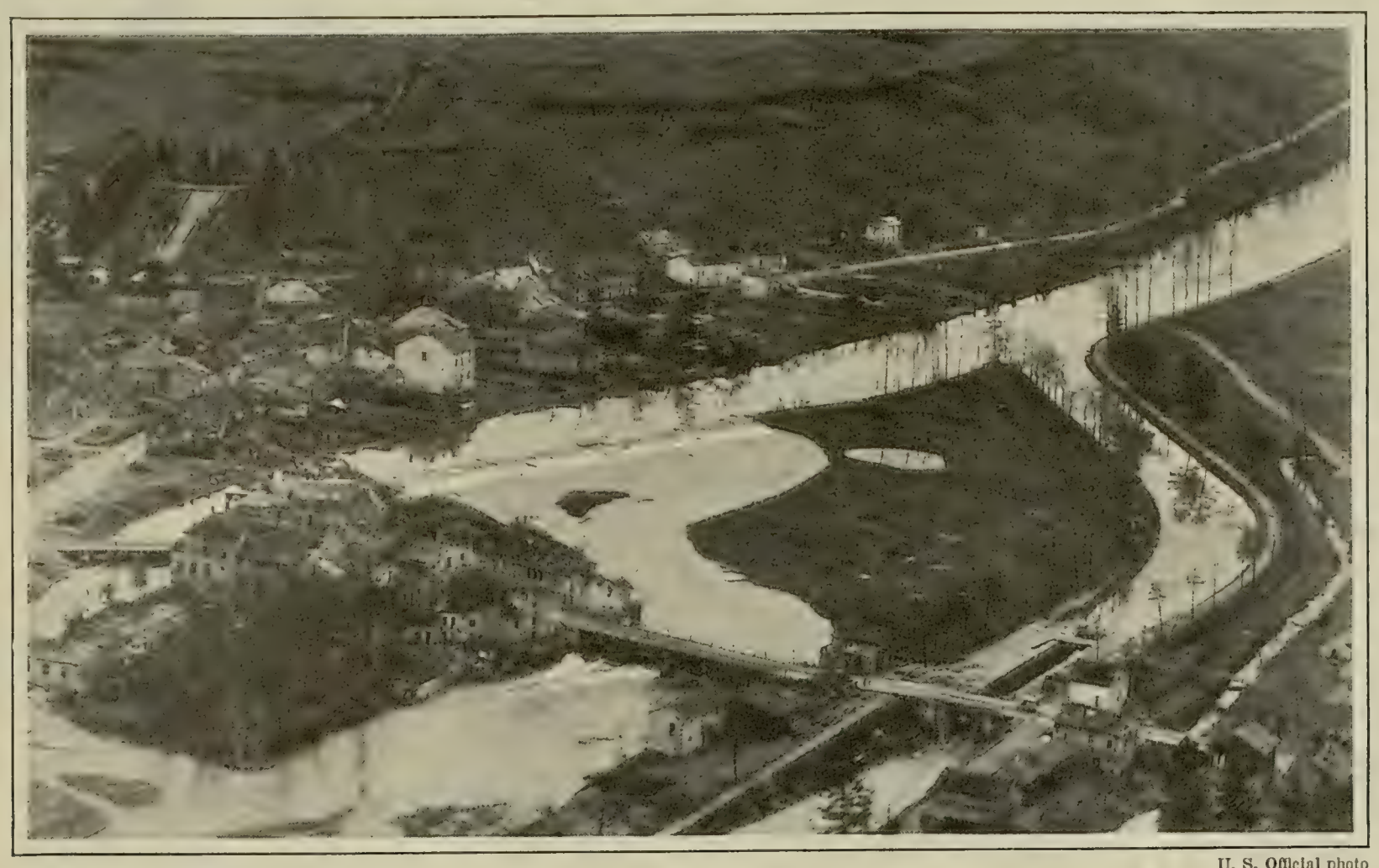
"But the place has been shelled flat a dozen times," Hartney argued.

Luke waved this aside with a gesture.

"I know that," he said. "But it hasn't been used in months, the hangars are in fair shape, and we can get in some good work before they shell us out. If you don't want to send a flight up, Major, let me go alone. Please, let me try it."

Once before Luke had talked in that vein and the greatest two-man balloon offensive in aërial history had resulted. Once before Hartney had considered one of Luke's daring propositions only to arrive at the conclusion that his job was to get victories, not safeguard individuals.

"All right," the Major said.



U. S. Official photo

Dun-sur-Meuse, where Luke bagged the first of his last three drachens on his final day.

The flight moved up under the command of Jerry Vasconcelles, the captain whose praise of pilots who voluntarily attacked drachens had launched Luke on his balloon-busting career.

If Frank was elated over the acceptance of his suggestion, it was not displayed in his manner. He was blunt, taciturn. A terse reticence crept into the letter he wrote his mother on September 25—his last letter home. It follows:

September 25, 1918.

DEAR MOTHER:

I have not written for some days now on account of being so busy, as no doubt you have already heard. This is only a line to let you know that I am O. K. Now, mother, remember that I have passed the dangerous stage of being a new hand at the game, so don't worry, for I now know how to take care of myself.

Love to all,

FRANK.

Lieutenant Ivan A. Roberts, Luke's last flying mate, whose fate is still undetermined.

No word of Joe Wehner. No attempt to tell with honest, deserved pride of his victories. No pouring of himself on paper, that the one who always had soothed his hurts might know and comfort him from afar. He could not find expression even for his mother, and when a man becomes that self-contained there is a bad fall and a reckoning at the end of the road.

FRANK continued to regard himself as a balloon buster, and merely awaited the assignment of a flying mate to continue the twilight assaults he and Wehner had inaugurated.

Lieutenant Ivan A. Roberts of South Lee, Massachusetts, was detailed to fly with him, and on September 26 they made their first dual flight. Frank bolstered his score with a victory over an enemy combat plane, a conquest he describes tersely in the ensuing report:

COMBAT REPORT

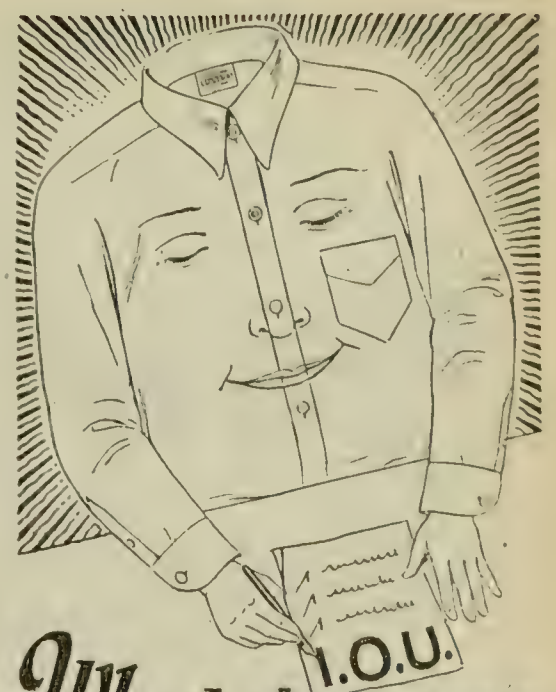
September 26, 1918.

Lieutenant Frank Luke reports:

On patrol to strafe balloons in vicinity Consenvoye and Sivry I attacked with two others [a third plane had joined them after they left the airdrome] a formation of five Fokkers. After firing several short bursts, observed the Hun go down out of control. While at 100 meters [328 feet] I was attacked by two E. A. [enemy aircraft] so I did not see the first E. A. crash.

I turned on the other two who were on my tail, getting on the tail of one, but guns jammed several times and after fixing both could only shoot short bursts on account of the several stop-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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Look for Lustray Shirts in the window box at your dealer's. A range of colored patterns as well as plains. Buy from your dealer but if he's all sold out, fill in and mail coupon direct.

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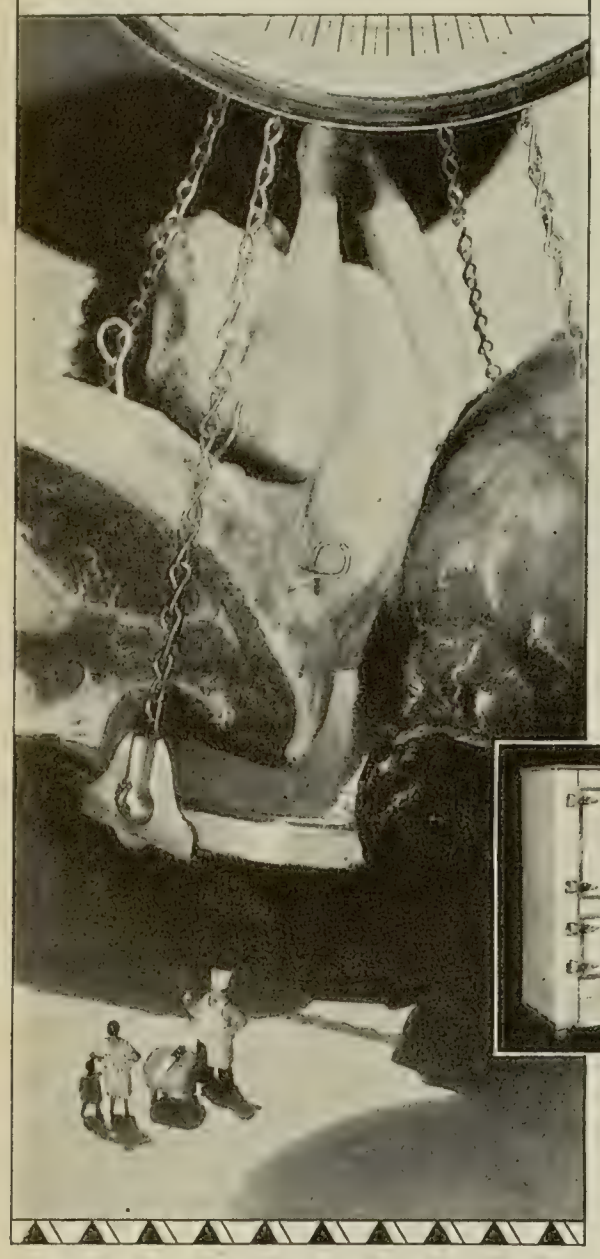

You would be at a loss to know what to do with a year's supply of meat if you received it at once. If it weren't for a refrigerator of some sort, keeping even your daily quota fresh would be impossible. Yet, many a refrigerator in use today is hardly a safe place for perishable food. *Is yours?*

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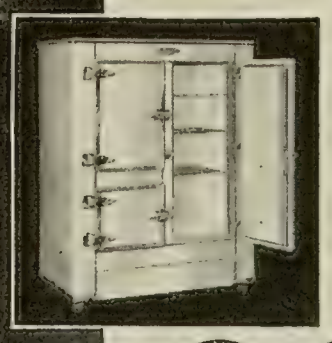

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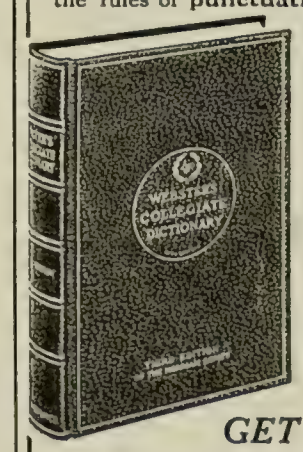

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[THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA]
Continued from Page Seventy-three

pages. One confirmation requested. The last I saw of Lieutenant Roberts, who was on this patrol with me, was in combat with several Fokkers in the vicinity of Consenvoye and Sivry.

THE fate of Lieutenant Roberts is obscured with conjecture and rumor. He was seen to crash in German territory, but thereafter no authentic chronicle of his movements is available. Late in 1920 Captain Grant received at his Los Angeles home the following letter, addressed to the Secretary, American Legion, New York City:

DEAR SIR:

Please to forward the following information to the family of Lieut. Ivan A. Roberts.

Lieut. Roberts on the evening of Sept. 25th [should be September 26], 1918, rolled, engine trouble to ground about 12 kilos east of Sivry. On the morning of Sept. 26th, 1918, he was picked up with lacerated scalp and slightly wrenched hip by H. M. Prussian Guard, 42nd Squad.

On Oct. 2nd, 1918, he arrived at the place where I was held prisoner, a temporary structure on Murg River in Baden about 50 kilos from Sackingen. I will not detail our experiences.

On Oct. 7th Lieut. Roberts and myself managed to effect our successful escape leaving three of His Majesty's Prus. G's in the Murg. However, Roberts sustained a bad cut running from ear to collar bone.

We travelled westerly to the Rhine River and northward to Strassbourg. We were subsequently arrested by two men on horseback who had probably observed our departure from the house. After the little "difficulty" there was one horse standing. We both mounted and travelled for Nancy. After perhaps three hours travelling, the horse stepped in an old well and Roberts pulled me out, rather done for, don't you know?

We layed around the well, until the twelfth of Oct. and resumed our way toward Nancy. Roberts' temperature jumped to "top" and he became uncomfortably talkative in view of our close proximity to village homes. Of course we had no medicine of any description. Had I thought there was any degree of salvation for Roberts in surrendering him I should have done so. But as I knew we were wanted real bad and in view of my past experiences I decided to do for us, myself, what I could and which was pitiably little indeed.

We arrived at a small densely wooded cañon about noon on October 14th. We were about 5 kilos from a small and beautiful place called Wasselbonne. We climbed to the bottom of the cañon. Roberts insisted upon bathing his feet despite his physical condition. So it was there, near Wasselbonne, in the cañon laying with his burning head in my dampened jacket, and his feet dangling in the pool, that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Don't neglect a Cold

Just Rub Away Danger

Serious illness often starts with a cold. Ward off your colds with Musterole (it may prevent pneumonia). Don't take chances. At the first warning sign, rub Musterole on the chest and throat. It tingles, penetrates and draws out soreness. Musterole is a counter-irritant that helps to break up a cold. For prompt relief from chest cold, croup and bronchitis, tonsilitis, neuralgia, rheumatism and headache, pains in joints and chilblains rub on Musterole. Keep a jar handy.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE WILL NOT BLISTER

MILD

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

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This hygienic powder dissolves quickly in warm water. Make solutions any strength desired; use freely. Economical, safe, beneficial.

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Dependable Hygienic Powder

At druggists, 35¢, 60¢, $1.20 or

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Please send me your free sample.

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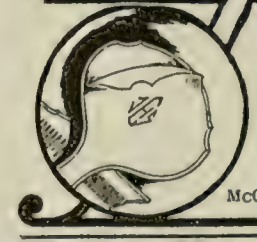
IRON GLUE



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"Now, she carries Formamint tablets with her—she likes them and can take them on the way to school, and in the classroom . . . 'An excellent idea,' our doctor says!" . . .

Bad sore throat requires a physician's care. But he will approve immediate, continuous Formamint treatment. You can take these safe antiseptic tablets *anywhere*—all day long. Useful especially in crowded, dusty places. To treat sore throat, one every hour; as a preventive, one every two hours. All druggists'.

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Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-FOUR]

Ivan offered up a few trinkets and a letter to my care to be taken home. I did the best I could with rocks, limbs, etc., a heartache and a big lump in my throat.

The Lieutenant's little personal things together with my own are at present en route from Paris, where I left them with a friend. I will forward them upon receipt of address. Please treat this letter as it is given. In confidence as I have no desire for notoriety. I am sick of it all and trying to forget. Also pardon mistakes, grammatical, etc., as I am anything but well.

Sincerely,

JACK LA GRANGE, M. D.

The American Legion has no record of a Dr. Jack La Grange, nor has Captain Grant ever been able to locate the writer of the letter.

The German plane Frank shot down the day Roberts spun in out of control was piloted by Lieutenant J. von Ziegesar, commanding officer of Jagdstaffel Fifteen. Lieutenant von Ziegesar, according to his own combat report, was able to pull his ship out of its nose dive a few moments before reaching the ground behind the German lines, and landed safely. He claims to have recognized his opponent as the feared Balloon Buster.

WHEN Frank learned that Lieutenant Roberts was missing in action under circumstances similar to those in the case of Joe Wehner, he again secluded himself in his quarters. The next day, September 27, he absented himself from the squadron without permission and drew a scathing reprimand.

Smarting under the verbal disciplining, yet unchastened by it, Frank took his Spad up for an unauthorized flight and swooped so low over Bantheville that he burned a partly inflated balloon in its nest.

Scornful of an anti-aircraft barrage that would have endangered the flight of a swallow, he spiraled aloft and made for the landing field of his friends, the Cigognes. He remained there that night, returning to the Twenty-seventh's airdrome the next day.

"The skipper wants you," his mechanics informed him gravely when he taxied in. He went directly to Squadron Headquarters.

"Where were *you* last night, Luke?" his captain demanded.

"Cigognes," Frank replied bluntly, adding, as he flipped his combat report on Grant's desk, "There's another balloon. I got it over near Bantheville."

Grant spoke sternly:

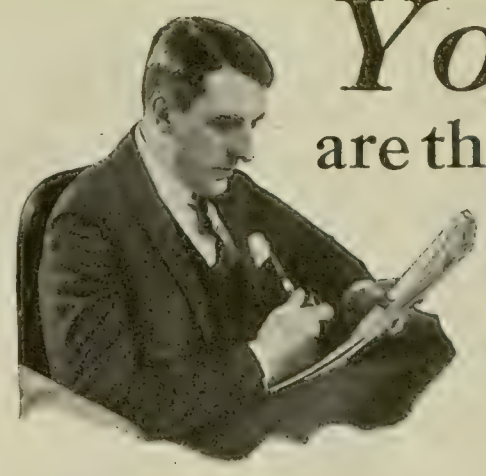
"See here, Luke. You're a good flier, one hell of a good flier, and you're also the damnedest nuisance that ever stepped upon a flying field. But you're not running this outfit! Understand that? And you'll conform as the others do. You're on the ground until further notice! D'ye hear that?"

Luke heard, saluted, banged the door, and strode back to his plane.

"She's short o' gas 'n' oil," a mechanic warned him as he climbed into the cockpit.

Luke nodded. "I'll fill her at

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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YOU are in one of two important classes

A—the class that make up their minds for themselves

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Class A is growing larger and larger. A member of this class always knows his own mind; he has volitional energy which impels him sometimes to break with tradition, never violently, always quietly.

THE
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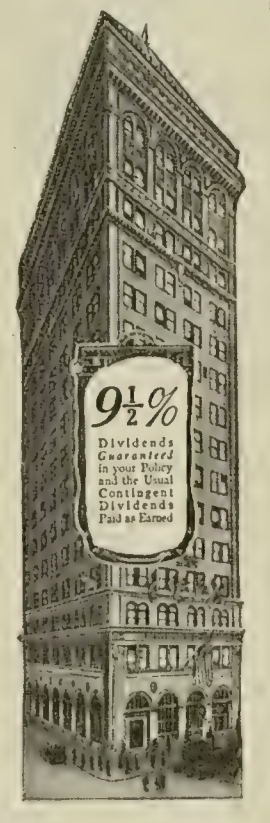
makes its appeal to those who compose, or are about to enter, Class A

This appeal is made through advertising, which results in inquiries for policies. The Company sends illustrations, printed information and various data to be read by the inquirer, and to be studied and reflected upon by him. When he applies for the policy, the application is submitted direct and after the inquirer has made his decision himself.

Because he acts for himself and makes his decision without the assistance of a solicitor, agent, or any other middleman, he makes a saving for the Company for which the Company gives him credit and pays to him in a guaranteed 9½% dividend. What one policyholder has to say below is typical.



An Appreciative Letter

"For ten years I have been carrying a policy of $1,000 in.....Company; also a policy of $1,000 in the POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

In.....Company the gross premium has been $28.11. On a similar policy in the Postal Life Insurance Company, $24.19. *Here is a saving of $3.92,* which is the equivalent of a guaranteed dividend.

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The Record Shows

There have been paid to policy beneficiaries $27,358,910:

On claims by death	$13,662,202
In maturing Endowments	1,763,092
In surrender values and dividends	3,774,204
In loans on policies	8,159,412

What Sustains and Helps the Record

Standard policy-reserves, resources.....$14,000,000
Standard old-line legal reserve.
Standard policy provisions, approved by the New York State Insurance Department.
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When your inquiry reaches us no agent will be sent to visit you. We desire to cooperate with you *directly*, and have you think out with us your problems, from documentary matter submitted. Because we employ no agents the resultant commission savings go to you. It is the only non-agency life insurance company in America.

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Whew! Wott'a Wallop!

The Kid's Sure Getting Husky.

And He Used to Be Such a Puny, Skinny Little Chap, Too. Beats All How McCoy's Tablets Speedily Build Weight and Strength.

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The name McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets has been shortened—just ask for McCoy's Tablets at any drug store in America. Two Sizes—60¢ and $1.00

McCOY'S TABLETS

[THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA] Continued from Page Seventy-five

Vasconcelles' flight at Verdun," he said, blipped his motor on full, and hung her up on the propeller.

Captain Grant was still regarding Luke's combat report when an orderly announced the Arizonian's take-off for Verdun. Grant turned to his adjutant.

"Telephone Jerry to place him under arrest when he gets there," the Squadron Commander ordered. "Say I'll send a pilot up to fly the ship home. Luke can come back in the side car."

The adjutant paused a moment before inquiring:

"What'll you do to him, now?"

For a long minute Grant frowned at his assistant.

"I'm going to recommend him for the Distinguished Service Cross," he said. "Then, by God, I'm going to court-martial him!"

They never convened that court!

Captain Vasconcelles informed Luke of Grant's action as soon as Frank came down on the Verdun field, but their conversation was interrupted by Major Hartney's plane roaring in over their heads.

Vasconcelles, undoubtedly not wishing to take any steps that might conflict with the wishes of his immediate superior, Grant, said nothing of the arrest order that had been issued against Luke.

Hartney had scarcely alighted from his plane when Frank trotted up to him.

"Major," he said quickly, "I know where there are three drachens over by Verdun, and I can get all three of 'em, too, if you'll let me go now!"

Hartney looked at his watch. It was a few minutes after 5 o'clock.

"Too early," he said. "The sun'll drop about five-twenty-two and you can take off then—not before."

Frank legged it back to his plane.

"Gas 'er up," he instructed the mechanics. "I got a lotta balloons to get!"

UNDER arrest, was he? So was Santa Claus! He'd get those sausages, then he'd come back and bust somebody in the nose!

At 5:20 o'clock he signaled the mechanic at his propeller and the Spad thundered into life. Outside, Hartney was encountering difficulties in starting the consumptive Camel the shortage of planes had compelled him to fly. He pushed up his goggles and bellowed profanities at Luke.

"Shut off that motor, you insubordinate such-and-such!" he howled. "I said five-twenty-two and that means five-twenty-two, you grinning this-and-that!"

Luke switched off his motor and laughed.

"That's the last I remember of him," Hartney told me. "Sitting there in his plane laughing at me while I bawled him out. Lord, what a flier he was—the greatest pilot that ever stepped into a ship!"

At 5:22 o'clock Frank was under way, flying low in the direction of the American balloon headquarters at Souilly. He banked over within spitting range of the head-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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A new series of war stories, describing in vivid and thrilling detail the important engagements in which the American Expeditionary Force took part in the World Conflict.

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Drosol is a scientific treatment developed by a noted physician for his own relief. Sufferers will find its use invaluable in controlling embarrassing foot odors. A few applications prove effective, even in the most difficult cases. Drosol is fully guaranteed. Full size dollar tube sent you on request. Send no money. You are sole judge. Return tube or remit dollar after 10 days trial.

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Brownatone is easily applied with amazing results by anyone. It is guaranteed absolutely harmless, won't wash out or rub off, takes marcel, water or permanent waving perfectly and defies detection.

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LUCKY TIGER

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SIX]

quarters building and tossed a note to a group of surprised observers. It read:

Watch three Hun balloons on the Meuse. LUKE.

Frank climbed, pointed for Dun-sur-Meuse, on the far bank, and swooped down on his first drachen. With guns working perfectly he raked it with cross fire, hung for a moment in a half roll until it belched flame at him, then made for Brière Farm. As he nosed over for his dive, the blunt snout of the second sausage bobbed and nodded for all the world like a mighty football soaring in the arc of a punt. Then he lost it.

Some object thudded against his ribs and he forgot things momentarily!

The Spad trembled, tipped perilously, but righted again as Frank's brain cleared and he found his hands giving instinctive, accustomed service to the controls. He was vaguely conscious that something had happened.

That jolt in the side—

OH, yes, he had caught the punt! That was it. The other side had kicked off. He was conscious of a movement behind him and knew it would be a teammate sweeping in to take out opposing tackles. Then he realized he was wet—stickily wet—and that a splotch of crimson dirtied his immaculate instrument board.

He was hit!

That movement behind him wasn't a teammate! He should have known all along that it was Joe Wehner diving on a Hun formation.

But Joe Wehner was dead. Down in flames over Labeuville.

He turned, saw the German squadron speeding for place above him, was aware of the flight of their tracers, and threw his Spad into a nose dive. That fooled them. Believing he had crashed, the Huns swerved off for other prey.

Frank leveled his ship, came up under the belly of the Brière Farm balloon, and stabbed it again and again with short bursts of incendiary ammunition.

Flame! Smoke! A sagging bag! Another victory!

Below him the anti-aircraft batteries flashed and snorted and puffed—puffed and snorted and flashed. Frank pulled back on the stick, the Spad buck-jumped under him for altitude, and he swung toward Milly, where he had spotted the third balloon.

Lindbergh and his "we"? A game pair! A danger-scorning, death-defying outfit of two! But what about that dying pilot and his shell-smashed junk heap of a Spad careening drunkenly through a shrapnel-filled dusk toward the third balloon in almost as many minutes? When you better that pair you'll have the whole deck to draw from!

Although Frank pursued a course marked by what French peasant witnesses later described as incessant fire, he dived unswervingly on the drachen at Milly and destroyed it. His third balloon that day. A total of fourteen bal-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ASPIRIN

For sore throat, there's a swift and sure way to soothe away the inflammation. Every singer knows the secret! Dissolve Bayer Aspirin tablets in pure water, and gargle. Nothing in the whole realm of medicine is more helpful in cases of sore throat. And you probably know how Aspirin dispels a headache; breaks up colds, relieves rheumatic pain, neuralgia, neuritis, lumbago! Just make certain to get genuine Bayer Aspirin; it has Bayer on the box, and on each tablet. All druggists, with proven directions.

For TONSILITIS *and* SORE THROAT

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

FOOT PAINS IN 10 MINUTES

Stop —or costs you nothing

SCIENCE says 94% of all foot pains result from weakened muscles. Now a way is discovered to assist and strengthen these muscles. Results are almost immediate. That burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in the toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee — shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet, or that broken-down feeling — all can now be quickly ended. Pain stops in 10 minutes when an amazing band is used, called the Jung Arch Brace. It is highly elastic and amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. For severe cases an exceedingly soft cushion rubber lift is attached to the brace and is urgently advised. Slip it on, that is all.

Pain stops like magic. Stand, run or dance with delight—wear stylish shoes comfortably. The secret is in the tension and stretch of the band. Nothing stiff to further weaken and cause discomfort. Nothing to misshape shoe.

Results are permanent. Soon band may be discarded. Feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists, amazed at results, urge it widely.

Test it 10 days; if not amazed and delighted your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropodist. If they can't supply you, use coupon below and pay postman. **Write for free book on foot troubles.**

1 *Trouble starts in weakened muscles. Tiny bones of forward arch are displaced. Pain follows.*

2 *A super-elastic band assists and strengthens weakened muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.*

3 *You walk, stand and dance with ease. Wear stylish shoes with comfort. Feet are permanently well.*

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Send one pair of braces marked below:
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☐ BANNER (*medium*) $2	☐ WONDER (*medium*) $1
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☐ Money enclosed. ☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage.
Shoe Size..... Shoe Width.....
Name.....
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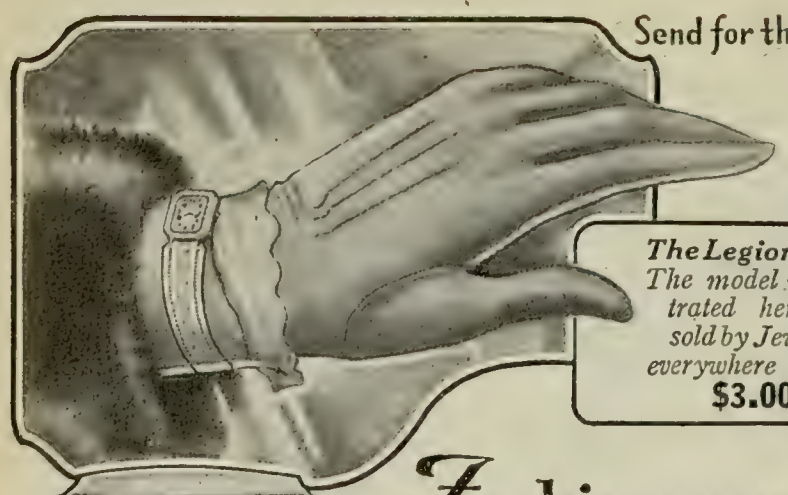

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PHILLIPS *is 50 Years Old*

There is no Substitute for Experience

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

[THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA] Continued from Page Seventy-seven

loons and five planes, but it was his final score!

He did not gain altitude again. Perhaps he had bled too profusely, or maybe the Spad was too sorely hurt.

But the motor wasn't whipped! Still roaring defiantly, it propelled the ship in a slanting course toward Murvaux, a small village on the north bank of the Meuse east of Dun.

Luke wasn't through, either!

German troops, like scuttling gray pygmies, filled the principal street as Luke bore down on the town. He unleashed his guns and they spread for cover.

Not all.

Here and there gray-clad forms stumbled, halted, and crashed to the cobbles or sprawled in grotesque huddles as the steel-jacketed service ammunition plowed through them. He could chalk up six right there for the friend they had robbed him of over Labeuville!

Behind the church on the outskirts of the village, what once had been an undulating meadow rolled down to a small stream.

Sanctuary?

Not there, nor anywhere else in that flame-swept section of a world gone satanic. Why, the cross itself was shrapnel-bruised!

The Spad bumped in, lurched over the uneven ground, and halted. They were down for the last time —Frank and the bullet-belching steed that had cost their enemies one and a half million dollars in balloons and an unnamable sum in shattered morale!

GERMAN troops appeared at a fringe of trees bordering the town as Frank slid painfully from the cockpit and started a faltering course for the stream. Something gray bobbed out there in the middle—

A mesquite stump in a stream and a group of shouting men beyond it. Where had he seen that before? Bill Elder. Good old Bill!

"Hold it, Bill, I'm—"

No, it wasn't Bill. Just a dead Hun, face down in the shallow water. Dead—dead as hell. But those men at the far side? They were alive enough. He could hear them shouting:

"Kamerad! Kamerad!"

Kamerad, hell! They shot Joe Wehner down in flames over Labeuville, damn them! He turned back to the Spad, jerking at his automatic. Crouched over the gun, he pushed down the thumb safety and pulled the trigger. The flat crack and the kick of it in his weakened hand was heartening, and he fired again.

Again and again and again he squeezed the trigger, using tiny spots of flame in the fringe of trees for targets. Then the darkness came. Frank wilted above the sagging .45, slid along the fuselage of the battered Spad, and stumbled to the ground—dead!

Thrilling accounts from French and German sources of Frank Luke's last fight, and how the medals came to him after death, conclude The Balloon Buster of Arizona in next week's Liberty.

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I Cure a Cold

Pictures by
REA IRVIN

I BELIEVE I have all the ills to which flesh is heir. At least, I have the symptoms.

Everybody Told Me How and Here's What Happened

An Article by

RICHARD CARROLL

(Reading time: 13 minutes 34 seconds.)

I AM a physical wreck.

No less than three doctors have given me up. Two weeks ago I lost my job. The staff could not stand my wheezing and gasping. My wife has threatened to leave me on the ground that she married a man and not a walking drug store. My friends no longer care to speak to me.

I believe I have all the ills to which flesh is heir. At least, I have the symptoms. I am one of the Four out of Five. I have the complaint which my best friends won't mention. None sit next me at dinner. Altogether, I feel I am not long for this world.

Six months ago I was a healthy human being, loved by my wife, respected by my enemies, and admired by my friends. I was considered a splendid specimen of a man. My cheeks were ruddy with the red blood of vigor. My eyes were bright, my step elastic, my carriage jaunty. I was an athlete.

Since early youth I had exercised regularly and intelligently. I did not do so with the thought of bulging muscles uppermost in my mind. I had not the hidden urge of the weak man to batter and bruise a stronger one. I exercised for the love of it.

Health with me was not a fad. It was not an end in itself. If in the pursuit of various games I managed to build muscle, I felt the same about it as the diner in a restaurant who finds the management has thrown in pie as an extra dish, free, with the compliments of the house. It was nice, but not essential.

I did not let up on the ordinary dissipations of a young man. If a cold winter morning found me bounding around a snow-covered roof scantily clothed and frantically pursuing an elusive handball, that same morning had found me smoking three or four or more cigarettes before getting out of bed. I missed few parties, refused no drinks, and staggered home with the best of them.

Yet in the five months immediately preceding this narration I have drunk no liquor, smoked no tobacco, gone early to bed, and drifted swiftly toward the grave.

To explain:

On the morning of October 22, while sitting down to breakfast, violently and in succession I sneezed three times. From that moment I date all my troubles.

My mother-in-law, who makes our home with her, looked quickly up at me from her seat across the table. In her eyes flashed the light of coming conquest, for all the world like a reformer who has found his ideal sinner. Her voice was exultant when she spoke:

"You have caught a cold. I always use calomel. I will get some right away."

She had not left the room when my wife spoke:

"You must be careful, dear. Colds can easily become something worse. I'll get some aspirin. That will stop it before it gets worse. The time to kill a cold is before it gets well started."

My wife went after the aspirin. My mother-in-law returned with the calomel. My father-in-law, who also lives with my wife's mother in our home, chimed in:

"Calomel isn't much good unless you take quinine with it. I'll get some quinine. That'll do the job."

I took the calomel, the quinine, the aspirin. I began to realize that I had, indeed, a sure case of cold. Perhaps it was the beginning of influenza. My mother-in-law hinted as much.

Our maid, who does not understand English very well, saw the various medicines and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

That Extra 20 lbs.
Watch It Disappear

This is to men and women who weigh an extra twenty pounds or more. It mars your beauty, quells your vivacity, threatens your health. You owe to yourself the removal of that excess, as people all around you now are doing.

Not by abnormal exercise or diet. That is too hard and too long, and sometimes too risky. You have probably tried those methods. Now try the modern way.

Twenty years ago scientific men discovered, by long research, a cause of excess fat. And they found a way to remedy that cause. They proved it first by thousands of experiments on animals, then on human beings.

When effects were proved, the factors were embodied in Marmola Prescription Tablets, now used for two decades. Many people used them and watched the results, then told those results to others.

Thus the use has grown until Marmola has attained an enormous sale.

Wherever you look today you can see how excess fat has disappeared in late years. Slenderness prevails. You must realize that people are employing a more efficient help.

The use of Marmola requires no starvation, no overexercise. But moderation helps. Simply take four tablets daily until the weight comes down to normal. Then stop, unless a later gain suggests some further use.

The complete formula of Marmola comes in every box. Also an explanation of all good results that come. This is done to banish for you any fear of harm.

Go start Marmola now. Order a box before you forget it. Watch the results, not only in reduction but in new health and vitality. Weigh yourself every week. You will be amazed and delighted, we believe. Your whole life may be changed.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. Any druggist who is out will get them from his jobber for you.

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THROW away messy, old-time, "crude dyes." They are dangerous and noticeable. Call back natural shade by clear, colorless liquid combed through hair, called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. Does not wash off. Leaves hair live looking and lustrous. Keeps easy to curl. May apply only to gray and fading parts.

Test free or get bottle at drug store. Few cents' worth gives complete restoration. Money back if not amazed.

1 You try it first on a single lock of your hair to see what it does. Thus have no fear of results.

2 Then simply comb this water-like liquid through your hair. *Clean . . . Safe.* Takes only 7 or 8 minutes.

3 Arrange hair and watch color gradually creep back. Restoration will be perfect and complete.

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Check color: Black.....dark brown.....
medium brown.....auburn (dark red).....
light brown ..... light auburn .....
blonde.....[Print name]

Name.....
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[I CURE A COLD Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

guessed the trouble. She cautioned me in French:

"Do not run for your train this morning, sir. You'll get overheated and that will be very bad for you."

I walked slowly to the station, much against my will, I admit, for the morning was raw and the wind, bringing a cold rain with it, cut through me. I had the satisfaction of seeing my train pull out as I arrived. The next train would not be along for twenty minutes. I walked slowly up and down the wind-swept platform. My cold was getting worse.

At last I was on my way to the office, half an hour late. I resolved to forget my troubles in my morning newspaper. It was not to be. My name was called. A slap on the back that almost knocked me from my seat. My old friend Bill Anton. He looked at me quizzically.

"What's the matter, Dick? Don't look up to scratch."

I told him. He flopped into the seat beside me.

"You're in luck. Had a cold myself last week. Friend of mine up in Hartford gave me some stuff for it. Say, it's a wonder! I'll say you're in luck. Got 'em right here with me."

He took a small box from his pocket, rolled out three or four pinkish pills, and handed them to me.

"Swallow them just as they are. You don't need any water. They'll fix you up great. Cured me in two or three days."

I gulped the pills and sank hopefully into my seat. The ache that at the station had seemed to settle in my head now spread to my stomach. There was no doubt about my having a real, man-sized cold.

THAT morning I passed up the gymnasium and went straight to the office. I was too sick to exercise.

The office knew without my telling that I was a sick man. Quigley, the chief clerk, shook his head. He didn't like the looks of me. Should be home in bed. He knew what it was to have the grippe. He came up to me.

"Goin' to have lunch today, I suppose, same as usual. Better not. Worst thing in the world for a cold. Take a tip from me. Drink water all you can, but don't touch food. That's the water cure. It never fails. Always fixes me up."

Quigley brought me a large glass of cold water, which I drank. I promised him I would forgo luncheon. He left me to go back to his work perfectly satisfied.

I tried to forget myself in deep attention to business. Something was wrong with me. I could not concentrate. I tried dictating letters. Miss Wall, my stenographer, sought to help me:

"If you don't mind my saying so, Mr. Buxton, but you aren't doing the right thing for your cold. My brother John always cures his almost as soon as he catches one. It never fails, he says, and I know it's true."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HIDDEN GOLD — *in your hair too!*

Re-discover it, tonight, in one shampooing!

A treasure hunt — in your hair! Hidden there is something precious—loveliness undreamed of; a sparkling radiance that is *YOUTH!*—key to popularity, romance, happiness! You can revive this charm, tonight, with Golden Glint! Rich, generous lather cleanses each hair. You rinse—remove all trace of soap. Your hair appears shades lighter. Then you apply the *extra touch*—the "plus" that makes this shampoo *different!* Instantly—new gloss—new finish! All trace of dullness gone! Millions use regularly! Nothing to bleach or change natural color of your hair. Just a wonderful shampoo—*plus!* At your favorite dealers', or if not, send 25 cents to J. W. Kobi Co., Dept. C, 613 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Washington. Money back if not delighted!

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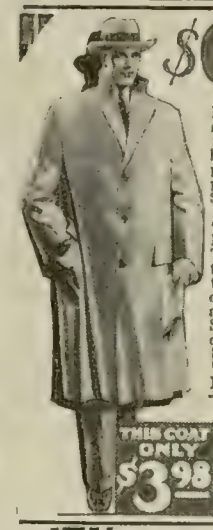

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTY]

"What does he do, Miss Wall?"

"Goes for a run around the reservoir. He doesn't care how bad the weather is—he goes. It always cures him. He says he sweats it out."

I could not work, that was certain. There was nothing I could put my mind to. I decided to try John's remedy. Took the subway uptown and, burdened with my winter overcoat, trotted dutifully around the thirty acres of reservoir.

John was right. I managed to get up a beautiful sweat before I had completed half a lap. When I had finally dragged my weary legs back to the drafty subway I realized more fully than ever what a sick man I was.

THE guard on the train saw me huddled in the corner. Being a genial soul and not having many passengers at that time of day, he sat down beside me.

"Got a cold, buddy?"

"Influenza," I said, now sure of it.

"Nothing to worry about, kid. That ain't serious. Had it myself, lots of times. Say, you ain't treatin' it right, though. What y' doin' with all them clothes on? Say! Moment y' take them off—and y' got to take 'em off sometime, ain't y'?—moment y' take them off y' get more cold. That's what all y' guys do. Bundle up till y' got to take somethin' off and get a cold. Me? I never wear an overcoat. Take a tip from me, buddy, take off some of the wrappin's afore y' get worse cold than you are."

MY wife has threatened to leave me on the ground that she married a man and not a walking drug store.

I took off my greatcoat against my better judgment. It was cold in the train. But I had the guard's hearty approval to compensate me. At my destination I decided that influenza was the least thing I had. I turned grave thoughts toward pneumonia.

At the office I found that the Chief wanted to see me. I went

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Eat what you please
Wear what you please
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Take no risky medicine

Send the coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the natural mineral salts that makes it as effective as are the waters of the hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well groomed men.

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You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration, forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

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Fayro reduces weight generally, but you can also concentrate its effect on abdomen, hips, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

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Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

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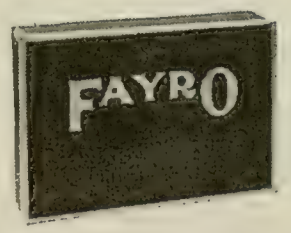
For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and names and addresses will be given on request.



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Does your neck match your face?

Sometimes the skin on a woman's neck looks either older . . . or coarser . . . or darker than her face.

So that this, too, will be made lovely to go with the face, here's what you can do: Wash your neck and shoulders with a good soap and warm water. Use a soft cloth in washing and be sure to rinse off all the soap. Dry with a soft towel and smooth a thin coating of Ingram's Milkweed Cream over the entire neck and shoulders. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth, using an upward motion.

Right now, before it is too late, begin giving your neck and shoulders constant care. Ingram's Milkweed Cream applied in your own home as we show you how, is all you need. Thousands of beautiful women—social leaders, stage beauties, screen stars—write us that Ingram's Milkweed Cream is the only cream they have used for ten—twenty years or more.

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THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR

Send us your name and address for FREE purse-size package of this remarkable new rouge—Ingram's American Blush, and interesting booklet on The Art of Rouging

[I CURE A COLD Continued from Page Eighty-one]

in. He noted at once my dejected appearance. I sniffled audibly. Coughed once or twice.

"Got a cold, haven't you, Dick?"

I told him I thought I had something much worse. He laughed at me.

"Forget it and come out to lunch with me. Starve a fever and feed a cold, that's the right dope. Always works. Come along and eat till you can't eat any more. The treat's on me this time. You'll be hotsy-totsy tomorrow."

BEYOND this point in that fateful day events grow rather hazy. I have a dim recollection of coming back to the office, of receiving, and taking, the advice of several of my fellow workers, and of a succession of pills and medicines and opiates. Hazier still is my recollection of an ambulance call about five in the afternoon and my removal to a near-by hospital. I heard the whispers of the internes: "Bad case of double pneumonia."

At the hospital, surrounded by nurses and doctors, I regained consciousness for a brief moment to find a stranger bent over me. I heard him speak:

"Colds, grippe, influenza, pneumonia, and kindred diseases can all be traced to the digestive organs. Cure digestion and you cure the resultant ills. The man who exercises regularly and whose digestion—"

Slowly I raised myself from the

Altogether, I feel I am not long for this world.

covers, painfully I felt the floor under my tottering feet. Stood up. The form of the speaker blurred in front of me.

Then, with superhuman strength, I sprang at him. My clenched fist shot for his chin, connected. He went down and out. It was my last vigorous act. They strapped me to the bed, raving mad.

THE END

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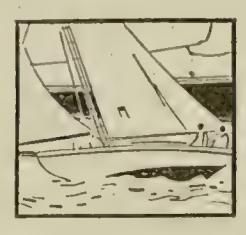

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SMART Costumes for EARLY SPRING

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

THE sweater functions today in the same capacity as the odd shirt waist. That is to say, it probably isn't really a sweater, or odd, or a shirt waist, but is made to appear to be all three.

As in the '90s women went round in a separate skirt and shirt waist, so one gives the impression of being thus dressed when wearing the sweater-and-skirt model shown here. However, it is but practicing the tricky device of today in which a style simulates something it is not, and in this case the costume is a one-piece dress.

The very smart feature about the frock is that the sweater part is knitted especially for you—thus contributing the individual and personal note which it is desirable for all costumes to carry today.

In connection with the sweater, one leaves one's order, and eventually (next season, maybe, if it is in Paris one leaves it) the goods, with fine luck, may be delivered. But this is jesting. Of course one gets them and they—or it, if one has ordered a single sweater—is lovely. In just your color. In just your long or your short lines. In just your coarse stitch, becoming to your athletic build, or perhaps in the fine weave appropriate to your languorousness and fragility.

Best of all, it has your monogram knitted somewhere into it, thus stamping the garment as your individual own and connecting it up with this new idea of getting some personality into your things.

It supports very definitely the old principle, dear to us, of having something different from everything anyone else owns, instead of the newer modern rage for clothes that have more than once been called uniforms by onlookers of the male sex.

This dress is very nice indeed in that, while accomplishing individuality, it keeps the athletic feeling which we cherish and which is appropriate to our times. The sweater further attains personality by being knitted on a yoke.

The costume is always in two tones of one color, and is finished at the throat with a little knot or bow. This sweater is in two shades of green and is worn with a chartreuse crepella skirt.

Sometimes I have been sorry I ever mentioned that plaits might possibly one day go out of style. The questions by letter, by telephone—I was going to say by telegraph—that have come to ask if this was really true, and how far along the path which leads to oblivion they had been unjustly banished!

Never has a style been more popular than the one for plaits in skirts. We seem really afraid something might be put over on us, as things have been before, in the way of easing favorite fashions from us when we are, so to speak, off our guard and unaware.

The low waistline was removed from us when we in our guilelessness allowed the belt to be raised an inch at a time. In fact, we even more innocently allowed two belts, one at a much higher elevation, to be installed on the same garment. Before we knew it, a similar costume was presented to us from which the lower belt had been withdrawn.

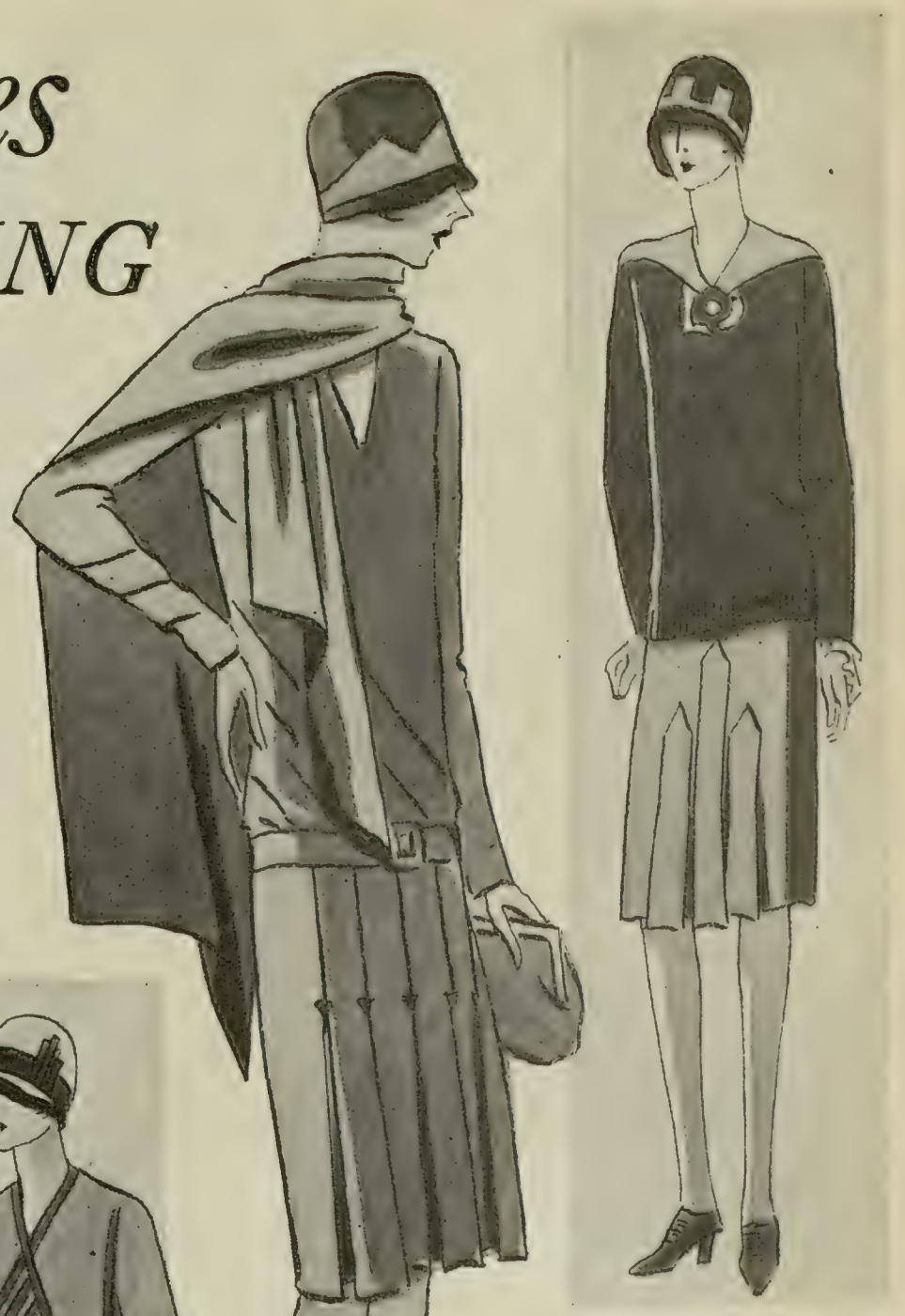
Straight lines are at the moment being wheedled away from us as we gayly accept the nipped-in waistline, presumably as a little *jeu d'esprit* and for one occasion only—as a relief and all that sort of thing.

In this same fashion era, but with what appears to be a greater sophistication than displayed previously, we are taking note of fashion signs and omens, and seem determined not to let plaits get away from us, at least not without knowing exactly what is happening as it goes on.

Here, then, is the situation. As long ago as last autumn in Paris, I noticed that there were efforts on the part of fashion makers to shelve plaits.

They haven't got much farther now than they were then, and this is how far that is: The skirt made up of a straight back and a plaited front has a rival, or indeed has almost a substitute, in one with a plain back and a front that is gored.

As for the rest, other kinds of plaited skirts (judging by spring models and the avidity with which they are accepted) seem no less popular than ever. They are arriving by every boat, for home consumption, packed in great boxes in the holds of the steamers, and in small, chic trunks in staterooms.



A one-piece dress composed of a green sweater and chartreuse crepella skirt.

Very chic is the one-piece frock in black satin with the attached cape; (right) a frock of djersa in two tones—cocoa and a shade slightly darker.

This dress is of putty wool georgette; the scarf is of the same material in green.

The dress with a long scarf-cape shows one variation of this old tucked skirt coming in now. The model with the shoulder cape shows a form of the new skirt with gores or flaring godets in front.

Scores of other skirts are tucked in clusters low round the bottom, say eight or ten inches from the edge. One tuck will be a continuation of the seam on each side of the front and back, and each will be flanked with other seams on either side, making clusters.

The two dresses discussed are less notable for their skirts than for their capes. The one with the tucks carries a cape that isn't a cape at all, but a scarf masquerading under the cape idea, as we have mentioned recently was fashionable. The dress is of putty wool georgette, and the cape of a popular shade of light, gay green.

IN summarizing recently the articles of apparel that a cape can simulate or perch on, we neglected to mention a dress. Yet here is a frock on which one appears. A very new and pretty frock indeed—in black satin carrying three important fashion items, which, besides the cape, are the skirt with its front flare, and the little standing collar. Such a dress would clothe one very smartly indeed.

The djersa dress has an unusually chic skirt, trimmed with long, diagonal strips of the material, crossed along the front of it, as if representing a section of a huge Scotch plaid. It is a one-piece dress in two tones of beige-colored light-weight wool.

This Cheruit black broadcloth coat, with tiers and without fur, has sleeves that help to make it distinctive.

The fox-trimmed coat has an important rôle in Fashion's serial. The Paquin coat (center) is of beige wool and beige fox. Jeanne Lanvin presents the furless coat (at right) of black and white kasha bure, with unusual sleeves.

A green-toned checked woolen knockabout coat, with a collar of straw-colored skunk and a belt of green leather.

Coats Must Suggest YOUTH Says Paris

By

BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, February 19.

THE tale of the smart coat this spring is something like those short-story serials, each brief tale complete in itself, and all of them woven around one central fascinating character. There will be short coats, long coats, three-quarter- and seven-eighth-length coats. There will be coats that flare, and coats that hew to a straight line. Coat sleeves will be simple tubes and they will also flare. Some of them will curve as the half-moon does.

Fur-bearing coats will be smart, and equally smart will be the hairless coat of some chic woolen material. Some will have patch pockets and others will be pocketless.

However, with all these variations of plot, each coat will have a dominating character as its *raison d'être* in the fashion picture. This will be Fashion's heroine, known as Youthful Silhouette.

To be smart you must be youthfully costumed, and to be thus attired, follow fashion and avoid extremes. As an example, the hemline has found its golden mean of moderation. Too short skirts do not produce a youthful silhouette. Neither do skirts overly long. The broken hemline does, with its partly short, partly long line. It adds to youth and grace, and this is the great idea behind all fashions for spring.

Paris experimented with the uneven hemline for coats and found it impractical. Therefore the coat incorporates the fashionable duo of youth and grace by other means, a number of which I have enumerated above. Some of the new coats have waistlines accentuated by molded lines and by belts. Others have not. A waistline thus marked is suitable for the tall and slender, and in general it is used on the coat-about-town and the sports and travel coat.

Coats for more formal occasions are very often beltless and cut in the wrap-around manner, that most graceful of all coat lines. This closing is also used on very simple coats for town.

Finally the choice is up to the individual woman. If purse and figure are happily adjusted to permit, she may have a coat of smart cut. If not, she may select the coat, or coats, best suited to create for her the golden mean which is supreme chic.

The coat without fur is one of the new items of spring chic in Paris. Jeanne Lanvin has created a new type of furless coat for spring, which is illustrated in our center sketch. This coat, which combines two tones of the same woolen, Rodier's kasha bure, has the half-moon sleeve, a very smart detail, and a logical development of the rayed-flare Lanvin sleeve shown in LIBERTY, October 8.

This coat is a much modified wrap-around in black kasha bure, with collar, revers, and bands of white kasha bure. The white material is inset on the coat front and sleeves in flame-shaped pieces from the edging band. The sleeves have black bone buttons on the black tabs that extend from elbow to wrist.

Another fashionable coat of practically the same scope is the Cheruit model shown in the left panel. This coat is made of lightweight black broadcloth, and it also is of the furless variety. Tiers, which are a leading characteristic of the spring, 1928, Youthful Silhouette, are the details that give character to this coat.

It is straight in cut, with a wrap-around closing, and has five tiers across the back from the underarm seams. These tiers are very flat, but they break up the rigidity of the straight line sufficiently to make the silhouette very graceful indeed. The sleeves are made flaring by three tiers, and the dull blue kasha lining of the coat shows on the revers of the standing collar.

Where fur is used to trim the spring coat, it will be applied lavishly, and will in most cases be the de luxe and delicate fox. Paquin, the great Rue de la Paix couturier, is again making this particular wrap his leading character in the clothes romance of his house. The extravagant band of beige fox on the coat pictured here is arranged in an undulating line, extending from the right side of the hemline up the crossed closing, and around the neck, ending on the left side.

FOR spring the practical coat is very often made of some kind of *fantaisie* woolen. Our fourth sketch shows the newest silhouette for this type of coat, made of checked wool in several tones of green, from Bernard et Cie. The upper silhouette is slightly molded, following the lines of the body, and the lower silhouette is flared. The closing is buttoned on the left side with green bone buttons. The collar is made of bleached skunk, which is straw-colored.

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1 egg	*⅛ teaspoon paprika*
2 tablespoons sugar	*¼ cup vinegar*
1½ teaspoons salt	*¾ cup Mazola*
2 teaspoons dry mustard	*1 cup water*

4 tablespoons Argo Cornstarch

(All measurements should be level)

PUT egg, sugar, seasoning, vinegar and Mazola in mixing bowl, but DO NOT STIR. Make a paste by mixing the Argo Cornstarch with ½ cup water, add additional ½ cup water and cook over slow fire, stirring constantly until it boils and clears up.

Add hot cornstarch mixture to ingredients in mixing bowl and beat briskly with Dover egg beater. Cool before serving.

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Making GELATIN Dishes Attractive

By ETHEL SOMERS

ELABORATE jellies may be made up from either flavored or unflavored gelatins. Complete directions for the latter, including aspics, were given in LIBERTY for February 18. Flavored gelatin preparations are, however, simpler to use. After adding a measured quantity of boiling water, according to directions on the package, and stirring until completely dissolved, the gelatin is left to set. If the jelly is to consist of varicolored layers, chill one layer quickly in the lower part of the refrigerator or set the mold in an ice-and-salt jacket. Pour in a second *partially cooled* layer after the first is congealed, the third after the second is chilled, and so on.

When arranging designs within the layers, first pour a thin layer of the gelatin in the bottom of the mold. When this layer has begun to congeal, any sort of design may be worked out on it with fruits or vegetables. Remember, it must be arranged upside down; for what is now the bottom of the pan will be the top of the mold.

When the design has become firmly set, pour in the gelatin mixture to cover. If this is poured in too soon, the fruit or vegetables used in the pattern will loosen and float to the top of the gelatin. Firmly affix the pattern before proceeding with the next layer. When pouring in the last layer, fill the mold to the very top to prevent cracking the jelly by falling when it is loosened from the mold.

To decorate the sides of the mold, unmold the chilled gelatin by covering the pan with a cloth wrung out of hot water while it is inverted on the cold service plate. The designs to be affixed are dipped, one at a time, in and out of some of the gelatin which is just starting to congeal. Place at once against the chilled mold and hold until it is firmly set.

To release the chilled gelatin, cover the bottom of the pan with a cloth wrung out of hot water.

When arranging designs in the gelatin, be sure to fill the mold to the very brim, to prevent breaking the jelly when it is unmolded.

Old Erin may be honored with a sparkling jelly of green mint.

Suggestions for Decorative Gelatins

Lemon gelatin, marinated flaked fish, cold boiled potato balls previously cooked in beef stock or water to which a bouillon cube has been added. This is especially effective if the potato balls are molded in a large central base, the fish molded in a somewhat smaller tier on top, and a palisade of asparagus tips molded in place on top. Garnish with pimento and sieved hard-cooked egg yolks. This makes a very effective aspic salad display.

Lemon gelatin, 1 cup fancy cut marinated cooked carrots, 1 cup small potato balls previously cooked in bouillon or fish stock, 1 cup peas, 1 cup wax or string beans, 1 cup shrimps, hard-cooked egg. Mold the shrimps about the edge alternately with slices of hard-cooked egg.

Lemon gelatin, hard-cooked eggs to garnish, 2 cups string beans or asparagus tips, 2 cups cooked peas, 2 thick slices of salmon marinated and flaked, capers. Mold the eggs and peas in a border around the fish. Arrange the beans or asparagus in a palisade.

Lemon gelatin, a slice of halibut left whole or flaked molded in the base, 3 cups of cooked peas molded next, sliced hard-boiled eggs and pickled beets molded next. Decorate with stuffed olives.

Clarified chicken or white-stock aspic, in which is molded parboiled cooled oysters drained and dipped in mayonnaise until coated, before molding in the chicken aspic. These are most attractive arranged overlapping one another in circles. Garnish with stuffed olives, celery, or pickles around the sides or edges. Variety may be obtained by adding celery with the oysters to the chicken aspic, or by using sweetbreads and cucumbers instead.

Lemon gelatin, prepared in a border mold and decorated with eggs, green pepper, celery, or tomato slices, may be used as a base for the salad, and the center filled with any appropriate salad mixture. Further variety may be obtained in serving individual aspic molds on thick slices of tomato and garnishing with mayonnaise.

Lemon or tomato gelatin, 1½ cups cucumber, pimento if desired; for use as a border mold for fish salads or as individual molds.

Lemon gelatin, 2 cups flaked salmon previously marinated, parsley, sliced olives, molded individually and served with cucumber and mayonnaise.

Lemon or orange gelatin, 2 cups cold diced fish previously marinated, ½ cup marinated celery or shredded cabbage, ½ cup cucumbers fringed, sliced, and marinated, ½ cup apple or pear, diced.

Lemon gelatin, 2 cups crushed pineapple, 1 cup grated American cheese. If desired, 1 cup cream whipped, folded in when the mixture begins to stiffen. Serve with celery and mayonnaise seasoned with onion juice, and garnish with green peppers.

Orange or pineapple gelatin, ¾ to 1 cup grated yellow American cheese folded in as the mixture begins to stiffen after cooling. 1 cup whipped cream may be folded in. This is particularly nice molded in a border mold and the center piled with pears dressed with French dressing or individually molded and placed in the hollow of a marinated half pear, either Bartlett or alligator. The edge of the cheese mold may be decorated by dipping halved strawberries in the lemon jelly and attaching them to the mold.

Ginger-Fruit Salad

1 package lemon gelatin
½ cup boiling water
1⅓ cups ginger ale
¼ cup diced apples
⅓ cup celery, sliced
3 slices canned pineapple cut in small pieces
⅛ cup chopped nut meats, if desired
¼ cup chopped crystallized ginger, if desired

ADD boiling water to lemon gelatin. Stir until entirely dissolved. Add ginger ale. Chill in decorated layers, affixing the ginger, nuts, pineapple, celery, and apple in designs, using a large mold or individual ones. Chill until firm. Decorate with celery and unpeeled apple slices for borders. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves with mayonnaise.

Jellied Tuna Fish

½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon mustard
¼ teaspoon paprika
1 egg
1 tablespoon melted butter
¾ cup water
¼ cup lemon juice
1 tablespoon granulated gelatin
¼ cup cold water
1 cup tuna fish
½ cup chopped celery
¼ cup pimento-stuffed olives

MAKE a salad dressing by mixing salt, mustard, and paprika, and stirring in egg and melted butter. Add the ¾ cup of water and lemon juice and heat over hot water. Add gelatin which has been softened in the ¼ cup of cold water. Mold attractively in individual or family-sized molds, with shredded tuna fish, celery, and sliced olives. Remove from molds to nests of lettuce leaves and garnish with celery tips. Serve with mayonnaise.

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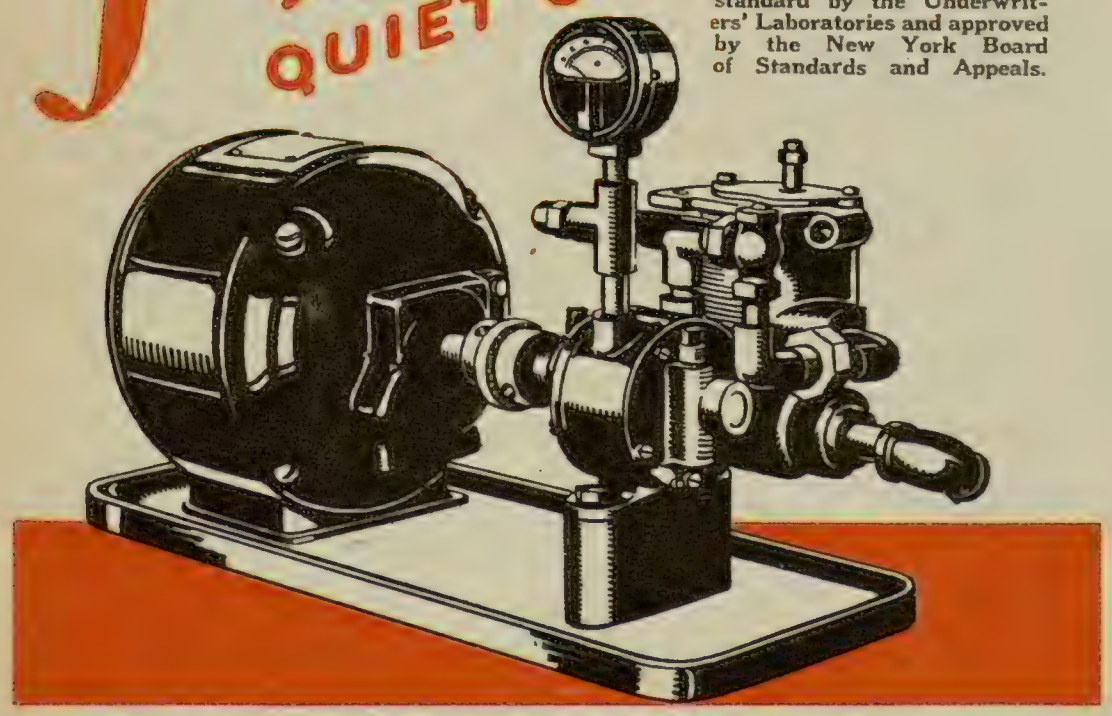


On *the* Dotted Line

Sandy Finds the Dollar Sign in High Finance

A Great Little Chapter in LIBERTY'S Cover Continuity

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By LESLIE THRASHER

LUXURY of luxuries! A footstool, the morning paper telling the news from its braced-up position against the water decanter. Sandy's 9 A. M. six-course breakfast at the firm's expense! An iced grapefruit, sprinkled with cherries. The hum of street traffic outside the window.

"Omelet with chicken livers," a scrawny waiter beamed. He had an up-all-night expression. Lifting a great silver dome, he arranged some parsley sprigs artistically on the summit of a queer-shaped fried potato. Then he poured out a graceful black stream of the customary morning stimulant, adding a voluble conversational stream until the coffee hesitated at the brim of Sandy's cup:

"Nice day, but the papers say it'll rain by noon. Big fire on Church Street. A rotisserie. Only thing that didn't burn was the cigar stand. They say the fried chickens are all over the place. One or two?"

"Two," Sandy said, watching the man's graceful (?) pose with the sugar tongs. Then he watched the little bubbles from the sugar hop up and down in his cup.

"Ho, ho, ho, ho!" Sandy mumbled to himself. He reread a cartoon strip, and then cut it out for Lil, although he doubted if she would get the point of the joke. What with omelet and chicken livers, a large coffee pot at his elbow, and two real roses on the table, he felt quite impressive. Scanning the dining room, he realized that it was filled with other successful business men—and he looked at his watch. Thirty-five minutes to consume his expensive breakfast.

It wouldn't be long now! Ten o'clock would see him in Mr. John Henry's private office, niftily worded contract spread alluringly under his nose, and perhaps smoking one of Mr. John Henry's favorite brand. Not to mention perhaps having a little sip of—

But Sandy's "perhapses" suddenly took a detour:

"Mr. Jenkins! Telegram for Mr. Jenkins! Mr. Jenkins!"

"Here, here, here!" Sandy half whispered, turning red at such breakfast-room publicity. Murder! Could it be from Mr. Henry? No, being collect, he suspected it was from Lil. So his heart leaped as he slit the envelope:

GOOD LUCK LOVE AS ALWAYS LIL

At quarter to ten, with his wife's sixty-cent message as talisman, he went whistling up the street. Would Mr. Henry sign that contract—the contract that would put Lil on Easy Street? He'd never been so near to success before.

"And perfect distribution of your hides," he was rehearsing his sales talk under his breath in the elevator, "means a network of four-wheeled servants—I mean my firm's trucks—carrying your skins—"

"Roof?" the operator asked.

"No," Sandy replied. "Thirteenth floor." And he got off on the down trip.

Looking back on the morning's experience, it was like a movie: The brunette receptionist's tooth-paste-ad smile, jovial John Henry—whose horse had won at a race track the day before—the tearing up of Sandy's competitors' advertising literature, the signing of the contract!

"Success!" Sandy told himself, watching the great Leather King wield his pen. "Spelled with a dollar sign!"

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A Young Epicure

Little Jane looked up from her saucer of ice-cream.

"Mother, am I going to have a second helping?"

Mother, looking at her small daughter's full saucer, said:

"Why ask that, dear, when you have not finished your first?"

Jane answered:

"I just wanted to know whether to go slow or fast."—M. C. Loog, 6034 Magazine St., New Orleans, La.

What Else Could She Expect?

Our pet dog had become somewhat of a nuisance and we had decided to give him to one of our neighbors.

We have changed our mind, however, due to the fact that I found my daughter Eleanor on the porch, with both arms around the dog's neck, and heard her say:

"Poor Don, don't cry; I s'pose they will give me away next."—John F. Jacobson, 3017 Edgwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

A CITY and a SILENCE

Exploring the Heart of Old Brazil

An Article by

RUDYARD KIPLING

Brazilian Sketches

England is a cosy little country,
Excepting for the draughts along the floor.
And that is why you're told,
When the passages are cold:
"Darling, you've forgot to shut the Door!"

The Awful East Wind blows it—
Pussy on the Hearthrug shows it,
Aunty at the Writing-table knows it—
"Darling, you've forgot to shut the Door!"

Shut—shut—shut the Door, my darling!
Always shut the Door behind you, but
You can go when you are old,
Where there isn't any cold—
So there isn't any Door that needs be shut!
And—
The deep Verandah shows it—
The pale Magnolia knows it—
And the bold, white Trumpet-flower blows it:—
There isn't any Door that need be shut!

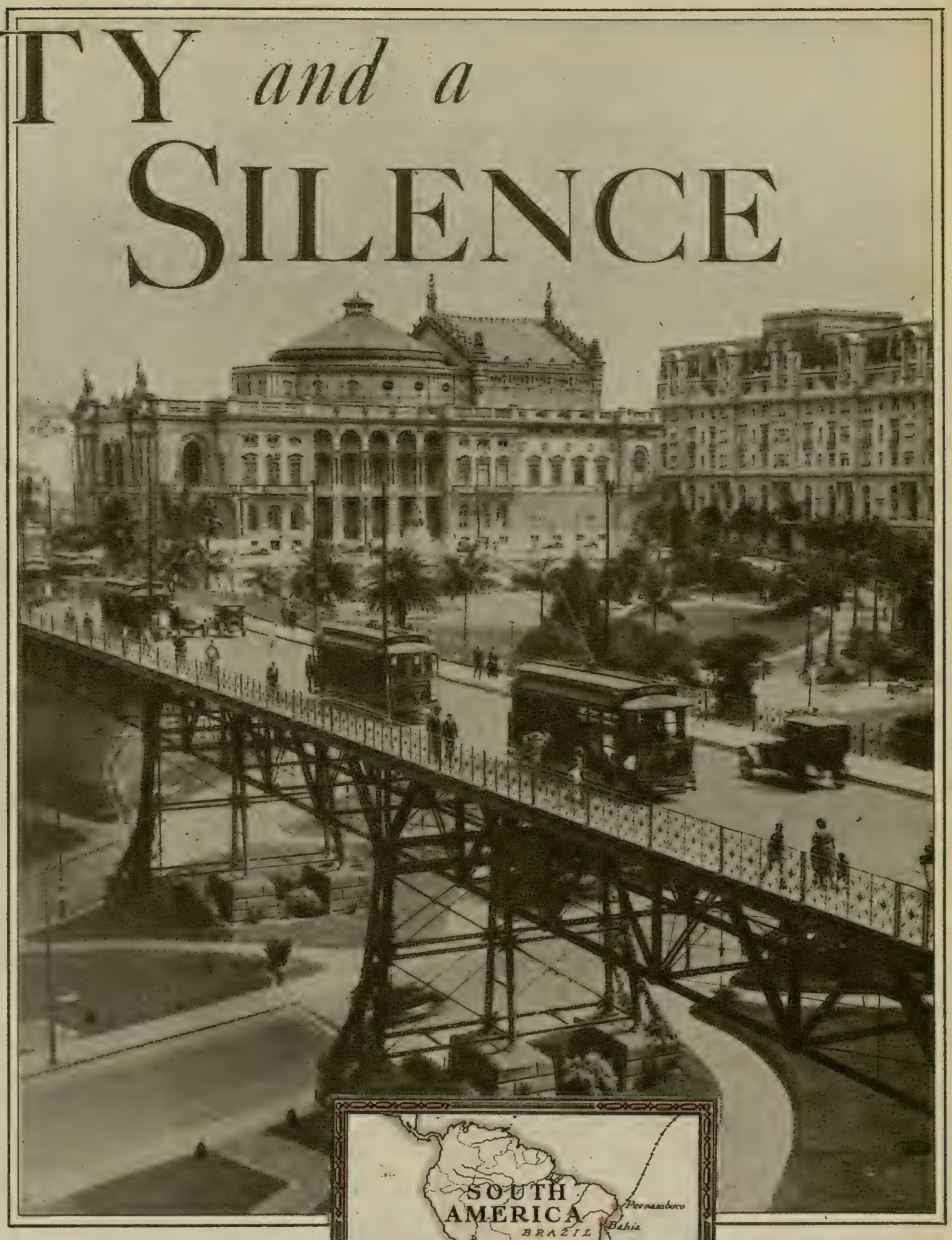
The piping Tree-toad knows it—
The midnight Firefly shows it—
And the Beams of the Moon disclose it:—
There isn't any Door that need be shut!

The milky Beaches know it—
The silky Breezes blow it—
And the Shafts of the Sun-rise show it:—
There isn't any Door that need be shut!

(Copyright, 1928, by Rudyard Kipling in the U. S. A.)

(Reading time: 12 minutes 30 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the sixth article of Rudyard Kipling's series: Brazilian Sketches.]



A park in San Paulo (São Paulo), Brazil.

© Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

(Left) Loading coffee at Santos, port of San Paulo.

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THERE is a scandalous legend, beloved by her rivals, that the City of San Paulo stands where she does because she was the first halt where travellers could shake and dry themselves after coming through the dripping cloud-belt on the coast. They were a turbulent and exploratory breed in those days, and scattered far and wide in search of slaves, minerals, and every sort of death.

When they became aware of their own virtues, which was quite early, they dubbed themselves Paulistas, and looked down on the rest of the world. At present they merely claim to lead the country in mind and material, and talk about Brazil rather as Birmingham, Manchester, and similar hamlets talk about England. What is much worse, they back their words by their deeds.

One reaches the City by car across open country laid out for development leagues before one lifts the grey and cream outlines of, as it were, several immense Madrids breaking half the horizon. One understands without being told that here is a metropolis. Transport needs made it originally, and it stood still awhile as a sort of easy-going out span and distributing centre, and had a joyous private history of its own.

Then came Coffee, who is King of these parts, and San Paulo swelled to a city, and offered the planters the delight of "life." Next, tentatively, manufactures began, and a great immigration of Latins; and, last, the War which, as supplies were cut off, forced Brazil to develop its own resources in earnest.

San Paulo took the lead here, and since then has swept on and on into the country, where there is no visible reason that it should stop. The gentle grades and rises round about are made for the builder; sand and brick-earth can be had everywhere; the course of the residential and manufacturing quarters was all planned

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

COFFEE is King of these parts.

[A CITY AND A SILENCE
Continued from Page Eighty-nine]

out long ago; the palaces of houses sit down in their blazing, perfumed gardens; the factories do not scrimp their acreage, nor the great railway that feeds them its sidings; nor the suburbs their playgrounds; and the Municipality has the largest views on the making of parks and promenades.

It takes a few acres of warm, moist earth, assorted palms, a handful of orchids, and any hothouse plants that are growing by the wayside, deals them out in front of a forty-mile view, adds a concrete platform or so, and, before ten years, the whole is a dream of languishing beauty. But civilised man, like the savage, must have his friends, enemies, and drinks all within easy palavering reach; so San Paulo's business-quarter is compacted round one lavish, palm-embroidered garden opposite the Municipal theatre and the Clubs, where it is periodically pulled down and built up more loftily. For the moment, the world believes that steel girders and stone facings mean some sort of magic.

The Clubs, who know better, have nothing whatever to learn in luxury, detail, and equipment from any quarter. They mix memories of Bombay and Calcutta with their own special arrangements, and (unless one wholly mistakes the atmosphere) have the large, easy acceptances of Johannesburg in the old days. One feels at San Paulo, as one used to feel on the Rand—that it makes no particular odds whether any member at a given time happens to be rich or poor; and that the community would not be an easy one to stampede into panic if a bottom dropped out of a market.

THE greatest of South Africans once observed—when a little war was knocking every stock out of sight—"I *do* like to see men sitting on top of their money instead of gibbering underneath it." San Paulo certainly gave the impression of sitting where it should—largely, easily, and contentedly. But it does not walk about more than it must.

Cars and lorries move everywhere, like electrons in the physics primers, across grids of trams; every tram decorated on each side with a frieze of agglutinated passengers. Traffic—most of the inner streets are one-way—is regulated by policemen with truncheons and note-books (this last a weakness of the Latin all the world over); by superior policemen with larger note-books and a fistful of reins, sitting on the wisest and stillest horses ever foaled; and super-policemen, with ledgers, I think, in charge of green and red light-towers.

Having done all this, they permit traffic to overtake on either side indifferently, and are astonished that the accident-rate does not go down. But, for steadying influences, you get the reactionary mule, and, in the suburbs, the occasional, wholly unimpassioned bullock-cart which even the lorry respects.

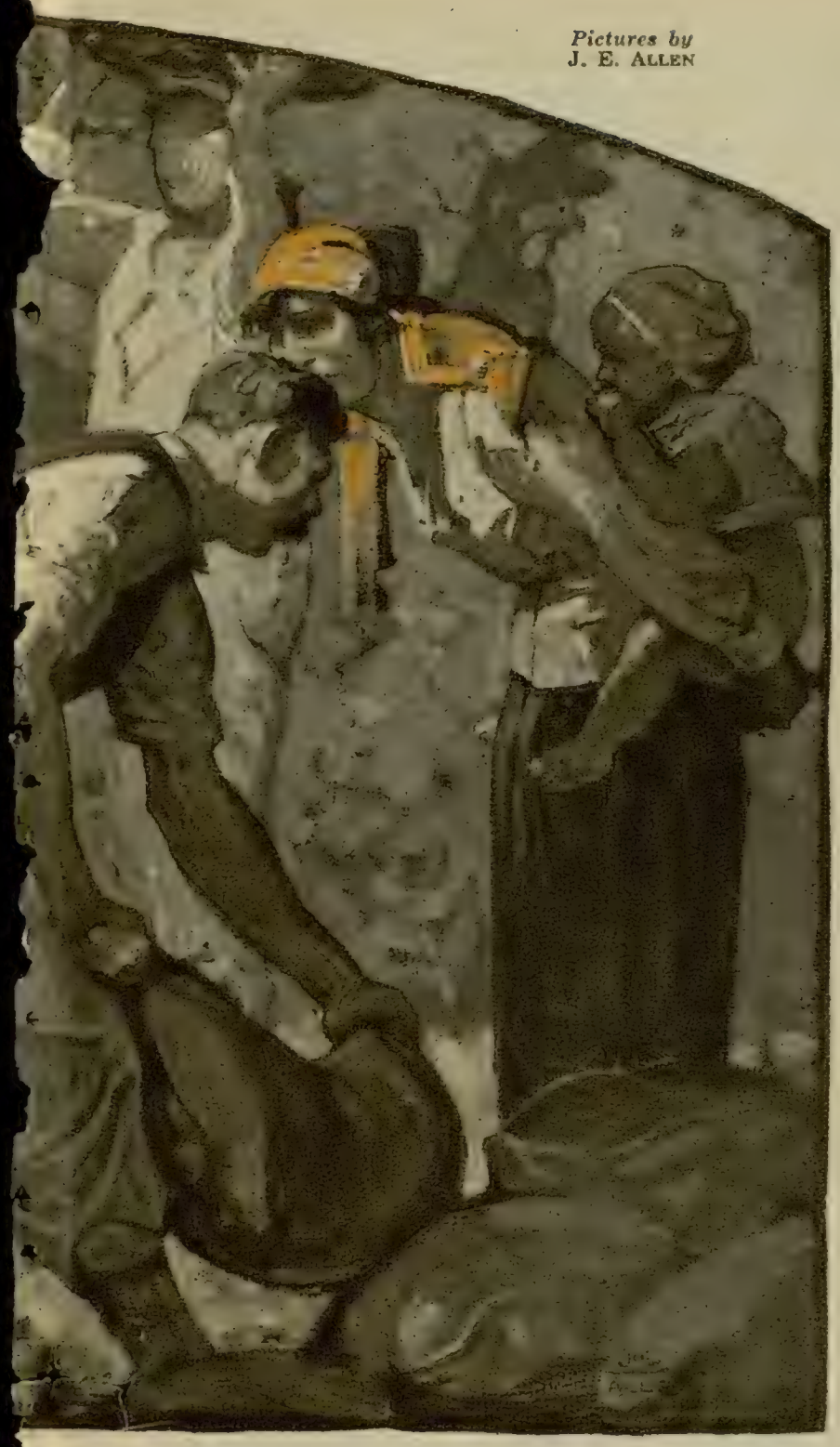
The enormous suburbs, growing day and night, begin with faultless paving and die out, five miles away, in ravines and gullies and sloughs of red earth. But, what would you have? Labour is needed for other things, and, in a great many places, even material is scarce. A road to be of any use here must be a couple of hundred miles long; and the weather will wrench and wash out every unprotected yard of it, as anyone who has met a six-inch deep torrent whirling down paved streets after an hour's gentle shower can see for himself.

The innumerable cars of the place do their best to combat the conditions. They have very high clearances; are gauged to the width of the tram-lines, which in the suburbs are often the only usable parts of the road; they give and sway like baskets; dive and hammer like tanks; and their horse-power allows them to shrug themselves out of a foot or so of red "gumbo" soil, and still survive. Otherwise, their entrances are bad and clumsily designed; they wear nickel-plated corsets in front and behind; their low-snouted, rustic hoods cramp the view, and they carry a raffle of oil-cloth curtains with talc windows which have to be dug out from beneath the seat and fixed on clips and studs like washing on a line. Their many-ironed, crinoline-like tops are practically fixtures; and their gears are almost as noisy as the advertisements that recommend them.

One realised these things on a trip from an up-country station to a coffee plantation—a small place of half a million bushes, whose headquarters were only four miles from everywhere. Here, man had visibly held down Nature. As far as the eye could reach, the evenly-spaced twelve-foot trees and their reddening berries covered the rolling downs. They blocked out every breath of air that might be stirring in the long straight rides, and seemed to mop up all sound. It was like burrowing through deep soft fur.

We saw nobody except one Italian woman—a dot at first, overtaken between parallel lines of brush produced to infinity. They told me the coffee trees are portioned out, so many thousand to each family, who, in their own time and by their own arrangements, keep them in order. This done, at the stated seasons, the people are free to cultivate land on their own, and to raise what stock suits them. There was a village of labourers somewhere near, but we saw and heard no trace in the dense covert and silence of it all.

THEN we came to silence more profound—the utter quiet of an old, low-roofed, deep-verandahed house, sitting with its hands folded among its lawns, terraces, bathing-ponds, statues and flaming-flowered trees. Yes, this was the heart of things—headquarters of Administration. The heart began to beat. Children's voices, startlingly distinct, lifted themselves from behind hedges and tinted walls, and there appeared a watchful cohort of infantry, ranging from two to quite four feet high. It reconnoitred and dispersed, and its outcries, comparing experiences, echoed in sheds



Pictures by J. E. ALLEN

and warehouses behind the walls.

Then came swift, low-voiced, easy hospitality and kindness that dated, one felt, from—who knows how long ago?—when the house was new. The place had suffered changes and modernisation of course—was probably crowded with electric gadgets—possibly electric refrigerators which are standard fittings in San Paulo's self-contained flats—but its deep breathing spirit, through all the low-lighted rooms, opening one out of another, drew from unaltering generations.

One wanted to know about this house. *Who* had lived here in the old days? And particularly, who lived here now of nights? Obviously, one could not get much information in the course of a call for a cup of coffee. The House? Oh, the House was named so-and-so. It had belonged — always — to so-and-so. It made coffee, of course. It had made coffee for close on a hundred years. And before that, there had, of course, been a house there. "The same?" "But why not?"

There was rich choice of early owners to fall back upon. The land might have been part of Joseph de Anchieta's concession or personal conquest in 1560; or Joao Remalho's in 1520; or some sworded and armoured de Souza of about the same epoch. One could look that up for oneself afterwards; but what one felt at the time, above the cups and cigarettes, was the maddening certainty that any old servitor in the immense kitchens probably knew the whole run of the succession (and its women-folk) as well as the very roof-beams did. But it was all locked up—in no way so important as our coffee's flavour and blend.

Of that coffee, it needs only be said that I discovered that I had never before tasted coffee. One can drink the magic stuff in big cups, each better than the last, and sleep blessedly afterwards. And it mightily helps to bring out the flavour of Brazilian cigarettes, which, like the coffee, are by themselves. But the House itself, the heavy-lidded, still House stood behind and above me, all the while, muttering that in the old days—for generations—a man was Master, King, and Judge here without appeal. What could reach him across the coffee except by his leave? Here he could bring his bride; here, if he chose, she would stay for ever. But now, the brides go to Rio, and Paris, and change their mothers' old, flat-cut, silky Brazilian diamonds for hard-hearted modern stones.

SOMEWHERE near here (but I should not be shown it) the owners could bury their dead. Up these endless avenues of unbetraying trees friends and fellow-revellers rode and (again, I should not be shown it) there was a place, the House remembered it well, where disputes might be settled with sword or pistol in the cool dawnings. Who could judge a man—any more than the old *bandeiras* could be judged? Here—here—here—the House insisted—if one had eyes to see, one would find the heart of Old Brazil—its continuity, its reserves, its courtesies and its force.

"All our coffee goes North in steamers to be blended for the European markets—Mocha is not a *real* coffee, but only a way of

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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JAP ROSE SOAP

ITS TINGLE TELLS OF NEW BEAUTY

[A CITY AND A SILENCE
Continued from Page Ninety-one]

drying it. Yes!—When coffee is up, play is good at the Clubs. Our Government is trying to regulate and steady the price of coffee—keeps it in big warehouses—you have seen them down the line."

So the talk went round the table where our charioteer, stately as the rest, took his cigarette and his coffee; and the House and its furniture bore down on all with the weight of unutterable memories.

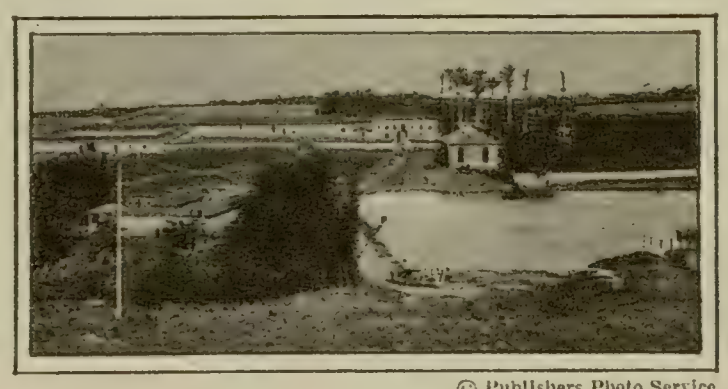
There used to be a farmhouse not far from Cape Town, which, in the old days, was best left untenanted for a certain six weeks every year, because Visitors then arrived who needed the rooms, and, if you did not turn out, they evicted you. But, if you were not Dutch by race, they continued their diversions strictly in the Fourth Dimension, and you were not aware of them. I found myself taking great comfort in this thought, while I speculated what one night alone in this house would be like.

Then I was shown what happens to the mounds of grey-green, tasteless berries, and how they are mixed together beneath great roofs whose piers and timberings are of priceless hard woods scarcely worth the naming.

"Oh, yes. That is so-and-so wood; but I don't know when it was put up. Our woods are a little difficult to get. They do not grow in blocks all of one kind, but here and there, one tree of one sort. So they have to be found one by one, and when they are cut they have to be hauled through the forest, which is generally on a steep hill."

I had seen that much down the line and outside San Paulo which, during the war, fell back on firewood hacked and dragged out of the sides of precipitous and rotten-boned hills. The scars are healed over now by second-growth stuff, and look like smudges against the taller forest; but they say that the price of that fuel by the time it was delivered made even San Paulo wince. It *had* to be got, and the factories and the railways somehow or other kept going. "It taught us a good deal—the war did. *And* it gave San Paulo its chance."

Followed a general discussion on coffee, which showed that producers of staples love each other about as much as other specialists do. There were lands that grew coffee, certainly—yes, Kenya was one of them—but the out-



© Publishers Photo Service

A coffee plantation near San Paulo, Brazil.

put of each country lacked some subtlety of aroma or colour which—excellent though many brands undoubtedly were—*just* fell short of—And one was allowed to draw one's own inferences.

SO have I heard, in the old days, Assam and Tirhoot tea-planters talk of Ceylon and vice versa, or critics bursting to explain to an uncurious public why A's work is so good and B's so very vile. There recurred to me the remark of an unguarded English tobacconist: "In *our* business everything boils down to a few big names for trade-marks and the rest is adulteration. *We* call it 'blending.'" The drink they gave me at the House had nothing whatever to do with anything outside Brazil.

Behind the warehouses lay vast, well-tended orchards, where, none the less, wastage of uncounted fruits rotted on the hot ground.

"What can you do? They grow by the million. We send great numbers away. There are more left over—always. Yes, it was weeded a short time since. But, now you see!" The rampant vegetation was up and fighting already round the tree boles, with that terrifying minute suggestion—it is lower than a whimper—of earth sucking through moist lips.

"And what would happen if you stopped cultivating for one year?" A slow sweep of the hand across the green leaves and grasping tendrils said it all.

The roar of our cars was a grateful return to the ordinaries of life. The House as we left it under the skirts of a low cloud, became (swiftly as a gipsy changes from a dark fortune-teller to a woman in a big hat) "just an old coffee fazenda—rather worth looking at," and the clamour of the little children kept her in that humble attitude. Then, rain fell, as it does in the Tropics; and the red dirt tracks turned at once into ice. Our driver had brought his tyre-chains with him, but it was quite wetting enough to hang up a few of the inadequate side-curtains, and we returned, unchained, yawing—not merely skidding but skating—two foot at a slide—till we fetched up in some rut.

Where two plantation rides crossed on rising ground, we saw a big brute of a loaded lorry, hardly held to her marks by a bull-necked negro driver, cramped at the disobedient wheel. She bucked up out of a background of wet coffee-bush; cleared herself against the stormy sky-line exactly like a schooner topping a big sea; fell off the wind, luffed up into it again, and dived over the crest in a spatter of red foam.

We ourselves reached the railway station and all the luxuries of modern travel, by grace of repeated miracles, in a toboggan which badly needed bailing.

In an early issue, Rudyard Kipling will end his series with a masterly summing up of Brazil. It's called: A World by Itself.

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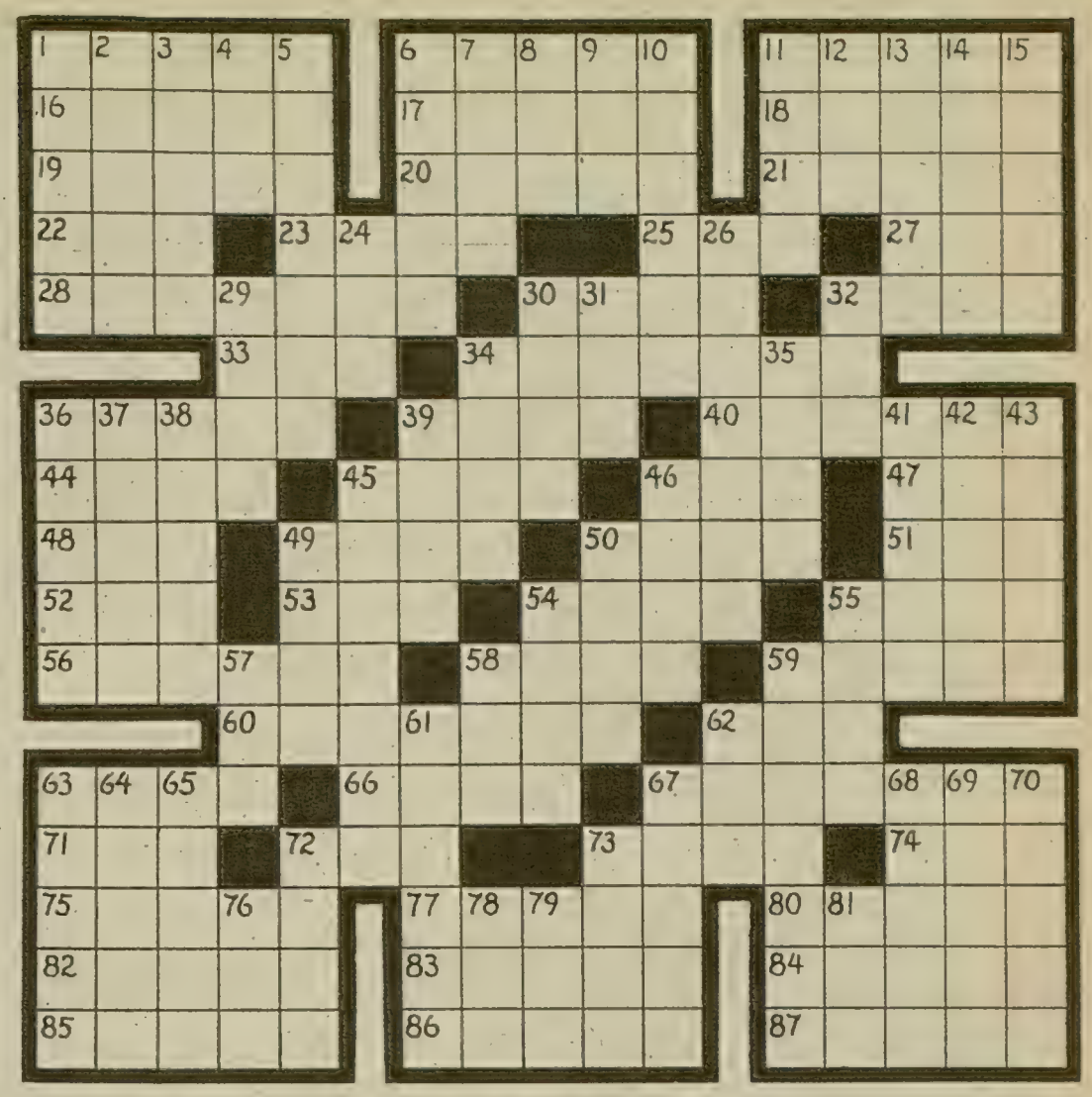
Triple-Diagonal Puzzle

IN this collection of words, some a bit unusual, but most of them familiar to cross-word-puzzle addicts, are so many having particular reference to the Far East that had we called it the Oriental Puzzle we should not have been guilty of employing a misnomer.

References to the flora, geography, history, and mythology of the Orient are frequent, but our own part of the universe has not been overlooked entirely. There is, for instance, the city where witches are supposed to have been burned—but weren't—and, of course, allusions to the earliest of all Americans.

"Lo, the poor Indian!" What cross-word puzzle is complete without him?

By the way, we wish to mention again that LIBERTY has discontinued the purchase of puzzles. This for the benefit of those to whom the matter is not clear.

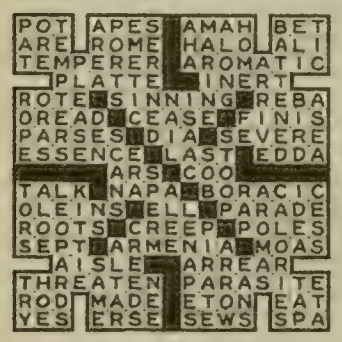


HORIZONTAL

1 City in Massachusetts
6 Oriental guitar
11 Describe the elements of a sentence
16 Hackneyed
17 To declaim
18 Angry
19 Competitor
20 Rants
21 One who washes
22 Playing card
23 Disclose to view
25 Nickname of a former President
27 Silkworm
28 Processions
30 Dispense in small quantities
32 Opposite of aweather
33 Continuous noise
34 Inorganic substance
36 Extreme and sudden fright
39 Prong
40 Assert without proof
44 Instigate
45 Additional
46 Former Japanese statesman
47 Margin
48 Uncooked
49 Domicile
50 Unfettered
51 Hail
52 Compass point
53 Malt liquor
54 Coconut-husk fiber
55 Solar disk in Egyptian mythology
56 Erase
58 Unrefined metal (plural)
59 Steel weapon
60 Dwells
62 Garden implement
63 Cause; motive
66 Perennial plant
67 Spindle of a lathe
71 Commotion
72 Employ
73 Letter of the Greek alphabet
74 A constellation
75 Revolutionist assassinated by Charlotte Corday
77 Pertaining to the nose
80 Brought under subjection
82 A size of type
83 Greek goddess of peace
84 Feminine proper name
85 Leases
86 Stop
87 Restores (printing term)

VERTICAL

1 Strip, as of leather
2 Seaport in Chile
3 Organ of the body
4 Letter of the Greek alphabet
5 Melodious
6 Painful spots
7 Persia
8 Label
9 Consumed
10 Sale at second hand
11 Stack
12 Greek goddess of retribution
13 Unwind
14 Cubic meter
15 Weird
24 Confine
26 One who chides
29 Passage in a mine
30 Partake of a particular meal
31 Individual
32 Entire
34 Mud
35 Genus of plants of the lily family
36 Peeled
37 Degrade
38 Post in a stairway
39 Large volume
41 Muse of lyric poetry
42 Donor
43 Amend
45 Harasses
46 The rainbow
49 Despise
50 Enemies
54 An American Indian
55 Influenced by reverential fear
57 Before
58 Poem
59 Musical compositions
61 Peaceful
62 Head covering
63 One of the Philippine Islands
64 Proverb
65 Sacred book of the Mohammedans
67 Affray
68 A fiber
69 Upstanding
70 Loads
72 American Indians
73 Forbids
76 Coin of Siam
78 A form of to be
79 Billow
81 High in the musical scale



Answer to last week's puzzle

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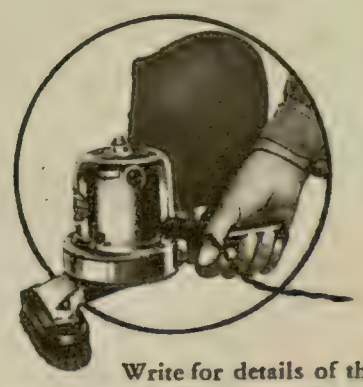


Write for details of the handy New BEE-VAC Junior Brush. Price, $19.50

The TRAVELOGUE of BEAUTY

By EILEEN BOURNE

Photos by Nickolas Muray

The cold-cream massage must never be neglected.

An astringent adds the final cleansing touch.

"TRAVELING is glorious, but it always makes me look a wreck!" The woman who said that to me the other day uttered a common sentiment. Most of us find that travel is more conducive to general culture than to beauty culture. The very word brings to mind images of physical discomfort—dust, fatigue, cramped positions, rumpled clothes, sallow cheeks and tired eyes.

One of its worst features is the break in an established routine of physical care. But nobody is going to refuse a trip abroad or to California because of a little risk to beauty. For with foresight one may overcome most obstacles to the great task of keeping up appearances.

One thing we have learned is to wear the right clothes. We put on our most comfortable shoes. We insist that everything be loose enough to permit complete relaxation, and thus we have taken one step to prevent tired lines about the eyes and mouth.

If we were equally careful about diet we'd be far nearer success. There is something about a change of scene which creates a ravenous appetite. Consequently most of us overeat. We forget that our usual allowance of fresh air and exercise is cut off.

We forget, also, that the system is under a strain to adapt itself to unaccustomed food and water. And then we wonder why we suffer from that internal poisoning which has its facial reflection in bags under the eyes, limp hair, and a yellow tinge to the complexion.

But cheer up! All you need to do is to cut your allowance of meat to a small piece once a day, to eat few sweets and starches, and to wait for fancy foods and drinks until you are thoroughly acclimated.

Salads, green vegetables, and fruits are your true friends and in them put your trust. Remember that to feel well and full of pep is basic to your good looks.

Don't think for a minute, either, that you need to give up your daily exercises. It's amazing how much you can do with your muscles in your cabin, in the tiniest hotel room, or even in a Pullman berth.

There are three exercises which are absolutely defiant of circumstances. One is to raise both legs as high as possible without bending them while you are lying on your back. Another, taken in the same position, is to lift them alternately one inch from the bed.

Performed about twenty times, both these exercises give the abdominal muscles the stretching they need for good digestion and to take off superfluous flesh.

The third is the pumping movement illustrated not long ago in these pages. Lying flat with arms at the sides and breathing easily, you draw in the muscles of the abdomen until you have a deep hollow below the ribs. After six counts you relax and then expand the muscles to their farthest capacity. These three exercises will keep you feeling fit.

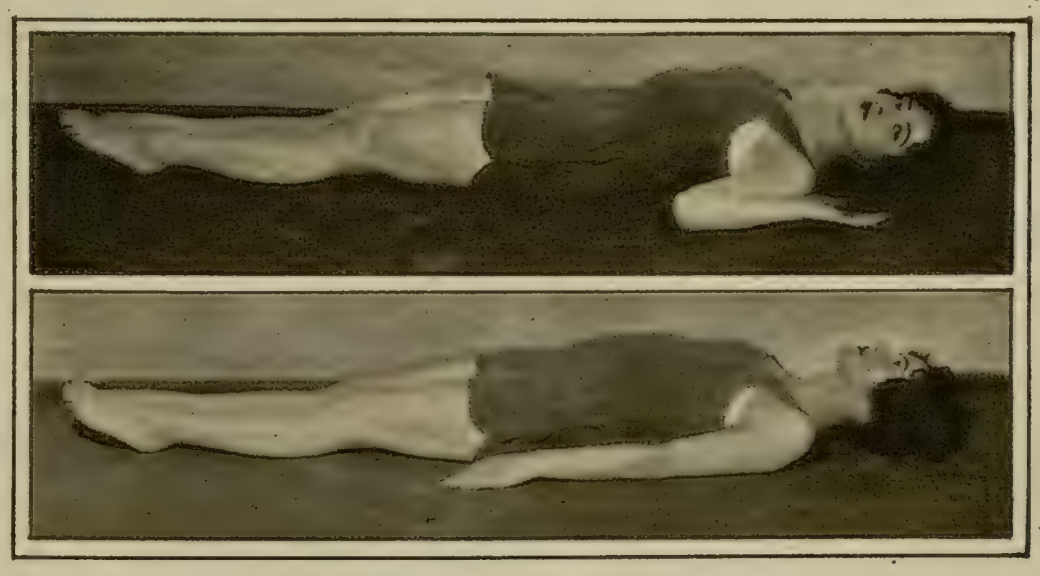
Equally independent of space are the facial exercises which are the best insurance against wrinkles and flabbiness. We gave them in detail very recently. They include squinting the eye muscles, pursing the lips, and stretching the muscles of chin and neck. An American doctor recommends chewing gum for five minutes every night.

Actually chewing something makes it easier to exaggerate the motions which exercise all the tiny muscles of jaws and cheeks and to stimulate the circulation which is so apt to become stagnant in the region of the head, face, and throat. Patting and massage can likewise be continued if you have only the space required to lift your arms and spread out your elbows.

But when it comes to local care of hair and skin you need proper and convenient equipment. If you have to unpack your suitcase every time you want to remove soot and dust, you are certainly going to let these enemies hold the castle. And if your pores become clogged, you'll be sorry you ever left home.

What you need is some sort of traveling case supplied with the essentials and nothing else. It should be light enough to pack without burdening your suitcase. It must be waterproof and of adequate size.

After all, your absolute essentials are not many. Aside from manicuring equipment and the toothbrush, dentifrice, soap, and bath powder on which feminine civilization rests, what you must have are cleansing cream, an astringent, lotion for the hands, a deodorant, and your pet device for removing superfluous hair.



Even a Pullman berth provides room for this essential exercise. (Above) First draw in the muscles of the abdomen as far as possible and then (below) expand them to their farthest capacity.

Most women add a bottle of perfume and special cosmetics which cannot be carried in a hand bag. It is the part of wisdom to include also a foundation cream for make-up. It protects the face while traveling and makes easy the removal of cosmetics at the end of the day. Hairbrush and comb can easily be wrapped separately.

IT is a good thing after exposure to go over the face and neck twice with cold cream, remove it with the astringent lotion, and then apply a hot towel. This opens the pores, and a second application of astringent cleans them of any lingering impurities.

The same towel wrung out in very cold water closes the pores again, stimulates the circulation, and produces a tonic and invigorating effect. A mild solution of boracic acid used as an eyewash is also a protective measure.

Now, if you wish to preserve the luster and fluffiness of your hair and make it forget that it has been resting on plush or the hard back of a steamer chair all day, you'll have to wield the old hairbrush with more vigor than usual.

Practically all the dust the hair has accumulated may be removed by brushing before it gets worked into the scalp. Then if you part the hair and rub the scalp with an alcohol tonic or witch-hazel you can be certain of cleanliness and refreshment.

If, instead of traveling, you have been much on your feet in the course of sightseeing, soak them in hot water and a solution of alum or boracic acid and then dip them in cold water.

Massage them vigorously with a rotary motion of each toe. Shake each foot loose from the ankle while grasping your knee in clasped hands. Then finish up with one of the stretching exercises which relax and invigorate the toe, ankle, and leg muscles.

Really, it hardly takes as much time to follow every one of these suggestions as to read them. To assure perfect cleanliness of the skin and hair, to take away fatigue and prevent intestinal poisoning, represent the best effort you can make for beauty. Moreover, the great point about continuing a few important exercises and treatments while on your journey is that there shall be no break in daily routine.

Such creatures of habit are we that once we begin to neglect the little everyday efforts we're likely to continue to do so—especially if we are caught in a whirl of good times. Plan your equipment with foresight, use it twice a day, and you'll be as charmingly fresh at the end of your trip as when your friends waved you good-by.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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Vox Pop

Dempsey, Pro and Con

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—That fellow, Charles J. McGuirk, who is writing "The Manassa Mauler," can't be observing the Prohibition Law. Tell him not to indulge when writing again. The idea was that he was to write a story about Dempsey, not Tunney.

If Tunney thinks so much of himself, why did he fight the "bum," Dempsey? Just for the gate receipts?

Dempsey will always remain the world's favorite champion — the fighter who fights as the world wants to see fighting. No sissy like Tunney.

As for Dempsey's lack of educational opportunities, you ought to bear in mind that when a fellow has to struggle to learn what he knows, this hard-won knowledge is worth far more than if his education was thrown at him.—*Dempsey's Girl Admirer.*

LA SALLE, ILL.—So you're *finally* getting next to yourself by getting a feature in like Jack Dempsey's life. It's about time you got away from those silly articles like "Presidential Possibilities," "Traffic Tangles," and all that blah.—*A Pioneer of the Uncovered Wagon.*

WILDWOOD, N. J.—I just finished reading your opening article on Dempsey. It's about time everyone stopped talking about Dempsey, because he's done for and he'll *never* come back. Tunney can lick him any time, anywhere, and any place.—*Wally and Willy.*

PITTSFIELD, MASS.—Your publication of the series on Jack Dempsey —"The Manassa Mauler"—is going to make a lot of friends for LIBERTY, and I am glad to be one of them.—*R. Nelson Lee.*

Cover Cruelty

HYDE PARK, MASS.—Please do *not* put any more pictures of dentists on the front of LIBERTY, for when I looked at your cover my sore tooth ached.—*Philip W. Faden.*

A Future Vox Popper

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Our eight-months-old baby plays with all the

magazines we subscribe to, including LIBERTY. And LIBERTY is his favorite magazine—when it comes to tearing 'em up!—*Julius Dennis.*

Here It Is

HOUSTON, TEX.—Vox, ole Pop, your magazine is "absotively" *rotten.* It is a disgrace to the paper industry and to printer's ink.—*W. Moore.*

P. S. Don't believe a word that I say, LIBERTY, ole kid. Your magazine is *great.* Am just curious (like most of your fans) to see if you will publish this in Vox Pop.

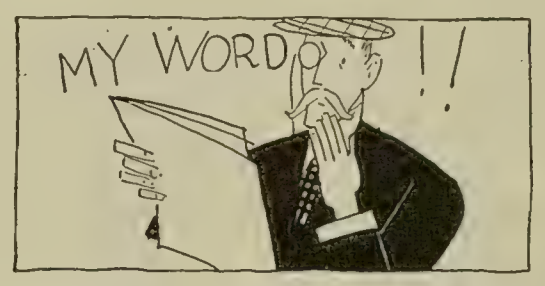
This Is a Blow

ALBERTA, CAN.—My year's subscription for LIBERTY runs out this month. Please stop sending it to me. It was a fairly good magazine a year ago, but now—well, if I told you what I think of it I'd be arrested. I will say this for your mailing department: they should be working for a better magazine. I didn't miss a copy the whole year.—*R. G. Thomson.*

He Probably Meant Well, Robert

EVANSVILLE, IND.—"She's a perfectly delicious creature, especially with that kid in her bare arms."

This is Arnold Bennett's description of a young mother in "The Hat." Honestly, that is vile, putrid, bizarre —an insult to your periodical.



One more Arnold Bennett flop and I will have bought my last LIBERTY. His was the rottenest story you have ever printed.—*Robert Stoever.*

P. S. Imagine a London gentleman using such English!

Judge Lindsey—

ANN ARBOR, MICH.—Please allow me to voice a protest against the article by Leola Allard concerning Judge Lindsey. He has, I believe, done more constructive thinking than any other modern jurist on a problem that surely is worthy of a solution.

Miss Allard has evidently disregarded entirely the fact that marriage as an institution has remained practically unchanged through all the constant changes of civilization. If ever anything needed revision more than the Volstead Act, it is the laws and conventions surrounding the marital state.—*M. J. F.*

—Always Starts—

MANCHESTER, N. H.—I am very much disappointed in LIBERTY. I did not believe it would stoop so low as to print such an article as that of "Lindsey and Companionate Marriage."

What the world needs is more good old-fashioned ideas and less modern ones.—*G. W. C.*

—An Argument

MANDAN, N. D.—Leola Allard cannot weigh anything, much less Judge Lindsey on Companionate Marriage. If she had studied the subject more and the Judge less, her article would probably have been clearer, and more helpful to the public.

Everyone who has read anything about Judge Lindsey knows that he is one of the greatest humanitarians of the age.—*Geo. A. Fox.*

Collegiate Inspiration

GREELEY, COLO.—We suggest that you suggest to your art editor that he suggest to Leslie Thrasher that the title for one of the covers of a coming issue of LIBERTY be: "Beginners' Luck—Twins."—*Two Co-eds.*

Honi Soit, etc.

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.—Is it necessary for you to publish so many smutty stories?—*Howard Cordes.*

And How!

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I think the disposition is *much* more beautiful of those who express their appreciation of a good magazine or story than those who knock same.—*J. R. Moore.*

A Clerk's Complaint—

OTTAWA, ILL.—After reading the article this week by Will West: "Do Women Know How to Shop?" I'm disgusted. Tell him to work back of a counter instead of in the sales-department office, as he has lots to learn. A lot could be said on the subject, but what's the use? The article was so silly, words fail me.—*A Clerk.*

—A Shopper's Praise—

RACINE, WIS.—Good for Will West on his article "Do Women Know How to Shop?" I'm one of the "dumb woman" shoppers, and I certainly had my eyes opened when I read the article. Give us some more like that one, on other things besides clothes.—*Mrs. J. S. D.*

—Reflect Some Light—

SPOKANE, WASH.—Just finished Will West's "Do Women Know How to Shop?" Maybe they don't, but Will West certainly knows less about writing.—*E. L. H.*

—On Woman's Ways

NATCHEZ, MISS.—Enjoyed your article "Do Women Know How to Shop?" by Will West. Why can't Mr. West give us "gullible women" an equally interesting article on "How to Shop"—and leave out the slams, when he writes it, but put in a lot of useful pointers?—*A Reader.*

Another Guy, Same Name?

HOUSTON, TEX.—*In re* these half-baked rantings of E. W. Springs, why don't you come out like a man and say that someone else is writing them?

Anyone who read that first semi-kindergarten sketch in LIBERTY could plainly see that the only thing he wrote after that for your magazine was his name.—*C. R. Rishmiller.*

That's Nice

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Elliott White Springs' "A Non-Stop Plight" caused quite a lot of laughter and, as we remarked to one of our sisters, a story like this in one of your issues makes up for all the bum editions that you serve to waiting millions.—*C. C. B.*

Luke Wasn't Brass

WESTWOOD, CALIF. — Those first chapters of Frank Luke, Jr., read like a dime novel. Seems like Norman Hall is trying to make a little brass god out of him. About all that is necessary, now, is to mount him on a pair of red wheels and he'd be complete.

Give us more of his air fighting in France, but don't go into such details.—*W. A. Sutherland.*

Norman Flew, Too

CHICAGO, ILL.—Norman S. Hall sure has struck his stride in "The Balloon Buster"! A great life, that Luke led, and *some* writer to tell about it!—*Gus Regan.*

That Rebel Yell

CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.—I see that a girl of fourteen, signing herself "A Rebel of 1928," had a letter in Vox Pop, in which she said neither Lincoln nor Grant could hold a candle to Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Dodge, Longstreet, Ewell, or Scout Sam Davis.

After reading that letter, I wondered if that girl knows the Civil War is over. If she had not written that she was living "Somewhere in Georgia," I would have thought she was from Missouri. *But she is more stubborn than a mule from Missouri.*

As for Dodge, *I never heard of him,* nor Longstreet, nor Ewell.—*Stanley Roberts.*

Reconstruction

CHICAGO, ILL. — Oh! Oh! — Bad little spitfire rebel! If you're as pretty as the rest of the Southern

girls are, some Yankee boy is going to come down there and take you home with him and you can cool off in our nice snow up here. Don't say "no," because I got me a fine Alabama beauty, and her daddy was a rebel—V. M. I. cadet, slaves, 'n' everything.—*Connecticut Yankee.*

From the New South

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I admire the loyalty of the little 1928 Rebel, but she is loyal to a cause that is lost, and that we all know, now, is better lost. Her admiration for Lee, Jackson, and them all, we all share.

As Southerners we have a right to be proud of them. But, as Americans, we have no right to ridicule Lincoln in praising them; for the world knows Lincoln to be the greatest of them all.—*A Southern American.*

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EACH week develops new recruits to the army of WORD GOLF architects, and here is the work of the latest group to receive recognition, in the form of $5 prizes, for their skill at *originating* "holes." No prizes are offered for *solutions*.

In every case the author has accomplished his task of converting one word into another by changing but one letter at each step in the process and leaving the positions of the others undisturbed. Furthermore, the word developed at each stage is a reasonably simple one—none of the obscure kind to try your patience unduly in the solving—and obsolete and foreign-language words, as well as proper nouns, have been avoided.

The rules, you see, are simple, the work amusing as well as instructive, and the chance of reward not unattractive.

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every "hole" that it prints, and you are invited to submit as many as you wish, but unaccepted contributions cannot be returned.

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Answers to Last Week's WORD GOLF

SEAL	BELL	FAWN	SCARF	HEMP	BEARD
SELL	BULL	LAWN	SCARE	HELP	BEARS
SILL	BUHL	LAWS	SCALE	HELD	SEARS
SILK	BURL	SAWS	SHALE	HOLD	SEAMS
SINK	BURY	SEWS	SHALL	MOLD	SHAMS
MINK	BUOY	SEES	SHAWL	MOLE	SHAME
		SEER		MOPE	SHAVE
		DEER		ROPE	

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 48

1—Bloodstone.
2—Molly Pitcher.
3—Ottawa.
4—A fish.
5—It shows the President's seal, in bronze, on a blue background, in each corner of which is a large white star.
6—Queen Elizabeth of England.
7—April 8.
8—A collector and student of postage stamps.
9—The tenth.
10—Montana.
11—A philosopher.
12—Six P. M.
13—Australia.
14—Giuseppe Verdi.
15—Eleven.
16—"Golden" and "El Dorado."
17—Alexander Pope.
18—A duke.
19—George Eliot. This was the pseudonym of Mary Ann Evans.
20—Oporto, Portugal.

Rhodes KRISS-KROSS Corporation, Dept. C-382,
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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Address.....State.....
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-a Coupon That Was Worth $100 a Week

to one man...and more to others!

Here is a Wonderful Opportunity for a Few More Men Who Are Interested in Earning Real Money—$20 a Day and Up—Full or Spare Time. Investigate Now!

Local Agents Wanted—Real Pay

$114 Made in one day by Tillotson, Nebr.

It was only a tiny slip of paper—clipped out of a magazine like this one—but it showed B. G. Loughren of Florida a surprisingly easy way to make $100 a week and more. He didn't make it just *one* week either—for $100 is only a low average for him *every* week, now that he has discovered KRISS-KROSS!

Something New

$330 a month earned by F. Harper, Texas

Probably you have heard of this amazing stropper and razor blade-renewer. It makes any kind of blade *keener than new* and prolongs its life for weeks and even months! But that's not all. KRISS-KROSS is one of the most surprising money-makers ever seen. A large number of demonstrators and agents all over the country are making from $200 to $500 a month just taking orders for it in their home towns.

KRISS-KROSS is heavily advertised in magazines but *never sold in stores*, so we must have people to take orders in each locality. We pay generously for your time and give special bonuses that run your earnings up into *real money*. Even spare-time workers earn $15 or more in a single evening or Saturday afternoon.

$400 a month made by S. E. Leonard, Cal.

Astonishing Invention

KRISS-KROSS' Mechanical ingenuity is little short of marvelous. It strops your blade (any make) on the diagonal just like a master barber. Eight "lucky" leather grooves do the trick in 11 seconds. Automatic reverse. Strops heavy at the start—light at the finish, and leaves your blade with the keenest cutting edge steel can take! No wonder it sells like wildfire!

$150 a week earned by Barbee, Cal.

Generous Offer

Right now we are willing to make an extremely generous offer to new agents and demonstrators. Find out about this surprising money-making business without delay. See how simple it is to make $100 a week or more with KRISS-KROSS. Others are doing it—why not you? Send the coupon for details now!

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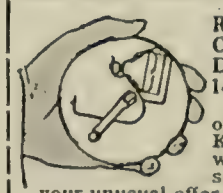

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Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

IF you coulder seen the camera man with the cap on backwards grindin the gas meter.

An Episode Entitled "The Wiser They Are the Harder They Fall"

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 8 minutes 16 seconds.)

DEER MARG—

I wood have wrote you before but I couldnt get the hand cuffs off. Its a long story and I shouldnt have mentioned it. Well, here I am back in the old U. S. A. Gosh it certainly is good to look at the old skyline again and know you can get a drink any time you want it. I sure was fed up with London and Paris.

The wimin in Paris are *there*. But the fluffs in London are all damp. You cant even make em quivver. And what nice little feet they got. Just like violin cases. Theres nothin like the American frails Marg when it comes to girlies. They got looks, figure, and IT. And they take their love where they find IT. And thats me!

Now you dont need to go thinkin that I aint stuck on you. Im just nuts about you Marg. Be your age. Every time I give you a thought I hear the weddin bells ringin wet.

Speakin of matrimoney, I came over with a guy what just went for the holy wedlock stuff. Hes an auther. Hes writin a book called Berth Control. He should know about it—he used to be a drummer.

You should see his wife Marg. Shes nothin to write home about. Shes low pitch. But can she gargle the silly water? I ask you. She musta been brought up on a flask. Talk about your steam heated babies, she'd make an oil burner feel like a keroseen lamp. And HOW. She certainly has him groggy.

Hes the boss but she forms most of the ideas. One word from her and he does a side slip. Hes got a backbone like a piece of garden hose. She calls him Howard but it should start with a capitol C if you ask me. I dont mean to say nothin against her Marg, but if she was mine Id shoot her good night.

Oh what a reception the gang gave me when I was comin in to the dock. Me and General Pershing was standin on the bridge with the captain while the band on the dock was playin Say can you see, and everyone of em was full er gin.

You know the Generals a good egg. He told me that he did more fightin behind the lines than he did in front. He says that the English and French wanted to take all the glory away from the American boys, but they had about as much chanst as a snowball in bed with him around. Hed rather fight than mix drinks.

Well when they get the Levynathan tied up who comes aboard but all my buddies. Hot damn, you would think I was Lindy, the hoovation they gave me. There was Michael Rafferty from the bomb squad, Mickie O'Hara the undertaker, One eyed Gilhooley what runs the Blind Tiger, Patrick McCluskey head of the street cleaning Dept., Izzy Ryan the bookmaker, Jake O'Rourke and his broad Mazie from the 10th ward, Larry Mulligan the ball player, Majistrate Tim Hennesey, Jim Riley what tends bar at the Fall Inn, and all the big shots whats printed in Whos Hoo and How Come. Every body was there but Mayor Walker. He had a splitting headache.

I got a nice wire from Jake Dugan, it says—

MICHAEL SHEA
U. S. LEVYNATHAN
WISH I COULD BE WITH USE ALL BURYING KATE TODAY DIED WITHOUT MUCH EFFORT. JAKE DUGAN

So we all sat down and drank to poor Kate whos gone to the glue works.

Well Marg as the gang struggled ashore five cases went with em on their Hips. I had eighteen trunks all loaded to the hilt with shampain and I gave two of the trunks to my pals on the dock. Did I get through? I ask you. I had more private chalk marks on my baggage than you could get on a black board. I paid $23 for duty to make it look good, but I'll get that back in the mornin.

WELL Good Lookin, the bunch drove me over to a wild speakeasy where they gave me *some* feed. Oh boy and did we get slopped up. I had a can tied on me that was nobodys business.

Now dont go and get sore Marg just because I had a coupla drinks. I didn't mean it, and besides it was my home comin and I hadter have a couple with each one of the gang. You aint sore at me Love Lips are you?

Listen to this one. At the door of the speakeasy they got a guy standin in armor and when

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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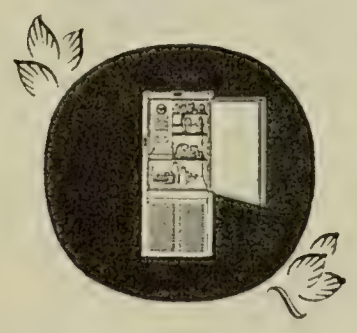
The new De luxe Copelands, in six optional color combinations and with features such as cathedral-top doors, exclusive hardware design, electric illumination and no insanitary drain pipe, are available in sizes from 5 to 20 cubic feet storage capacity. Ice capacities from 108 to 378 cubes, or 24½ pounds of ice at one quick freezing.



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[LOVE LETTERS OF AN INTERIOR DECORATOR
Continued from Page Ninety-nine]

the federil officer comes around to get his CHUNK, the feller in the armor takes a mallet and does his stuff. When the federil cowboy wakes up under the elevated he thinks he was hit by a truck. Dont you love it!

Last night Marg I got a invitation from a friend of mine who was throwin a party in a swell dump out on Long Island. A place called Rough Neck. All the ritzy professionals live out there. Actors, actresses, playrights, paper hangers, better known as stock brokers.

Every body owns a $75,000 bungaloo with a $55,000 morgage on it. One of them places where every body owns the same lawn mower. Just one of them comunnities where they hafta use the back door for fear they run into a bill collector at the front.

Well, when I get out to this swell hut the partys in full blast. Everybodys fuller fragrence. Ladys and gents sittin around spillin the tonsil syrup all over the rugs. Them what could stand was dancin. And them what couldnt was neckin. And what dames Marg. I thought Paris was bad but this place had charm and HOW.

I no sooner got in the place than I had more lip stick on me than an indian tribe. Six cocktails met me at the door and a chinee lundryman with a barbers coat was shovin panther sweat around on a push cart. Well I dont mind tellin you that I was taken without a murmur.

JUST when the partys in full blast about 2 A M and everybodys got their roller skates on, who blows in but Teddy Smith with a couple of dizzy broads. Good lookin, but oh what simple saps. Well they no sooner get in the house than they begin crackin that every body what lives in the country must be a BUNCH OF HICKS.

Well Marg that was enough. Did we go to work on em. It was brutal. Everybody was givin em cocktails to make em feel good. Finally one begins givin one of the men the eye. She gets kinder stuck on him. She says to Joe Boyle she says, Whos the good lookin gray haired guy over there.

And Joe Boyle says, kiddin like, Why thats the famous Mr. Fungus Downey of the Downey Motion Picture Co. of Miami Florida.

Well Marg, Im not kiddin you she goes over and wispers to her girl friend that the president of the pitchers is in the room. And the girl friend gets all steamed up and says, Gee Mame heres where we go in the movies.

So right away I go over and kicks Downey in the shins. I tell him hes a big motion pitcher magnat and to go straight with the gag. Well the girlies get a few more shots of laughin soup and beg one of the boys to get Mr. Downey to put em in the pitchers. Mr. Downey didnt know any more about pitchers than a finnin haddie but anyway he went swell. So Joe takes one of the fluffs over to Mr. Downey and says Mr. Downey I want you to meet Miss McSwivel. Miss McSwivel is very anxious to go in the pitchers. And the simple sap chimes in and says, Oh Mr. Downey Id just love it. I was on the stage onct, I usta be in a seal act, I usta throw em the fish.

So Mr. Downey keeps a straight face and looks serious like, tells her hes all filled up with leadin parts but later in the mornin he'll think it over. So she keeps on pesterin him all night. Well they get a few more bowls of laughin syrup and Mr. Downey decides to put on a bit of a rehursal to see what the lady can do. We framed up a foney senario called The Bankers Daughter and she was to play the lead.

OH what a fracas that was. She went for the hole dish. Its all we could do to keep a straight puss. Everybody was tipped off but the smart broads. Joe Boyle was the heavy lover, he weighed about 300 fuller gin. Bruce Murphy was the camera man. Larry O'Keefe was the Director and Fungus Downey was the producer.

Everythin all set we went to work makin up Miss McSwivel. And take it from me she WAS made up. You couldnt tell whether she was a wax figger or a Soo indian. She was the nats instep. And was she serious? She could see her name in lights in every celluloid opre house in the country. It was a panic.

Well, we rolled up all the chinee rugs, marked the floor off with a hunk of chalk and the production of The Bankers Daughter was under way. In the middle of the floor we had a little movie box with no film in it to make the set look good. Off to one side we had a couch, a table and a couple of chairs what was supposed to be the bed room in the Bankers house.

The director hollered Lights, Camera! And in stepped Miss McSwivel takin off her dress. You see Marg, she was supposed to be goin to bed when in stepped the heavy lover and they got into a clinch.

And did she do her stuff. She was a riot. As a lover she made Cleopatra look like a copy of rasberry ice. The way they necked was a sell out. You couldnta got a cigarette paper between em with an axe. Well just when the heavy lovin is goin on the Banker is supposed to come in. Then the big fight comes off.

Mr. Downey didnt like the actin so much so he made her rehirse the thing about eight times. She had her dress off so many times that she forgot to put the thing on in the end.

All the times while this is goin on the other dizzy thing is standin up against the wall half plastered and burnin up because her girl friend is in the pitchers and shes not. So we sell her the idea that we oughter have a femail Charlie Chaplin in the thing to make it look good. It didnt make much difference with her anyway because she hadter get in the fillum somehow. We dressed her up with an iron hat, a cane and covered her

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE ONE HUNDRED]

face with a lot of burnt cork. And you shoulda seen her mustache.

Of all the crackpots them two took the rubber grapes. They did their stuff so well that we nearly blew out a rib watchin em. If you coulder seen the camera man with the cap on backwards grindin the gas meter, it would have knocked you bowl legged.

Well after the two actoreens finished their drama Mr. Fungus asks em if they are ready to take the rattler for Florida. Oh my yes. They had no home ties. Their mothers would be tickled to death to have em gallivant away and especially in to the pitchers. So Mr. Fungus writes em out the address and tells em to be at the Grand Central on Tuesday.

I'll bet you a glass of ink remover against a vermin coat Marg that the two poultices are still standin at track 18 waitin for Mr. Downey and the paper machei tickets. I ask you. Of all the dumb doras they grab the brass ring.

I JUST received a letter from my partner the revenoo agent what runs our speakeasy, The Elite Flower Shop. He says he had a coupla big banquets there the other night. The Undertakers convention and a swell party of all the Cartoonists. He says that the waitors thought the undertakers was the cartoonists because they was so merry. And they thought the cartoonists was the undertakers because they all were so sad. But he says after the cartoonists got goin and all Americkered up it took the milicia to put em out. What them guys didnt think of was nobodys business. They wrecked the place.

WELL, Marg, do you remember me writin you about Mr. Throckmorton who I met on the Levynathan comin over on the Frantic Atlantic who is goin to star me in pitchers. Do you remember I wrote you that he says that I was the picture of american manhood? Do you remember that Im goin to play the lead in Loves Passions and that he gave me the opportunity for $2,500 berries? Well, Im on my way to Hollywood to do my stuff and bulleave me Im goin to bowl em over.

And listen Baby, dont think Im goin to be taken like those two grapefruits. I know my spanish onions. And besides Im goin to sell the liquid merriment on the side.

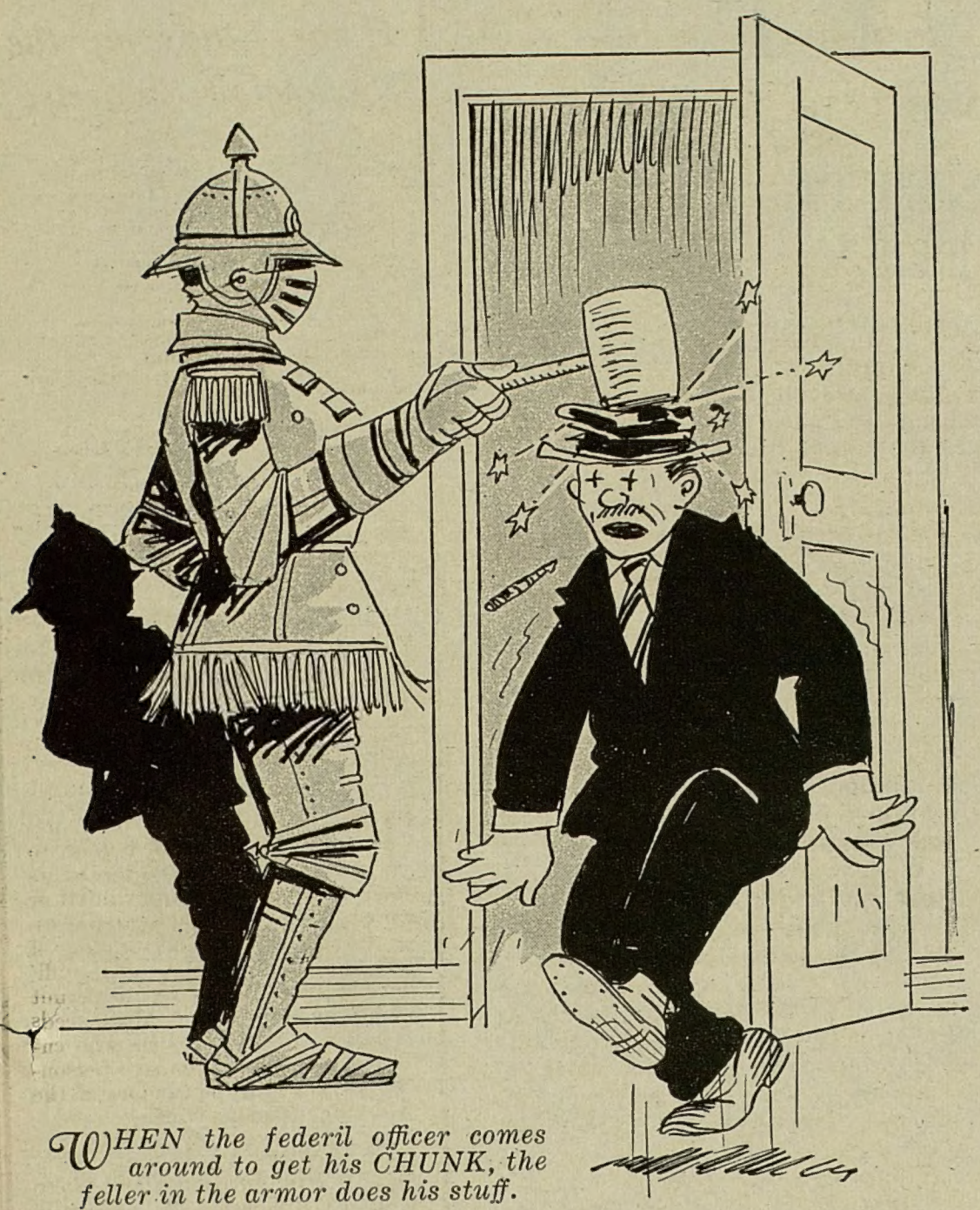
Watch for my letters. I'll send you telegrams and stuff in route and let you know all about what happens. Well I got to go now and try on my makeup, and read the senario.

I just got a letter from your ½ wit brother again. He says he lost his job. Hes like a cigar lighter. He never works.

Remember me to your mother and the colored made and tell your father he aint paid me for the french post cards yet.

Yours till it hurts,
MIKE SHEA.

What this guy don't find in Hollywood is nobody's business. Watch for his next letter, in an early issue.



WHEN the federil officer comes around to get his CHUNK, the feller in the armor does his stuff.

Index to Advertisements

This Issue

	PAGE
Alexander Hamilton Institute	40
American Business Builders, Inc	23
American Lead Pencil Co	76
Bauer Chemical Co	75
Bayer Aspirin	77
Birtman Electric Company	92 & 93
Black, Inc., Walter J	3
Blatz	57
Bourjois, Inc	44
Brief English System, Inc	80
Bristol-Myers Co. (Ipana)	Back Cover
Bristol-Myers Co. (Sal Hepatica)	52 & 53
Burlington Travel Bureau	38
Campbell Soup Company	19
Canadian National Railways	82
Chicago Roller Skate Co	66
Colgate & Co. (Rapid Shave Cream)	55
Colgate & Co. (Ribbon Dental Cream)	65
Columbia University	100
Comer Mfg. Co	80
Copeland	100
Cuticura	78
Daggett & Ramsdell	60
Dayton Rubber Mfg. Co., The	34
Denison & Co., T. S	74
Dent & Company, C. S	77
Dentinol & Pyrozide Co., The	78
Dentyne	66
Drosol Laboratories	76
Dunlop Tire & Rubber Company	4
Duo-Set Golf Co	31
Essex Motor Car	10
Ex-Lax Manufacturing Co	67
Fandango Products of New York, Inc	9
Fayro, Inc	81
Federal Life Insurance Company	27
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	68
Forhan Co., Inc	85
Freezone	81
Fuller & Son Co., Geo. H	78
Fyr-Fyter Company	47
General Electric Company	48
General Motors	6 & 7
Gibson Refrigerator Co	74
Goldman, Mary T	80
Great Northern R'y	66
Guild Co., J. H	80
Haldeman-Julius Publications	25
Hotel Davis	77
Houbigant, Inc	42
Individual Drinking Cup Co., Inc	58
Ingram Co., Frederick F	82
International Typewriter Exchange	80
Janvier, Inc., Walter	28
Jung Arch Brace Co	77
Ken-Rad Corporation, Inc., The	56
Kenton Pharmacal Co., The	77
Kirk & Company, James S	91
Kobi Co., J. W	80
Lane, D. J	77
La Salle Extension University	45
Lee Tire & Rubber Company	30
Lingerie "V" Co	78
Lucky Strike	41
Lucky Tiger	77
Lustberg, Nast & Co., Inc	73
Madison Shirt Mfg	80
Mahler Co., D. J	80
Marmola	80
McCormick & Co	74
McCoy's Tablets	76
Mennen Company, The	26
Menhenitt Company Ltd., The	75
Mercolized Wax	74
Merriam Co., G. & C	74
Morley Co., The	80
Morton Salt Company	72
Mu-Col Company, The	74
Munn & Co	80
Musterole	74
National Confectioners Association	95
National Salesmen's Training Ass'n	39
National Stamping & Electric Works	43
New Haven Clock Company, The	56
Northwestern Yeast Company	24
Oh Henry!	51
Palmolive-Peet Co., The	20
Parker Pen Company, The	Second Cover
Pascoe Company, Inc., The Wm. H	88
Pepsodent Co., The	29
Phillips Chemical Co., The Charles H	78
Phoenix Hosiery	36
Phoenix Mutural Life Insurance Company	47
Pinaud, Inc	68
Pompeian Company, The	63
Postal Life Insurance Co	75
Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company	44
Reynolds Tobacco Company, R. J	33
Rhodes Mfg. Co	98
Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.	Third Cover
Security Electric Mfg. Co	76
Smith Brothers	68
SonPlan Watch Co., Inc	48
Stetson Company, John B	50
Stransky Mfg. Co., J. A	59
Thermoid Rubber Company	96
Twinplex Sales Co	60
United States Fisheries Ass'n	76
United States Tobacco Co	70
Vi Rex Co	74
Wadsworth Watch Case Company, The	64
Wander Company, The	54
Weldona Corporation	75
Western Clock Company	62
Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd	71
Winn School of Popular Music	77
Wurlitzer Mfg. Co., The Rudolph	98
Young, Inc., W. F	58

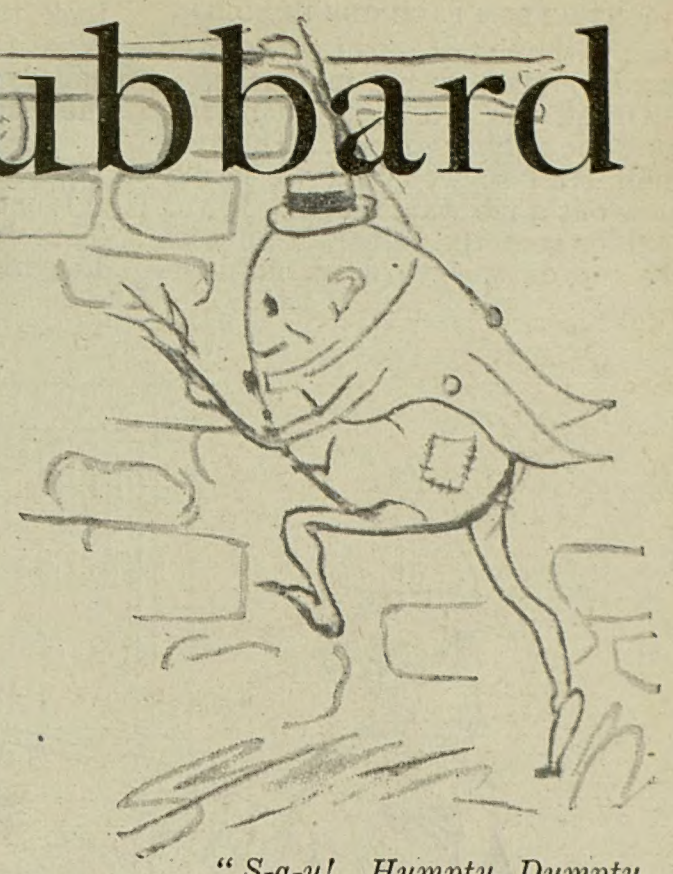
We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

This Old Mother Hubbard STUFF

As Dictated by TONI, JR., to

ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW



"S-a-y! Humpty Dumpty didn't went to the cupboard. He went to the wall."

(Reading time: 4 minutes 12 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

Mary tells stories. Not lies. She tells stories out of storybooks. I tell whoppers. Mom says they're whoppers. A whopper is a lie that's so big it shows plain. A ter-rible whopper is bigger than that. I told a ter-rible whopper once. Daddy said that was what he was punishing me for. I don't remember what it was now. And I hope he doesn't, too.

The books Mary tells stories out of have the covers all torn off. I don't know who torn them off. They were torn off before Mary came to be my sister. All except the one we torn yesterday when she said it was her book and I said it wasn't, and she said it was and would you like to hear the story of Little Red Riding Hood. I said, "Yes, Little Red Riding Hood went to the cupboard."

"No, she didn't," Mary said. "She went to her grandma's. Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard and Little Red Riding Hood went to the woods to go to her grandma's."

"And when she got there the cupboard was bare," I said.

"Her grandma didn't have no cupboard," Mary said. "Only a big bed she went to where the big bear found her and eat her all up."

"Did the big bear bite her?" I asked.

"No, he didn't bite her," said Mary. "He just eated her all up, her nightcap and her nightgown and her pajamas and everything. So when Little Red Riding Hood got there—"

"The cupboard was bare," I said. And Mary said, "I tole you, Toni, her grandma didn't have no cupboard. Didn't you hear me?"

And I said no, and where did Little Red Riding Hood's grandma keep her bread, then? And Mary said she didn't keep bread because she got all eated up and didn't need any.

So I said, "I don't like that story, anyway. I like Little Miss Muffet, she went to the cupboard—"

"No, she didn't," said Mary. "She sat on her tuffet."

"What's a tuffet?" I asked. And Mary said, "It's what she sat on." And I said, "Oh!" And then Mary said, "Along came a spider and sat down—"

"Aside her," I said.

"It's B side her, not A side her," Mary said.

Mary's awful bossy. So I told her I don't like Miss Muffet either and let's say Old Mother Hubbard was a merry old soul, a merry old soul was he.

"Old Mother Hubbard was a her, Toni," said Mary, who keeps on arguing with me over the silliest things. "She wasn't no he. She was a *she*."

"All right," I said. "Old Mother Hubbard was a merry old soul, a merry old soul was he—her—she. She called for her pipe—"

"Shes don't call for pipes, Toni. I'll spank you! Only hims do. Like Daddy."

"You won't spank me!"

"All right," she said, "I won't. But say Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get her poor—"

"Bones a dog," I said, because I *did* know that line.

"No, Toni; to get her poor dogs a bone."

I said, "Yes, Little Red Riding Hood went to the cupboard."

"Why didn't she take her shoes off if her poor dogs needed something? That's what Daddy does. And he puts them into his bedroom slippers. Anyway, I don't like Old Mother Hubbard. Let's find the three little kittens."

"The three little kittens that lost their mittens didn't go to the cupboard, Toni," Mary told me. "And don't you say they did!"

"Well, I don't like the three little kittens," I said. "Let's find Humpity Dumpity. He went to the cupboard."

"S-a-y! Humpty Dumpty didn't went to the cupboard. He went to the wall. He climbed up on it after his mother told him never to climb up on that wall again.

"He had tore his pants on the last wall he went up on. His mother said she wasn't going to mend no more of his pants, not if he never had any more pants to put on ever again. But he went and done what he was told not to do—"

"Did he tear his pants and his mother scolded him?"

"No, he didn't tear his pants," Mary said. "Oh, yes, he did, and all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't put them together again."

"And he had to stay in bed all the time because he didn't have no pants to get up with," I said.

"No, he didn't," said Mary. "It was Red Riding Hood's grandma that had to stay in bed because the big bear that eat her all up got into her bed and stayed there, with her all et up inside of him.

"And Red Riding Hood nearly had to stay in bed all the time, too. Because the big bear was going to eat her all up after he finished her grandma. It wasn't a big bear neither that eat her up. Not in my book. It was a wolf.

"A wolf is worse'n a bear. A bear just hugs you to death. But a wolf has terrible big teeth and eats you to death. And a big bear couldn't run as fast as a wolf. That's why it was a wolf, because it had to run fast to get there before Red Riding Hood."

"I BET I could run fasterner a wolf," I told Mary.

"Red Riding Hood couldn't, and she could run awful fast. For the wolf got to her grandma's first, and when she got there—"

"The cupboard was—"

"Don't say that again, Toni! And when she got there the wolf was smacking his lips and getting ready to jump at Red Riding Hood and eat her all up too. The wolf was in bed with the blankets pulled up and he tied a cap over his head. And when Little Red Riding Hood—"

"—Went to the cupboard," I said.

"She *did not* go to the cupboard. She went to the bed. And there lay her grandma. Only Little Red Riding Hood couldn't see her because she was inside the wolf's tummy. But she thought the wolf was grandma her own self and she said, 'O-oh, gra-ma. What big ears you have!' 'The better to hear wif,' said the dirty old wolf. 'And what great eyes you have!' 'The better to see wif,' said the dirty old wolf. 'And what great hands you have and what great teeth you have.' 'The better to gobble you up!' said the dirty old wolf. And he jumped out of bed and—"

"Went to the cupboard."

"Oh, Toni!" Mary squawked.

"Went to the cupboard," I said. "And it was full of boloney. And so are you!"

I heard Daddy say that to another good egg and he said it was a dirty crack. But Mom heard me and she just took me by the seat of the panties and marched me in the cupboard in our very own house.

I just got out.

Another of Toni's interesting stories will appear in next week's Liberty.

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